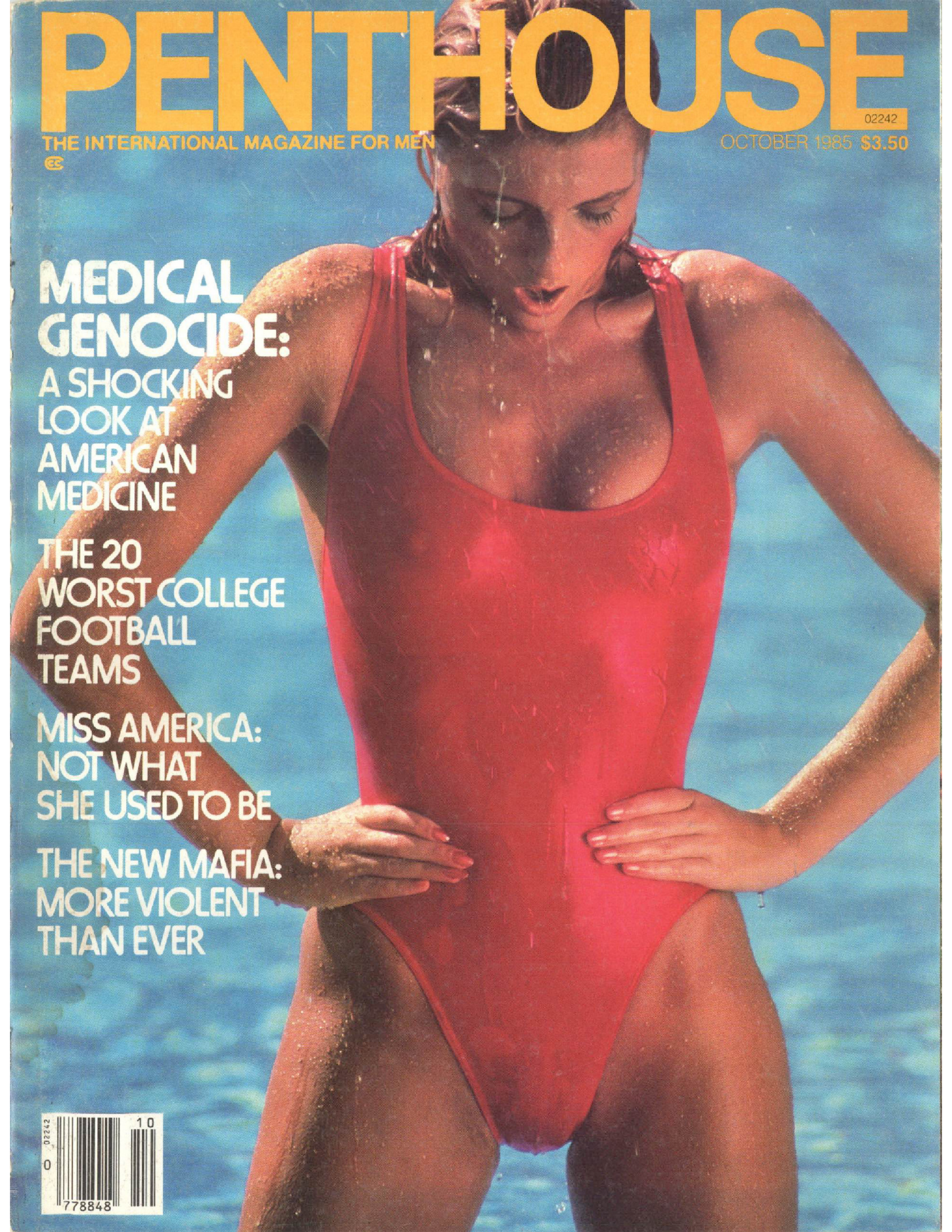
PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1985 $3.50



MEDICAL GENOCIDE: A SHOCKING LOOK AT AMERICAN MEDICINE

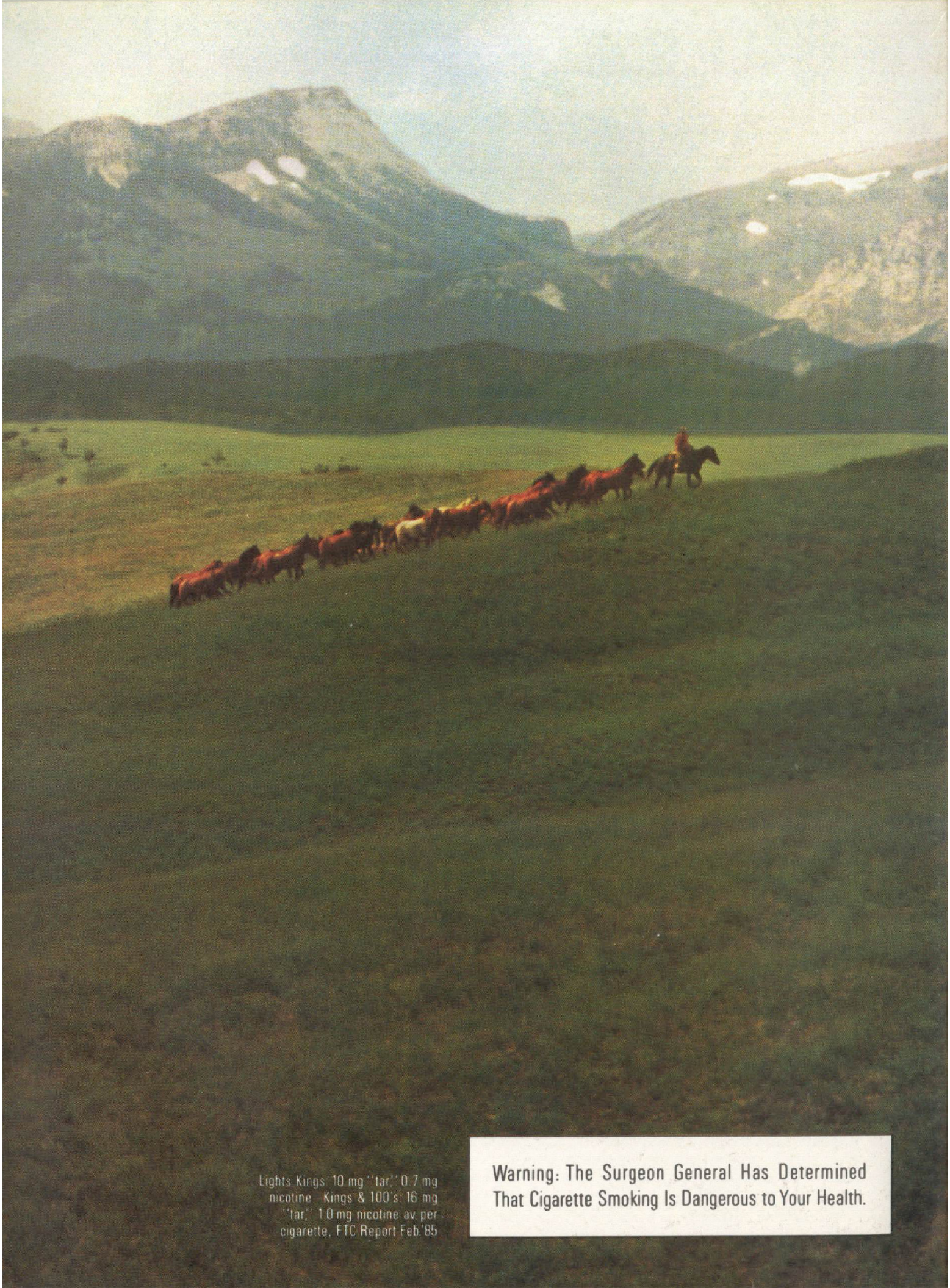
THE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

MISS AMERICA: NOT WHAT SHE USED TO BE

THE NEW MAFIA: MORE VIOLENT THAN EVER

0 02242 10 778848

© Philip Morris Inc 1985

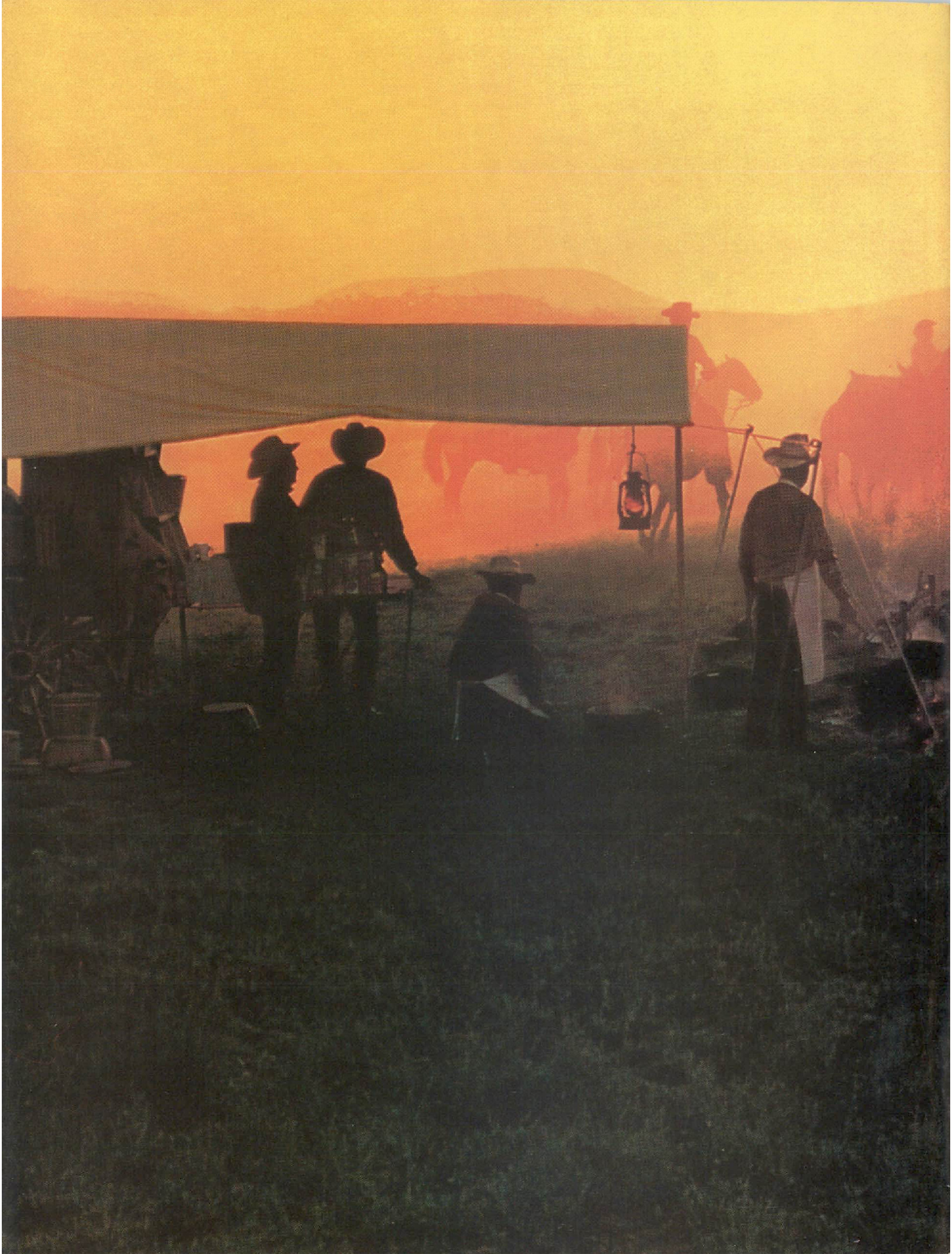


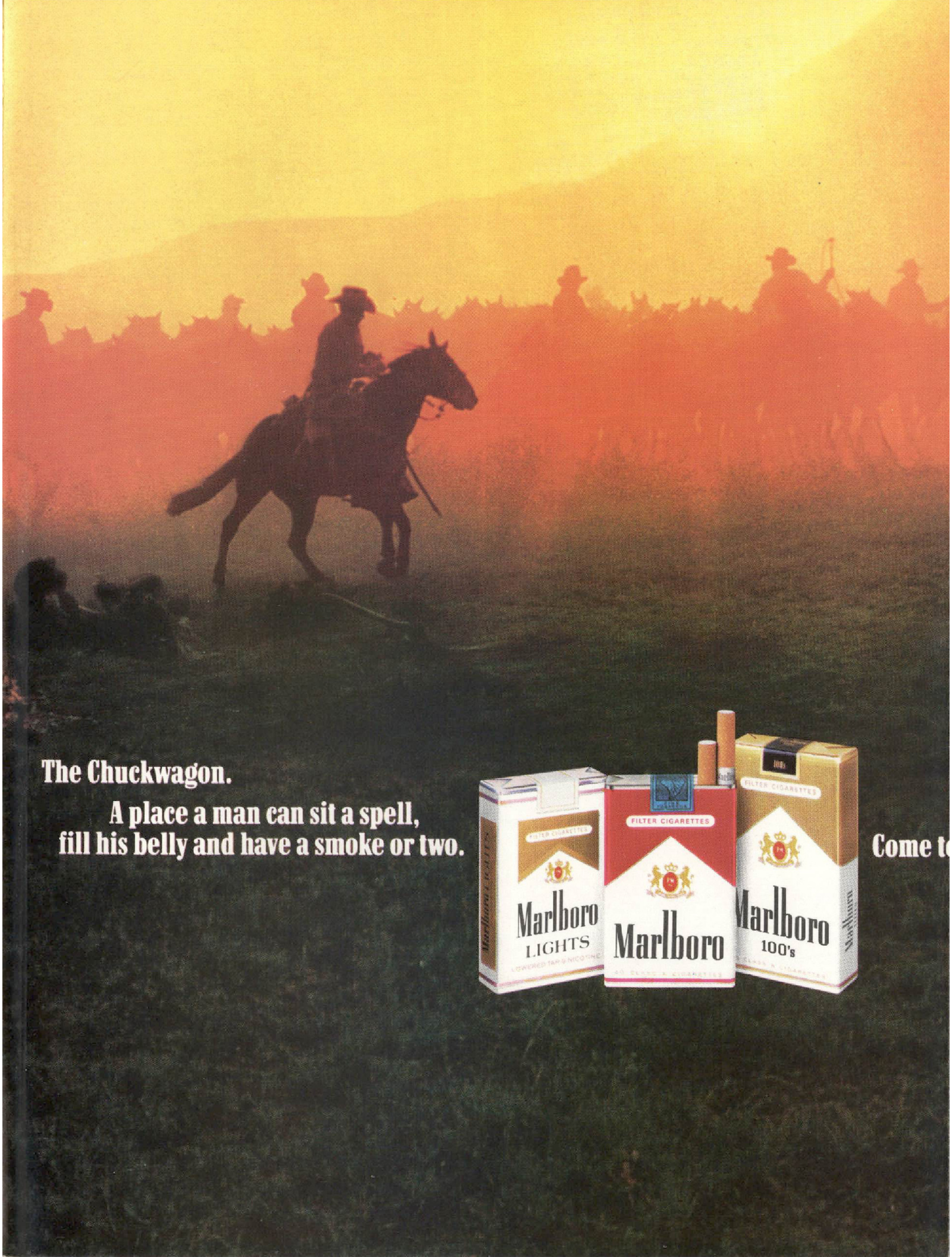
Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine. Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

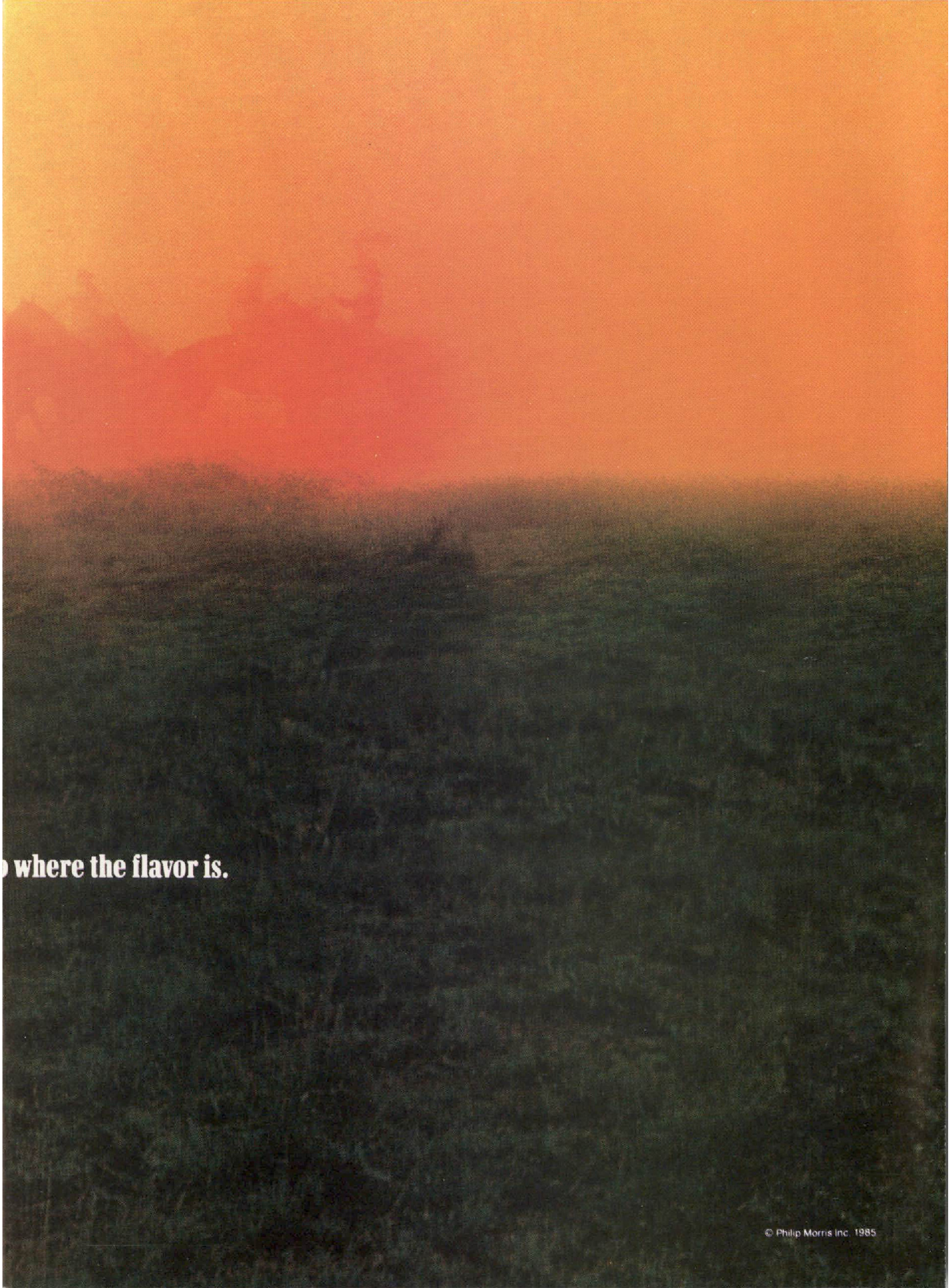
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85




The Chuckwagon.
A place a man can sit a spell,
fill his belly and have a smoke or two.
Come t
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
LIGHTS
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's


where the flavor is.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

INTRODUCING MINOLTA

MAXXUM™

AUTOFOCUS SYSTEM

ONLY THE HUMAN EYE FOCUSES FASTER.

Today, you can experience a quantum leap in 35mm SLR photography.

Minolta's new Maxxum is the easiest SLR ever; the only one with automatic focusing built right in.

Imagine! You don't have to fiddle with a focusing ring. With uncanny speed and amazing accuracy, Minolta Maxxum actually *sees* your subject and automatically snaps it into perfect focus for sharp pictures every time. All you do is compose and shoot.

Maxxum's built-in Motorized Film Control, with DX capability, loads, advances, rewinds the film and allows you to shoot up to two frames a second.

Maxxum's exciting array of Autofocus lenses includes five versatile zooms. Its exclusive Automatic Multi-Program Selection (AMPS) gives you the best possible program for the lens you choose. And it automatically changes programs as you zoom.

You can also shift into Aperture Priority, Shutter Priority or Creative Manual to call your own shots.

This speed, ease and flexibility springs from breakthrough technology protected by over 300 patents, including more than 30 World's Firsts in camera engineering. It's a system so sophisticated that, with Maxxum Flash units, it even focuses in the dark.

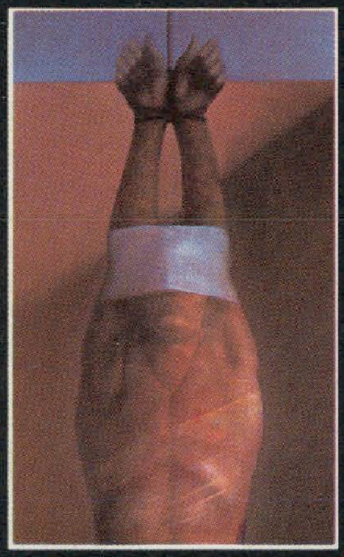
Experience Maxxum now. Get perfect pictures in the blink of an eye.

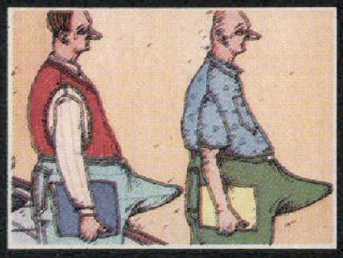
Be certain that the valuable Minolta U.S.A. 2-year camera/5-year lens limited warranty cards are packaged with your products. For more information, see your Minolta dealer or write: Minolta Corporation, Dept. MX-7, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Canada, Inc., Ontario.
© 1985 Minolta Corporation.

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

MINOLTA

HOUSECALL





PAINFUL SITUATIONS
For those people who have long believed that the primary goal of any doctor is the elimination of pain and disease, Gary Null's second article in our series on America's health crisis will be a shocking eye-opener. By examining secret internal documents of the American Medical Association, Null is able to expose how one of our nation's richest, most powerful lobbying groups has attempted to undermine and possibly destroy a legitimate method of health care. In "The War on Chiropractic," Null illustrates how the AMA conducted public and covert campaigns to "persuade the medical community, the press, and the lay public that chiropractic had no scientific or clinical validity." But the implications go far beyond chiropractors and show dramatically why we've titled these important investigative articles "Medical Genocide."

BACK TO SCHOOL
It's that time of year, alas, when for many of us vacation time is over. Fortunately, Bill Lee, our indefatigable humor editor, never gets a vacation, and therefore was able to spend his summer searching for, among other things, the kind of weirdness that will make your back-to-school experience easier to share with a lay parenthood. Steve Attoe's portfolio is the result, guaranteed to provoke equal amounts of laughter and sympathy, and that's what education is all about anyway, isn't it?

WINNERS AND LOSERS
And it's also that time of year when *Penthouse* proudly publishes our annual annals of sporting ineptitude, Larry Linderman's "20 Worst College Football Teams." When last year's list came out, one irate coach demanded that *Penthouse* "ought to stick to naked girls—something they know something about." Well, that's *our* alma mater, and we're more than happy to stick to naked girls. But, as Larry says, we don't accept the simplistic implication that sticking to naked girls means we can't also recognize lousy football. In any event, that particular irate coach won a whopping two games last season . . . and we trust that this year everyone will be more respectful of Larry's formidable powers of prognostication.

A PIZZA YOU CAN'T REFUSE
As all the world knows, Corleone, Sicily, was the birthplace of the Godfather. But very few people know that real-life Godfathers in Corleone and a handful of other Sicilian cities are the kings of the international heroin trade today, using pizza parlors, bakeries, and tile companies as fronts in the United States. In "The New Mafia," Pulitzer Prize–winning investigative reporter William Sherman shows how, despite sweeping arrests on two continents, what he calls the New Mafia retains its deadly grip on the multibillion-dollar U.S. heroin business.

UNTOUCHABLES AND VERY TOUCHABLES
Combating a different kind of violence is the daily task of the men we call the "Untouchables," who are profiled in Brian Wolff's dramatic photo essay. In a world where toxic wastes have become a fact of life, these men must cope with the deadly results. . . . Beauty contests, of course, are not such life-and-death affairs, but you'd never know this by the pompous and sanctimonious seriousness of those who run the biggest one of all, the Miss America Pageant. We ourselves had a brief encounter with these dour individuals last year during the now-legendary Vanessa Williams affair, and we mark the occasion with a look at the hypocrisy and artificiality of today's Pageant by Venus Ramey, a former Miss America who obviously knows whereof she speaks. . . . And, of course, no issue of *Penthouse* would be complete without a salute to those girls whose natural beauty and unfettered sensuousness far exceed anything seen recently in Atlantic City—our lovely Pets, who, as usual, adorn these pages with award-winning femininity and grace.

PENTHOUSE®

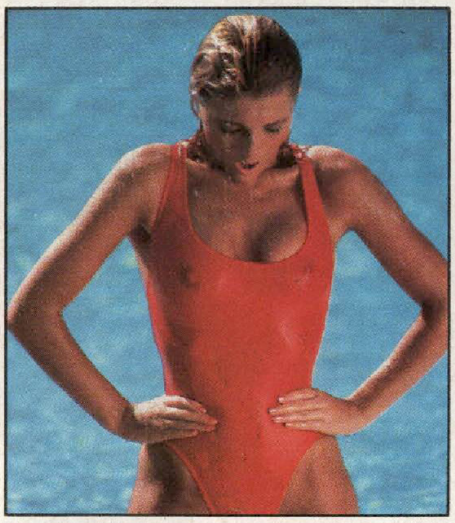
The International Magazine for Men/October 1985 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
PET FORUM	Correspondence		22
FEEDBACK	Opinion		24
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	26
MEN'S RIGHTS	Service	Sidney Siller	28
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	30
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	37
LAW: Crime Deterrents		Alan M. Dershowitz	38
VIDEO: Second Chances		James Delson	39
WORDS: Sex and Food		Nick Tosches	39
SEX NEWS			40
MEDICAL GENOCIDE, PART TWO: THE WAR ON CHIROPRACTIC	Article	Gary Null	42
SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	48
20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS	Article	Larry Linderman	56
UNTOUCHABLES	Pictorial	Photos by Brian Wolff	66
JENNIFER	Pet of the Month	Photos by Suze Randall	77
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	James Kitfield	94
ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW COUNTERFEIT QUEENS	Essay	Venus Ramey	96
THE ELEVATOR	Pictorial	Photos by Suze Randall	98
BACK TO SCHOOL	Humor	Steve Attoe	109
THE NEW MAFIA	Article	William Sherman	114
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	119
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		123
BORN TO SOAR	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	126
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	138
ARE YOU IN THE RIGHT JOB?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	140
HARD TIMES	Humor		145
GAMES: Practical Joke Winners	Diversions	Scot Morris	154
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	158

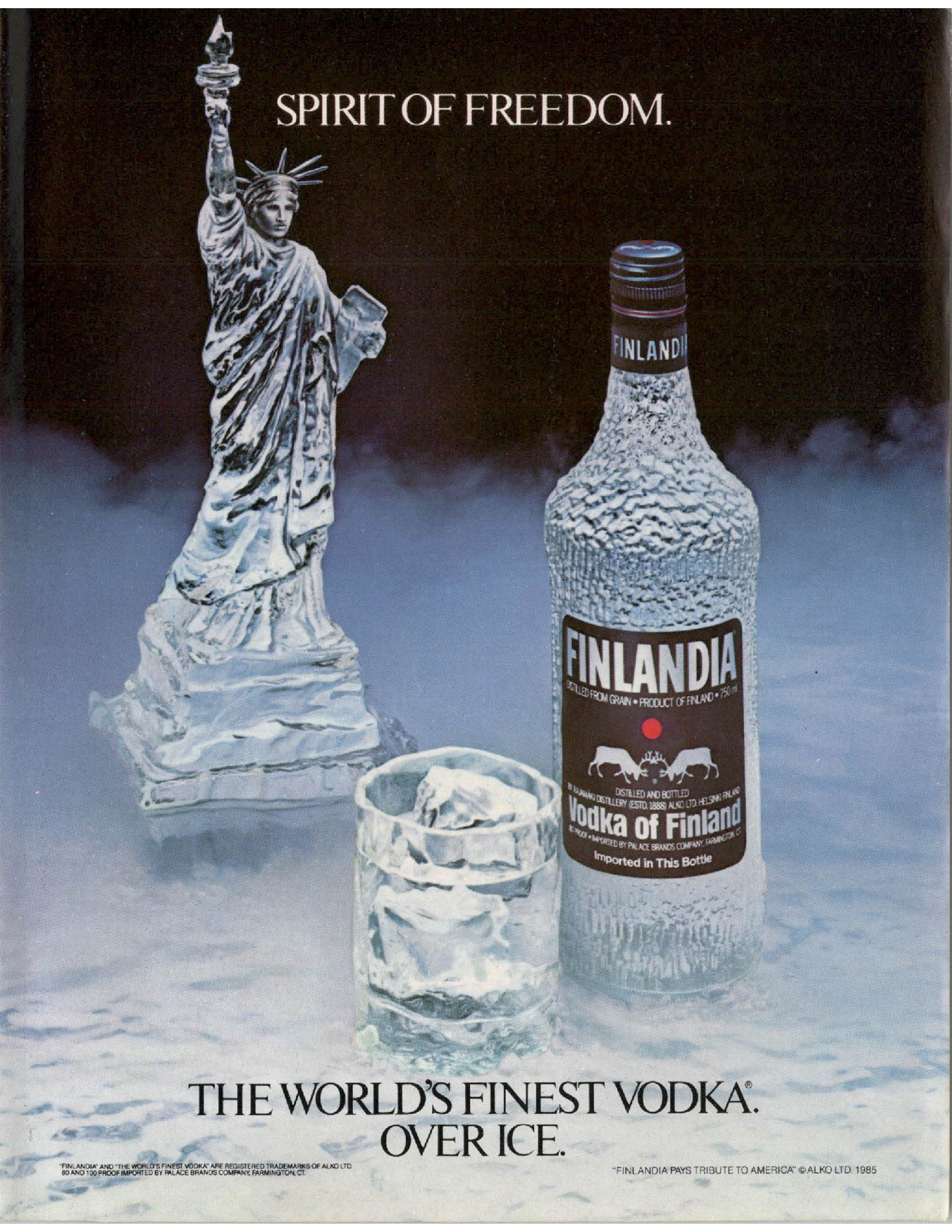


This month's cover was photographed by Chris Thomson with a Minolta Maxxum Auto Focus 7000 camera and a Maxxum 28-135 Auto Focus zoom lens. For information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 20.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 17, Number 2 © Copyright 1985 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to *Penthouse* Magazine, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, IA 51537. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$36 one year; Canada—$46 one year; and elsewhere—$46 one year. Single copies $3.50 in U.S. and AFO ($4.00 December and January issues); $3.95 in Canada.

Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

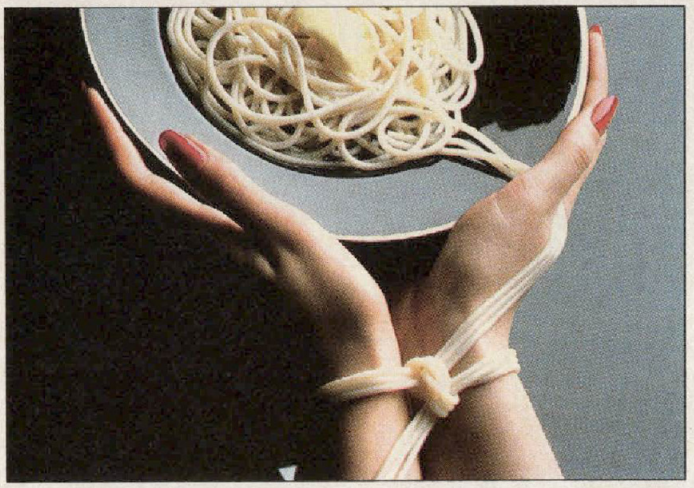


"FINLANDIA" AND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ALKO LTD.
80 AND 100 PROOF IMPORTED BY PALACE BRANDS COMPANY, FARMINGTON, CT.

"FINLANDIA PAYS TRIBUTE TO AMERICA" © ALKO LTD. 1985

"If I'm going to get a sloppy pie in the face or oatmeal poured down my bra, I've got to deserve it!"

PENTHOUSE FORUM



MESSY SESSION

I was very interested to read the letter "Slime Queen" in your April 1985 issue, for I, too, am something of a slime queen. I'm blond with a 38-26-36 figure (when I watch what I eat), so I'm used to being the object of men's fantasies. I have a few of my own, like sitting at my incredibly boring desk job with a man under my desk eating me out with his head up my skirt. But I never met a couple with the kind of messy fantasies that my current lover and I have. I didn't know he had them until we'd gone out for about two months. Then he told me that what he really liked was a woman drenched in water or some kind of sticky mess.

What I like best about getting messed up is the control it gives me over our relationship. My lover is even more passionate and considerate after one of our pie-throwing bouts. He bathes me, gently washes my hair, and is obviously very thankful and happy to be with me. And it's something I can initiate. I always choose when and where it will happen.

Another fun thing about our messy sessions is that I get to be naughty. I insist that if I'm going to get a sloppy pie in the face or oatmeal poured into my bra, I've got to deserve it. So when I choose to become a target for his pastry I can also become a horrible tease. I can flirt with other men. I can break things if I want.

A typical bout will begin with buying the chosen mess that I will ultimately wear. My lover always comes with me on these occasions, and I have special outfits for them. One of my favorites is a pair of old cutoffs that have frayed so much at the leg that if I'm not careful when I bend over, I flash a lot of butt. This is particularly fun in the summer because I have tan lines, and when people see white skin they know they're seeing something they shouldn't. I also have a flimsy white top that I wear over a little bra. My tits are very heavy, and a little bra does almost nothing to keep them from moving. In fact, if I bend the right way in this bra, one of my tits will pop right out.

Wearing this outfit, I make my lover buy me something, usually something expensive, and I make a big fuss about trying everything on. I can be rude to him. I can flirt with the salesmen. I can be someone I'm usually never allowed to be. After he's spent his money, I'm usually very ungrateful, and we head to the bakery or grocery store. I select all the food we're going to use. He has no control over this part of the game, but he can see what I pick out, and he can imagine how it's going to be applied to various parts of my anatomy. That, coupled with the outfit I'm wearing, usually has him aching in his pants by the time we get home.

I've found that things like jewelry, glasses, and frilly lingerie really help because they add a snooty look that just begs to be shot down. One time I made him sit in the kitchen while I began preparing the mess. I wore black silk stockings, black pumps, a garter belt, and a flimsy black bra. I made him sit in a chair and watch my naked ass and blond pussy while I poured flour, broke eggs, beat the dough, and set out prebaked cream pies on the counter. Finally, when I didn't think he could take any more of it, I set a cream pie on one of the chairs and then went back to work. A little while later I sighed and sat down heavily on the chair. There was a satisfying splat and I could feel the sticky stuff creeping across my ass. I shrieked in mock surprise and spread my legs, so he could see the thick cream work its way into my pussy lips.

I stood up. The pie clung to my ass a bit and then dropped off. He laughed, so I picked up a flat, heavily iced cake, held it in both hands, and walked menacingly toward him. I pretended to trip and dumped the whole thing down my front. The icing was very sticky, and it slid down my chest and across my crotch in slow chunks. When I thought he wasn't looking I pulled one of my bra cups down to make it look like the cake had done it.

He laughed some more and I charged him, deliberately missing and stumbling into the counter behind him. I pushed my head into the deep bowl of gooey batter I had prepared. I kept pushing until I felt the bottom with the top of my head. Holding my breath, I stood up, with the bowl on my head, letting the batter drip down onto my shoulders. After I lifted it off, my hair was a mess of tangles and batter and my glasses were stuck in the bowl. My face was covered with the stuff—there were large globs of it on my shoulders. Then I turned around and he hit me in the face with one of my pies. At the same time he grabbed my tits and began toying with them. Without him seeing, I set the half-full bowl of batter on a chair. Pretending to back away from his

---

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Toe to Toe.

Northlake
$78.00

The Competition
$99.00

Feature for feature, our boots are the same as boots that cost around $20 more.*

Check the material, the construction, the **Waterproof Guarantee,** the look and the fit.

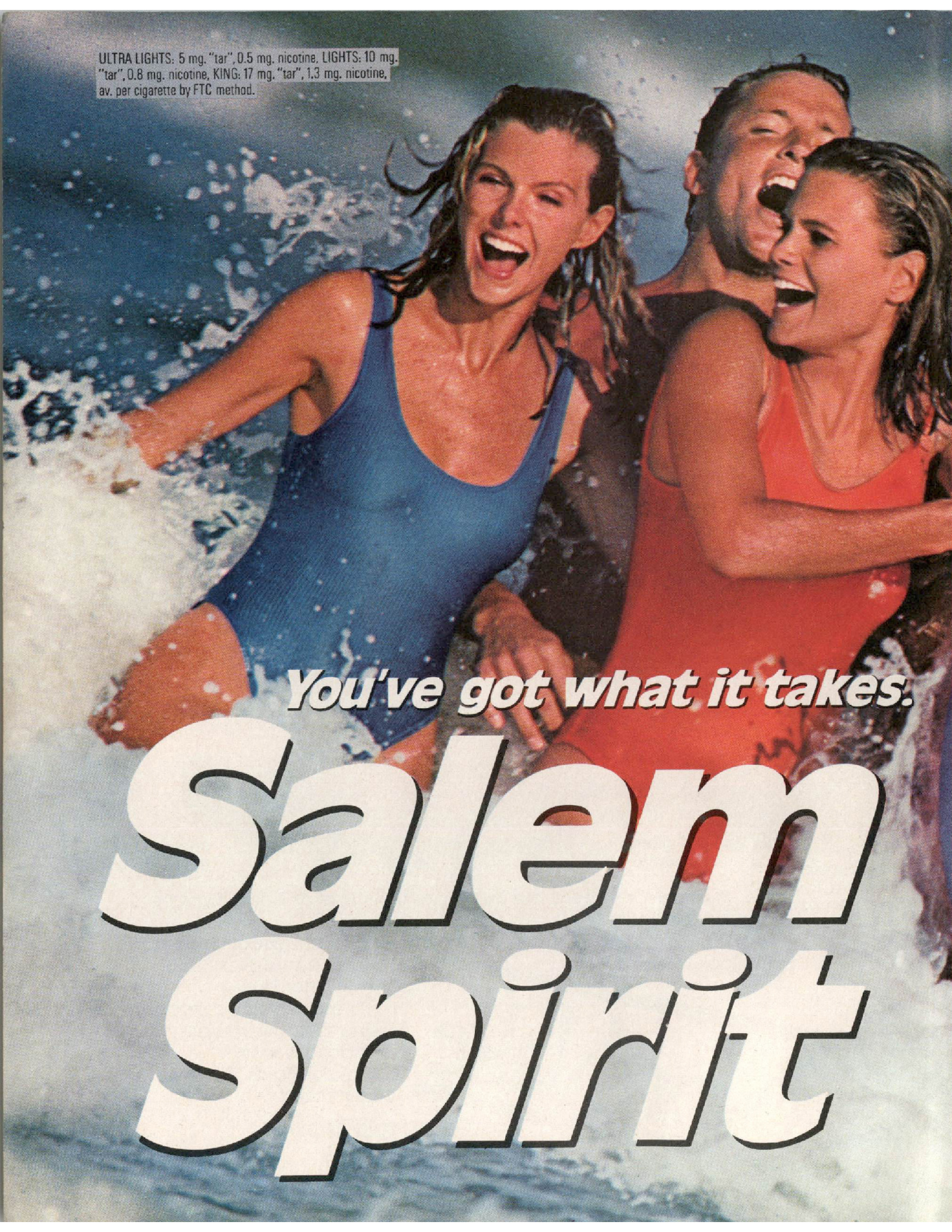
All things equal, Northlake is the smarter buy.

These days it's a good feeling to know you got your dollar's worth. Northlake Boots. You owe it to yourself.

Northlake

By **Georgia Boot**
Franklin, Tennessee 37064

*Prices may vary in different regions of the country. Also available in 6" version.


ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.
You've got what it takes.
Salem
Spirit

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione *(chairman)*
Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*
David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Lynn Kearcher, Karen Schwarz (Research); *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Special Features Editor:* Allan Sonnenschein; *Ass't. Editors:* Shaina Hilsenrath, Mark Jacobson; *Copy Chief:* Robert Sabat; *Copy Editors:* John Linder, Rosemary Rinaldi; *Copy Associate:* Cyn. Zarco; *Literary Rights Manager:* B.C. Lefrak; *Ass't. to the Managing Ed.:* Mari Ann Fortuna; *Editorial Assistants:* Michelle Eaton, Karen McClatchey; *Contributing Editors:* Al Goldstein, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Mike Knepper (automotive), Katharine Lowry, Peter Manso, Scot Morris (games), Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Ben Stein, José Chegüi Torres (sports), Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Designers:* Susan Wilder, Daryl Phillips; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* Randy Mayor; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Associate Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn-Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Hornish

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; *Sr. VP/Administrative Services:* Jen Winston; *Sr. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *VP/Publishing:* Don Myrus; *VP/Dir. of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Business Mgr.:* Cathe Charleston; *Dir. Newsstand Circulation:* Marcia Orovitz; *Circulation Marketing Mgr.:* Maureen Sharkey; *Dir. Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Dir., Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Dir., Circulation Int'l Sales:* Linda Fazio-Sprague; *Dir., Subscription Circulation:* Marcia Schultz; *Traffic Mgr.:* William Harbutt; *Production Mgr.:* Tom Stinson; *Ass't. Production Mgr.:* Joyce Faust; *Publicity Mgr.:* Joanne Zyontz; *Mgr., Marketing Research:* Roni Stein; *Dir. of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Mgr.:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Pet Promotion Dir.:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Exec. Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Diane O'Connell; *Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Anna Castro; *Exec. Ass't. to David J. Myerson:* Teri Pisani

ADVERTISING

Sr. VP/Director of Advertising: Howard S. Plissner; *Assoc. Director of Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *Sr. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Advertising Director:* Peter Goldsmith; *VP/Western Advertising Director:* Wendy Bloxham; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner; *Advertising Production Traffic Mgr.:* Pam Rizk. Offices: *New York* (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *Midwest* (Peter Goldsmith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. *Detroit* (Gayle Champagne): 380 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 230, Birmingham, Mich. 48011. Tel. (313) 642-2522. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006. Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *United Kingdom and Europe:* 14 Lisgar Terrace, London W14, England, Tel. 01-828-3336. *Japan:* Bancho Media Service 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Japan, Tel. 03-252-2721, Telex J25472

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd., 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

OCTOBER

hand and clear the pie from my face, I sat down and managed to get my ass into the plastic bowl.

Screaming, I stood up, turned away from him with the bowl clinging to my ass, and shook it off. It fell off slowly, leaving streaks of batter on my legs. I then bent over the counter again, balancing on my arms. My lover came up behind me and fondled my ass, dipping his hand between my messy cheeks. He felt how wet I was. He fingered my clit, getting me to moan and rotate my ass more. He gently spread my cheeks and I felt his thick cock at my pussy door. He teased me a little bit, rubbing it up and down my crack, and then thrust gloriously home. It was a long, thorough fuck. He didn't miss a thing, and it made it worth the mess I'd made to get fucked like that.—*Name and address withheld*

EASY RIDER

My wife, at five foot eight, 35-22-34, with waist-length dark hair, a beautiful, aristocratic face, and the best legs in this or any other world, doesn't like to admit that she is an exhibitionist. The truth of the matter is that she definitely gets a kick out of visually teasing passersby, and the chance of being truly caught with her pants down is enough to make her sweet lips glisten.

Add to this the fact that we both love to get in the car and just drive, and you have the makings of some good entertainment—for us and anyone fortunate enough to drive by our car.

Recently spring arrived. Tired of being penned up for the long winter, we hopped in the new car for a drive to the high desert. My wife decided to get a start on her tan while on the road, so she peeled off her jeans, opened the sunroof, and positioned her legs to catch the direct sunlight. She put one leg across the cabin to the dash in front of me and one on my headrest. She was seated with her back to the passenger door, facing me. The French-cut leotard, which was now her sole garment, clung tightly to her body and effectively concealed all details. I enjoyed the view, and caressed her legs from ankle to heaven, gently relaxing her to the point of sleeping. Every once in a while, I tickled the tip on the thin crotch of the leotard which lay directly above her clit, causing her to jump, but she made it clear that she was trying to relax, and said, "Quit that!"

A semi had been slowly gaining on us for several miles, to the point where it was just about to pass on the right. I began teasing my wife about "showing me some pink." Finally, sleepily unaware of what was happening, she reached down and pulled the crotch of her leotard to one side, revealing her luscious lips and extravagant bush. As the truck pulled alongside, I ran my hand up her leg and briefly cupped her cunt. I then withdrew my hand to wet my thumb in my mouth, replaced it, and rolled her clit with my now-wet digit. She squirmed and sighed, but the trucker chose this moment to blow his horn in approval. This woke my wife completely. She let the leotard snap back into place and sat up abruptly. "You knew he was there!" she accused. "Sure I did," I admitted. Pulling on one knee, she spread her legs and, sure enough, a dark wet spot had formed on the leotard between her thighs.

I tickled her clit through the fabric, then slid my hand under the elastic to her slippery cunt. After rolling her clit between my fingers and thumb, I moved farther down to put first one, then two fingers inside her pussy while rubbing the front of her mound with my palm. Soon she had pulled the front of her leotard down and was almost violently pulling and twisting her nipples with both hands. As the sounds of slurping and smacking from her cunt increased, she twisted around enough to whisper in my ear, "I'm sooooo slippery. I want you to lick me." I said that I couldn't while driving and that she should get out her vibrator. "I can't," she moaned. "I didn't bring it."

Then it occurred to me. "Take that thing all the way off," I ordered. As she moved to comply, I pulled the shift lever down from fifth to fourth gear, moving the knob between the seats. "I knew this damn vibration would be good for something!"

She looked doubtfully at the large leather knob. "It won't fit," she insisted.

"Try it." I suggested. "Just vibrate your clit with it. It's soft."

She turned her back to the windshield, put one knee on each seat, and slowly lowered herself until her dripping-wet pussy touched the vibrating knob. Searching for the right position, she braced herself with one arm on the seat back, then reached between her legs to grasp the lever below the thick knob. Slowly she began rotating her hips so that the thick head of this surrogate cock slid, parting her lips as it moved, from clit to love hole and back. As the speed of her movements increased, I increased the speed of the car to intensify the vibrations. As we blew by the semi, wet slurping sounds could once again be heard above the roar of the wind, and it was my turn to pull and twist her nipples for her.

With a little cry, she shifted her weight, slid the knob to her pussy opening, and forced it into herself, deeper and deeper, until eight inches of leather knob and metal shaft had disappeared. Now bracing herself on the rim of the sunroof with both hands, she began to slide back up the shaft. I quickly grabbed the lever to keep her from forcing the transmission out of gear.

As she slid up, she arched her back until her nipples pointed skyward and her head was partially out of the car, hair flying wildly in the wind. Back down she plunged, until her hot, sopping pussy slapped against my hand. Up and down she moved, faster and faster, eyes closed and oblivious to the stream of traffic now

A slight improvement on perfection.

Technics compact disc players.

Technics compact disc players. And the digital compact disc. Together they've given you what no conventional audio system can: the perfection of musical reality.

So with Technics, what you hear is not just a reproduction of a performance, but a re-creation of it.

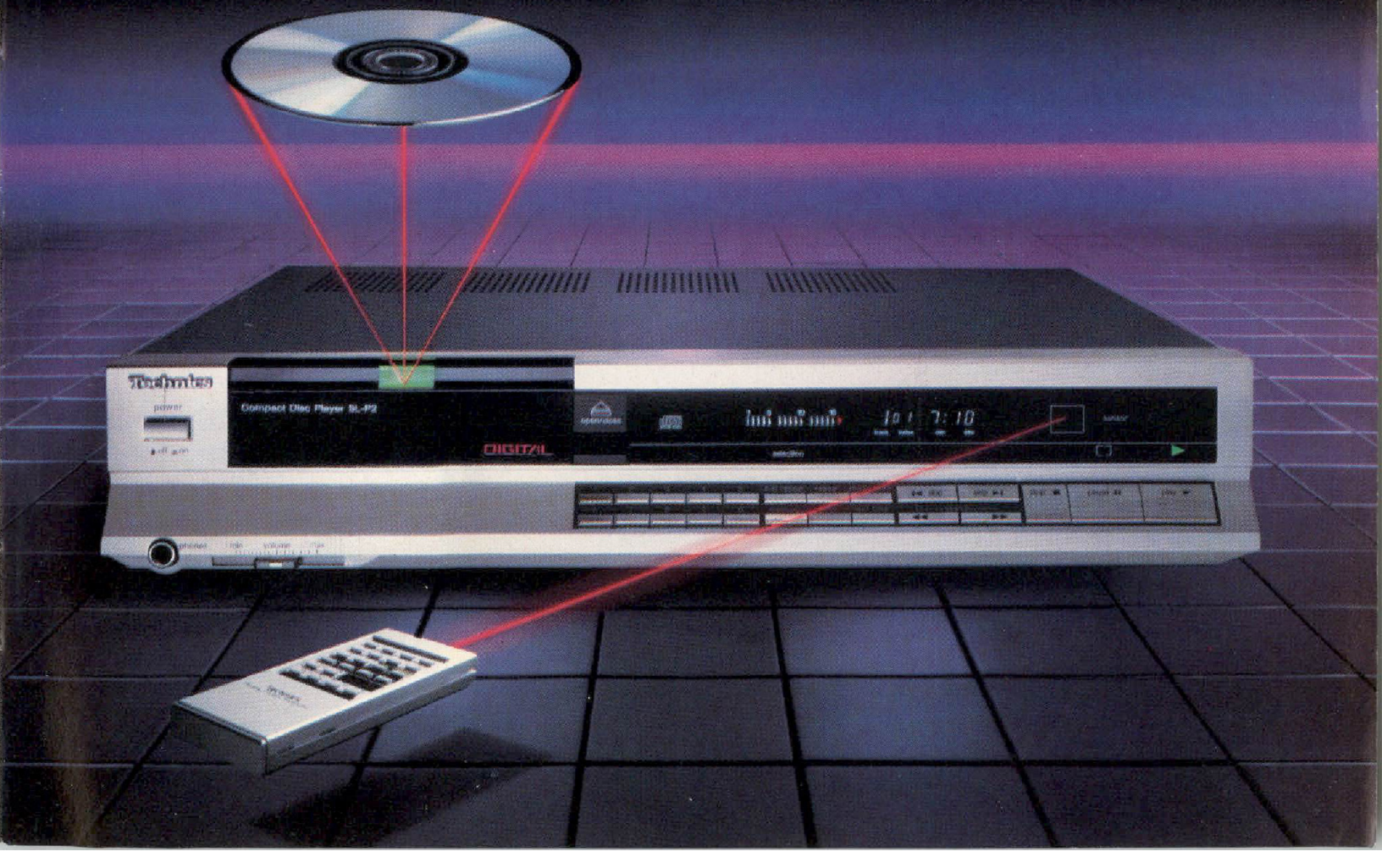
But occasionally even the musical perfection of a compact disc can be marred by fingerprints, dust or scratches. So the Technics SL-P2 compact disc player has improvements like an advanced error correction system, designed to compensate for those imperfections. To help ensure that the sound you hear is still completely flawless.

COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

You also get sophisticated, convenient controls. Such as 15-step random access programming so you can play any selection. In any order. And all of this can be controlled from across the room with Technics wireless remote control.

The digital revolution continues at Technics. Perfectly.

Technics
The science of sound



passing us in the opposite direction. Every time she rose up the shaft, the huge knob forced her juices out of her cunt, over my hand, and onto the console.

Finally, with a breathless scream, she stopped pumping and began shuddering, her legs trembling and her nipples fully erect, with the areolae puckered up to add to the length of her nipples. Sweat ran between her breasts and across her stomach to mingle with the cunt juices glistening in the sun. She rose completely from the shaft to collapse in a curled-up position in the other seat. With her ass pointing directly at me and her legs drawn up, I could see that both her rosebud and stretched-open pussy were pulsating. Dribbles of her sweet juices pumped from her cunt and ran down the inside of her thighs. It took the several minutes I needed to find an exit ramp before her pussy desensitized enough for me to lick her spotlessly clean.—*Name and address withheld*

TAG-TEAM FUCKING

It all started because my husband, Carl, likes to show me off to his friends. I have a nice face and a really good body (my husband says I'm a perfect 10). Whenever he goes on a trip, he always buys me some sexy underwear or a sexy swimsuit. Although I never wear the underwear when other people are around, I don't mind wearing the most revealing swimsuits or the skimpiest bikini. I always attract a lot of attention from the guys around the pool. I enjoy it because it makes me feel daring and sexy.

Last winter, after reading a letter in "Forum," my husband got excited about the idea of showing off more of my body in public. I felt shy about it, but since we both try to help each other out with our fantasies, I thought I should try to go along with him. We talked about lots of options, from nude beaches to posing for some modeling shots. Those things sounded okay to me, and I agreed to try some of them when spring came.

One day in April, my husband called me at work in the late afternoon. He sounded very excited and he told me to meet him at a club called Jake's as soon as I got off work. Jake's is a nice place where he and I sometimes party. He said he had found our fantasy.

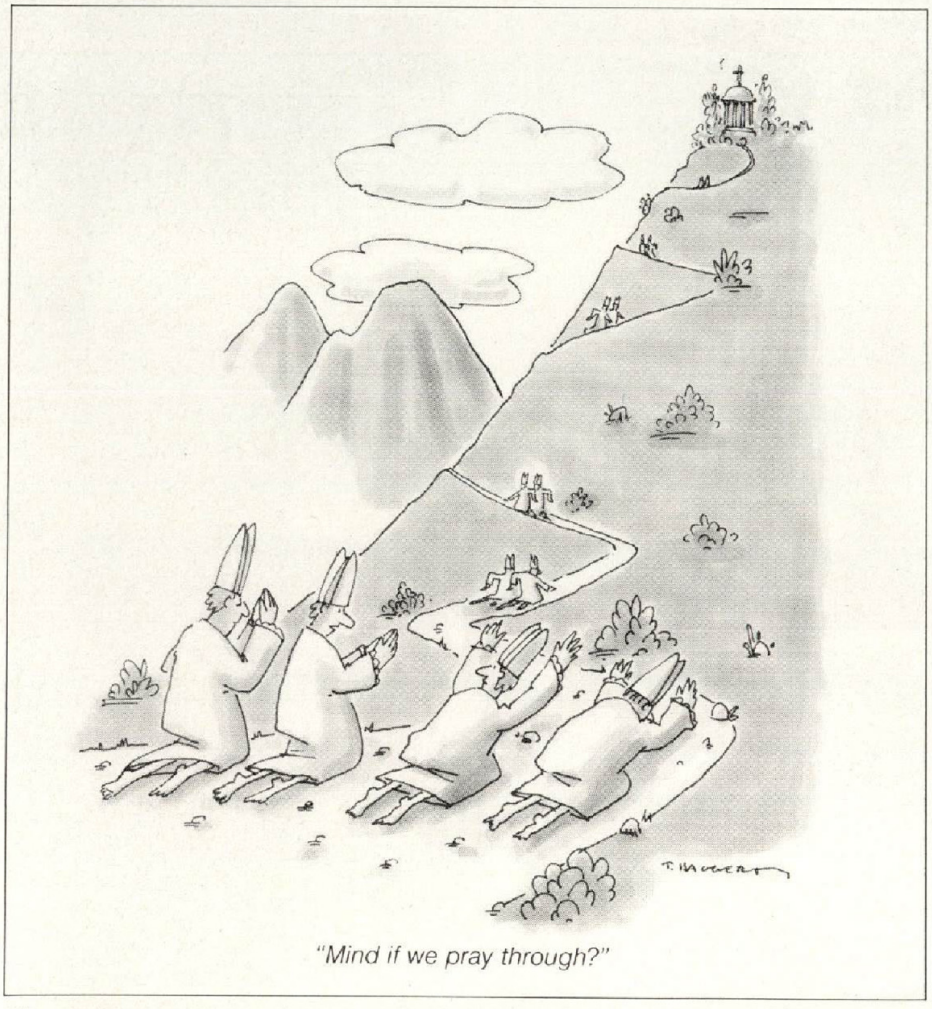
At five, I got into my car and shot over to Jake's, curious to find out what all his excitement was about. He met me just inside the lobby and escorted me to a cozy booth. "What's up?" I asked him.

With a mischievous grin, he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a flier. He held it up for me to read.

"It's an amateur dance contest here at Jake's!" he said.

I looked at him blankly.

"You know! Wet T-shirt. Topless, if you want!"



"Mind if we pray through?"

Just then, the waitress brought our drinks. I don't think I ever needed one as badly as I did then. I was petrified and cast about wildly for a way to talk him out of this insanity. Sitting topless on a beach was one thing, but dancing nude in front of a hundred people was more than I was ready for.

He persisted, though, and over the next week I grew more accepting of the idea. I convinced myself that the $500 prize money could buy us a vacation or a new refrigerator. I also noticed that our lovemaking was even more passionate than usual and, on my part at least, was accompanied by fantasies of people looking at me. Finally, I agreed to do it.

Since I had only two weeks to get ready, I arranged to go to a tanning salon every day after work to get rid of my winter whiteness. I've always been a good dancer, but each night I practiced and worked out a little routine to ZZ Top's song "Legs." My husband says the song could have been written about me. It really turned him on to watch me dance, particularly the last part when I pulled off my pink T-shirt. He always had a huge hard-on when I finished and I always put it to good use. His cock is nine inches long, and I have never been able to get very much of it into my mouth. But as each night passed and our excitement increased while the event grew closer, I noticed that I was able to suck it in at least an extra inch per night. On the night before the contest, I felt his dark and curly pubes tickling my nose as his hot, sweet come shot all the way down the back of my throat.

On the night of the contest, though, he practically had to drag me into Jake's. The club was packed, and I noticed that at least three men from work were there. I could have died.

When I got backstage, though, I calmed down a little. Most of the others were as scared as I was, since we were all local girls who had never done this kind of thing before. There were a dozen of us and we helped each other with our hair and costumes. My husband had given me a large bottle of baby oil and I dutifully oiled myself until I glistened like polished chrome.

I was the last one to go out; the waiting was agony. I had a knot in my stomach and couldn't see what was going on out front, but when each girl came back from her dance, I could see the excitement in her eyes. Since they were all beautiful, I knew I didn't have a chance of winning. I looked in the mirror and adjusted the little pink-and-yellow-striped triangles that covered my crotch and butt, knotted the hot-pink T-shirt tight in front, and, when they finally called my name, said to myself, "Give 'em hell!"

When I got onstage, I was surprised because the lights were so bright and so hot. I couldn't see anyone out in the audience and that helped me to relax. Two waiters came onstage, each with a bucket of water. As the music started, they

doused me with it.

As I danced, I was filled with a wonderful mixture of fear and sensuality. I was aware of the tight, firm globes of my breasts. I was aware of my cunt and my ass. As the men cheered me on, I danced like never before.

Suddenly, I realized that I was nearly at the end of the song. I almost hesitated, but the excitement was building within me so much that the thought of *not* taking my clothes off was the most disappointing thought there could be. In one quick movement, I pulled my shirt off.

The crowd was impressed. I was so turned on I couldn't breathe. My nipples were as tight as two cherry pits and, as I ran my fingers over them, I could feel the energy in the room rise.

The song had reached the last chorus when I realized that this was not enough for me and, with that thought, I grabbed the bow at the side of the bikini and yanked as hard as I could. The next second, I was standing in front of a hundred men, perfectly, gloriously, and completely naked: wearing just my high heels, my wet hair, and the oil glistening on my body. The crowd went wild as I pushed my cunt toward them and slowly drew my fingers up the inside of my thighs and up along the sides of my mound. Then I took a long finger and slid it down my flat belly and into my crack, closing my eyes and coming harder and more quickly than I ever had come before.

I guessed I must have won, because the next thing I knew, the two waiters were up there with me holding my arms up high and cheering. The emcee was shaking a big bottle of champagne and pointing it at me.

I don't have to tell you what it looked like as the white foam came spurting out of the neck of the bottle and covered me with tiny little bubbles. I closed my eyes and came again. They practically had to carry me offstage.

That night, clutching the winner's check in my hand, I took my husband out onto a mattress on the deck in the backyard and made him fuck my body until neither of us could come again. When we awoke, the sun was shining brightly and we were naked before the world. I had the delicious feeling that one of our neighbors had been peeking at us through the fence.

The story could have ended there, if not for the fact that my husband went out of town for a long business trip about a month later. One night, after he had been gone for a few days and I was sick of watching TV alone, I got into the car and drove down to Jake's. I suppose I was drawn by the memory of the excitement I had experienced there.

Since it was a weeknight, the place was pretty empty. I saw my three men friends from work (the same ones who had been there the night of the contest) and joined them at the bar. They had been nice enough not to embarrass me at work by mentioning the dancing. In this environ-

me a douche with iced champagne. He shook the bottle and, as the foam spewed out under pressure, shoved it up my juicy twat. No man had ever come inside me with that much power. It was like a rocket of orgasm taking me away with it. After that, I was definitely ready for more, and so were they.

I guess we went on for several hours. Much later, when we had stopped for a rest and were sitting entangled together on the stage, I saw R. J. fiddling with something on the side of the stage. I asked him what he was doing and to my shock, he told me he had videotaped the whole thing. Fearful, I began to protest—but he gently told me to wait before I made a decision and that if I wanted the tape destroyed, it would be mine to destroy.

He rewound the tape and, as we sipped fresh champagne, I watched myself dancing and undressing, then being fucked by one after the other of these strong young bodies. We all got so excited that we went at it all over again.

Now my husband and I watch the video all the time. I was afraid to show it to him at first, and I know he was really shocked, but we have a pretty open relationship and besides, it was *his* fantasy that got this whole thing started in the first place. In fact, now he's so turned on by the tape, he's organized a reunion of the whole group this Saturday night so we can make a new video. As for me, well, now that I know what really turns me on, I'm happy for any opportunity to perform.—*Name and address withheld*

ZIPLESS TRAVELER

As a travel consultant, I am frequently on the road gathering information on different cities. Sometimes in the process, an erotic experience occurs. The most recent one inspired me to write "Forum." This is no fantasy, it really happened.

Even though I am a young female, I am confident enough to travel alone. On this occasion, however, I was accompanied by a female friend. She and her boyfriend met me at the airport and had made prior arrangements for another gentleman to accompany me. I was not pleased with the situation, but I decided to make the best of it.

My date, Roy, was by no means a disappointment. He was handsome, with devastating eyes. The four of us visited several different nightclubs and consumed lots of alcohol. I sipped "ladies' drinks" and remained fairly sober. Roy wasted no time in propositioning me. He came directly to the point in letting me know he wanted and expected me to share his bed for the weekend. I was insulted by his brazenness and turned him down bluntly. He remained persistent in his pursuit, hoping to sweeten the deal by offering cocaine. While tiring of this continual conversation, I quickly and single-handedly consumed an entire bottle of champagne.

Now, let me explain my love for champagne. A magical effect comes over me as I drink the ultimate aphrodisiac. It works as an electric current building in intensity from my breasts to my genitals.

I knew that I had to have Roy take me back to my hotel immediately, before he discovered my vulnerable condition. I became very curt with him so he would keep his distance. (Even in my intense state of desire, my mind was still in control.) My plan was to get rid of him and, in my solitude, search out my constant traveling companion, my vibrator.

Even in his drunken and drugged state, Roy managed to drive me back safely. Before I could close the door to my room, he was inside and was kissing me furiously. He pushed me onto the bed and pulled up my skirt. My mind was racing as he jerked off my panties and stockings in one single motion. Now my cunt was fully exposed, and he gazed hungrily at my swollen ripeness. At the same moment Roy reached for his zipper, I reached for the phone. He was stunned as I touched *O* and asked for the police. Even in his cocaine-induced delirium, he suddenly came back to reality and raced out of my room. I hung up the phone.

Naturally, the hotel was not about to ignore a call in the middle of the night from a distressed female. Two security guards were at my door within five minutes. When I saw them, I was overcome with emotion at what almost happened and threw my arms around the closest officer. He was very polite but businesslike in his questioning. He consoled me briefly before they set out to search for Roy. Another ten minutes passed and there was another knock on the door. Fear went through me, as I thought Roy had returned. But to my surprise one of the security guards had returned. I opened the door a little and he wordlessly pushed it open, stepped inside, and closed it gently behind him.

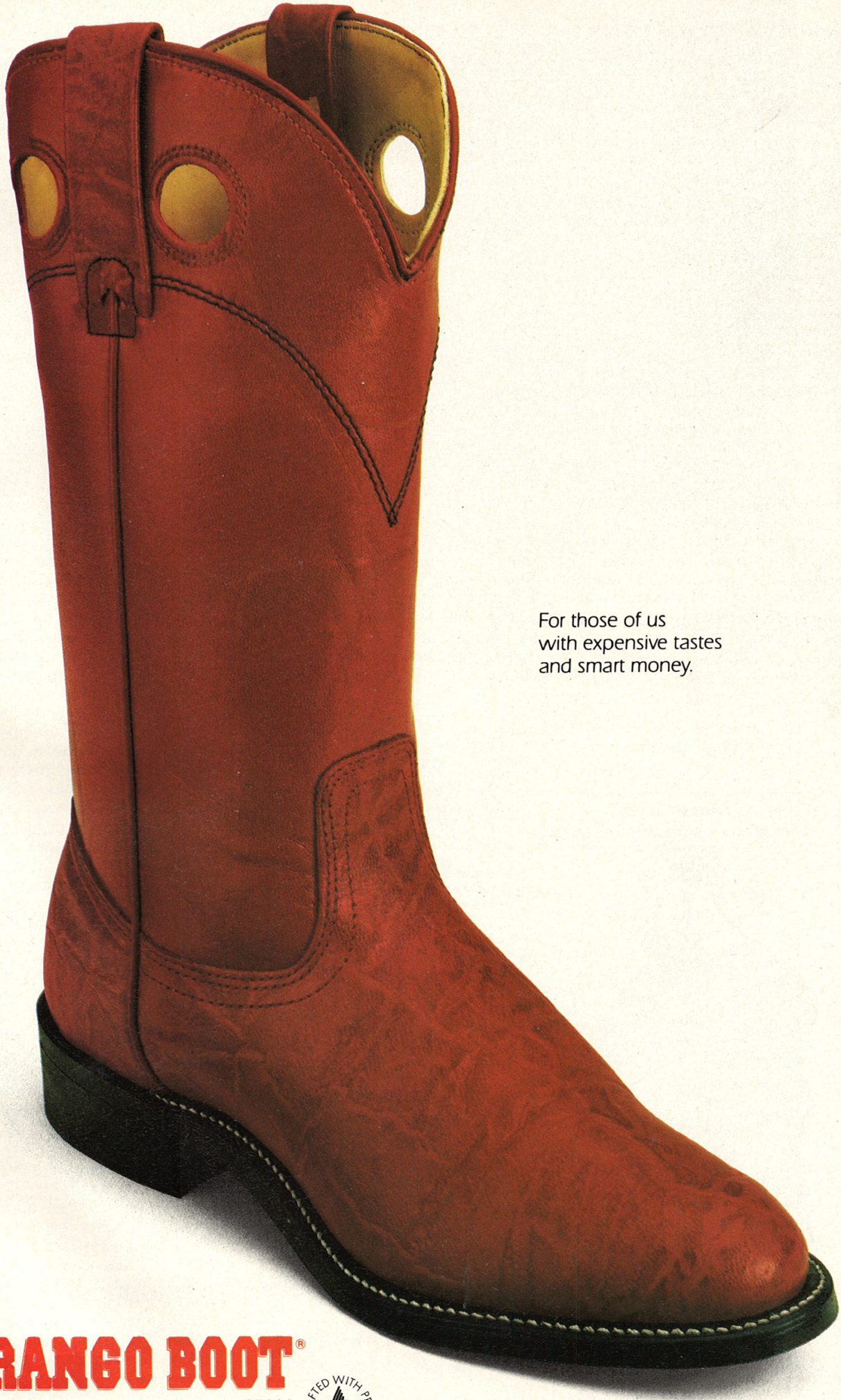
I stepped back and stared in curiosity as he lay down his walkie-talkie and removed his jacket. Still high from the champagne, I watched as he began unbuttoning his shirt. Somehow I had an extreme sense of safety and security with him in my room. He removed his shirt to reveal an incredible, Adonis-like chest. "What are you doing?" I asked. He didn't answer but continued to undress. "I thought you were here to protect me," I said.

"I will protect you," he answered in a deep, masculine voice.

He stepped toward me, gently pushed me down, and felt my warm bare thighs. By this time, the hot succulent fluids were literally dripping down my legs. He touched my wet cunt with one finger and raised it to his lips, all the while never taking his eyes off me.

His next movements were almost dreamlike in quality. I felt as if I were

"Well, little lady, I'm sure we all share in your . . . er . . . excitement!"



For those of us
with expensive tastes
and smart money.

DURANGO BOOT®

Franklin, Tennessee 37064

CRAFTED WITH PRIDE IN U.S.A.

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you.
We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times.
So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word.
Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather® Musk.

Kerry DeGroot, winner '85 Musk Campus Search

ment, I felt they were looking at me in a different way, which made me feel warm inside. In a way, they had shared the most exciting and sexual night of my life, and their company was just what I wanted.

Finally, the bar had emptied except for us and the bartender. The talk turned to the contest. They expressed sincerely how turned on they had been watching me dance naked. Since they knew me personally through the office, they each said it had been the most exciting thing they had ever seen. It made me feel good to know that it had been as special for them as it had been for me. I tried to explain what I had gone through up there on the stage and, to my surprise, they really seemed to understand. We all shared humorous experiences from childhood days of nudity "behind the woodshed" and laughed at the memories of our shyness and excitement at those times.

Drew, the most shy and handsome one of the bunch, looked at me and said, "I'd really like to see you dance again."

The others all chimed in their agreement. Thinking they were kidding, I made a joke about never dancing for less than $500. To my enormous surprise, all four of them reached into their wallets and pulled out a crisp new hundred-dollar bill. R. J., the bartender, walked over to the till and pulled out a fifth one. He put it on top of the pile. I knew he could get into a lot of trouble for that, and I was touched by their sweetness and fired up by their desire. I felt a flame of sexual excitement ignite deep within my cunt and lick its way up to my tits.

Who am I kidding? I thought to myself. *I want this as much as they do!*

I gave them my sweetest smile and, stuffing the $500 into the pocket of my tight jeans, slipped off the barstool and told them to lock the door and get things ready for me.

Backstage, I found some more baby oil. I undressed in front of the mirror and slowly slicked it all over my body, letting the moment build. I slipped my panties back on and pulled on the little tuxedo shirt I had worn over my jeans. With a little laugh, I realized I had even worn heels with my jeans, something I almost never do. I wondered what Freud would have said about that!

I heard the music start up outside and almost fell over myself running up the stairs to get on the stage. Again, I was surprised by how bright the lights were and I realized that except for the noise, it was impossible to see whether there were four men in the audience or 400. I decided to pretend it was 400.

Suddenly, I was sprayed down with ice-cold water from two buckets. The shock of the cold water sent sparks through me, and I began dancing in a sizzling frenzy of lusty motion.

This time I didn't wait so long to pull my top off. My breasts were outlined in the wet shirt and, as they shimmered and shook, they almost cried out to be seen by the eyes of these excited men.

I danced topless for a while, drinking in the long looks of my friends until the excitement in my body began to shift from my tits to my cunt. I wiggled out of my tiny panties and felt the attention center on my slender waist and hips, at my flat belly, and at the place where my legs met my body. I felt like I was sucking them deep into my wet cunt from across the room. I closed my eyes and rocked to the music and, as they watched me, I slid my finger slowly down through my pubes and into my crack. I went off into waves of ecstasy.

When I opened my eyes, I was surprised to see Drew in front of me, swaying to the music without a stitch of clothing on. I guess he wasn't as shy as I thought!

He must have seen the excited look in my eyes, because he smiled and dropped to his knees. He motioned me forward, toward him. Once again, I couldn't breathe.

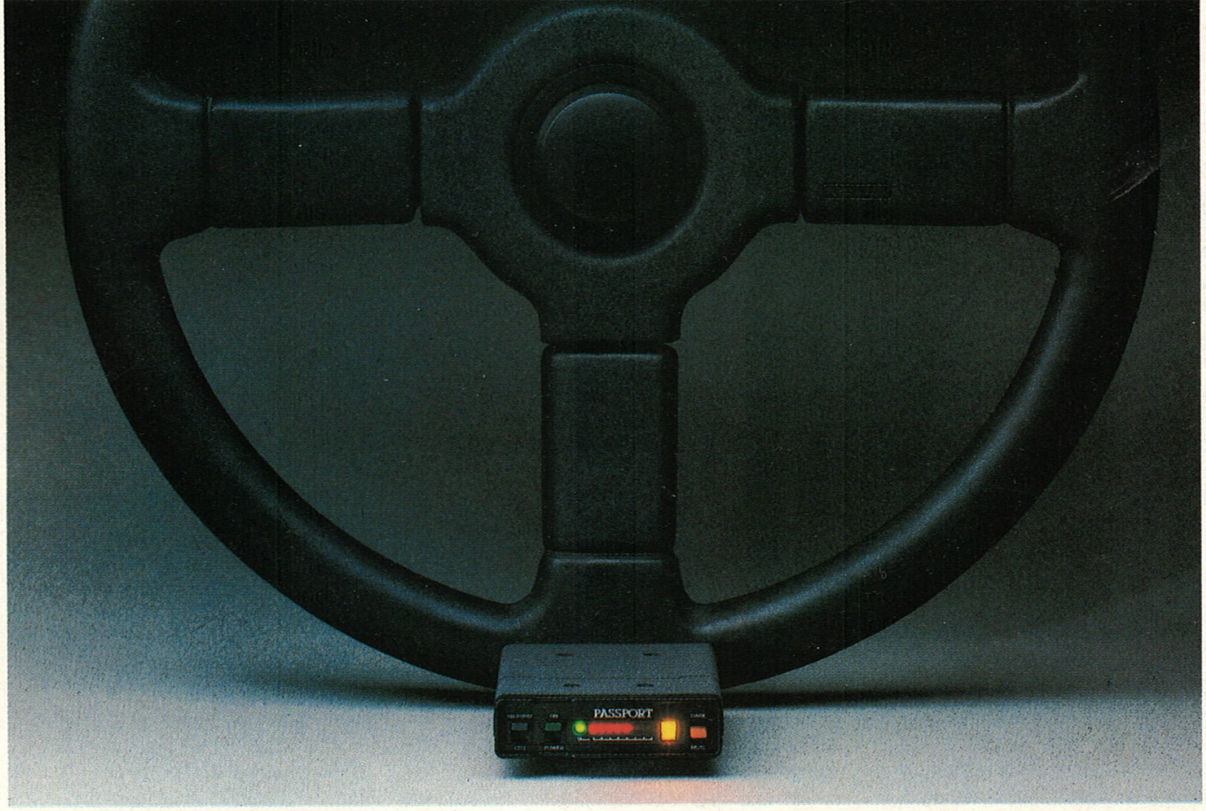
The music slowed and I danced toward him. He reached out and pulled my wet, silky mound onto his face. He put his hands on each of my buttocks. As his tongue flicked back and forth over my clit, it sent waves of hot and cold through me. I dropped my head back and arched my breasts forward, dancing for the entire crowd.

Then Drew was on his back and pulling me down on top of him. I knelt astride his muscular hips and felt him inject his hard cock deep into the wetness of my warm cunt. His cock wasn't as long as my husband's, but it was thicker, and as I settled down on top of it and began to grind it slowly, it filled me with excitement. As he bucked beneath me and I swayed above him, I felt the eyes of the others on me. Opening my eyes, I realized that I could make out their faces just within the ring of lights. I looked deep into their eyes as Drew fucked me.

Drew came long before I wanted him to, shooting hot jets of come deep into my love cave. I was about to cry out in desperation, when I felt something soft brush my cheek.

There beside me was R. J., standing above me with the biggest cock I had ever seen. *Far out,* I thought, *tag-team fucking!* Gratefully, I turned to him and sucked him all the way into my mouth. Drew grew limp inside me and lay there on his back with his hands behind his head and watched as I sucked off R. J. When he came, filling my mouth with his warm load, I was ready to have it done to me. One by one, the others came up with their rock-hard cocks ready to penetrate me as the others watched and helped.

At one point, I had a hard cock in each hand and one in my mouth as Drew gave



Small Wonder

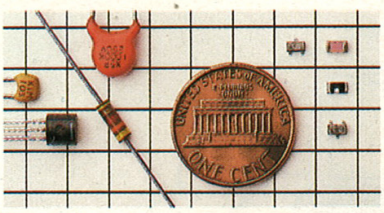
At last, *pocket-size* radar protection.

Quite simply, PASSPORT is the smallest superheterodyne radar detector ever made—only ¾" tall, 2¾" wide, and 4½" long. It fits your pocket as easily as a cassette tape.

Small means nearly-invisible protection

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. The result is exactly what you'd hope; high performance in a low-profile package. And the response is exactly what you'd expect. The experts at *Car and Driver* said, "In a word, the Passport is a winner."

The magazines report excellent performance. More than early warning, PASSPORT also provides a precise measure of radar range. Simply turn PASSPORT on and set the volume level. At radar contact, the alert lamp lights and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows signal strength. A photocell even adjusts the alert brightness to the light level in your car.



In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

Small means the size of a cassette tape

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. And if you should want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch allows you to "mute" the audio, yet leave PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. You get the complete radar picture.

Small means never having to go without

You can take PASSPORT anywhere: on an airplane to another city, or to work for trips in the company car. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into your lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile, it can be on duty without anyone noticing. And PASSPORT comes complete with a visor clip, windshield mount, straight cord, coiled cord—even a leather travel case. And we back PASSPORT with a full one year limited warranty.

Try PASSPORT at no risk. Call us toll free to order. When your PASSPORT arrives, take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not completely satisfied, return it and we'll refund your purchase and your mailing costs. You can't lose.

$295 (OH res. add $16.23 tax)

VISA MasterCard

© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT™
RADAR · RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-005-C10
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

watching slow motion. He stood in front of me and unzipped his pants to uncover the biggest cock I've ever seen or even imagined. I must have gasped aloud, which brought a smile to his handsome face. I began licking my lips. At that very moment, he slowly moved forward until his cock was almost touching my lips. I felt as though we were engaged in some exotic dance. I enjoy cocksucking immensely and ordinarily would have teased him unmercifully, but in this case I was uncontrollable. I could no longer be patient. I used my fingers to navigate him directly down my throat, slowly but firmly, as far as humanly possible. The taste and smell of him was almost intoxicating. I established a comfortable, firm sucking rhythm, which was soon replaced by a hungry, devouring pumping action.

He was openly pleased with my expertise, but I simply couldn't wait any longer. I had to feel that delicious cock.

I held my breath as he entered. The anticipation itself almost made me come. I was still lusciously wet, and the large organ began its descent. The feeling was indescribable. He eased into me slowly, intensifying my pleasure. My long legs instinctively wrapped around his torso while my vaginal muscles went to work on him, causing him to moan aloud as I squeezed his large cock. He responded by pumping me harder and deeper, bringing forth multiple orgasms from me. I gyrated my hips against his manhood while gliding my fingers over his ample balls.

I cried out, "Don't come inside me," and he raised himself up, sending the come spurting out all over my abdomen, face, and breasts. It was a beautiful sight.

When I awoke the next morning, I was inclined to think it was all a dream—if it hadn't been for the pleasurable ache between my legs. Then I noticed something written on the notepad by the phone. There was no message, just four distinct numbers, which I immediately realized was an extension number. I didn't have to guess where it led. I couldn't stop smiling for two reasons: Not only was my "zipless fuck" true to life, but I still had another night in that glorious hotel!—*Name and address withheld*

BEACH LOVERS

Reading "Forum" has always been a pleasurable experience for my boyfriend and me, and we enjoy the thought of actually reading about one of our adventures!

On our last vacation to the coast, we encountered something that has since become a pleasurable memory. When we arrived at the island we grabbed some beer and munchies and headed for a secluded beach on the southeastern shore. We had to climb down about 300 feet of rough terrain to find our paradise. When we reached the sandy beach, we settled down with our blanket.

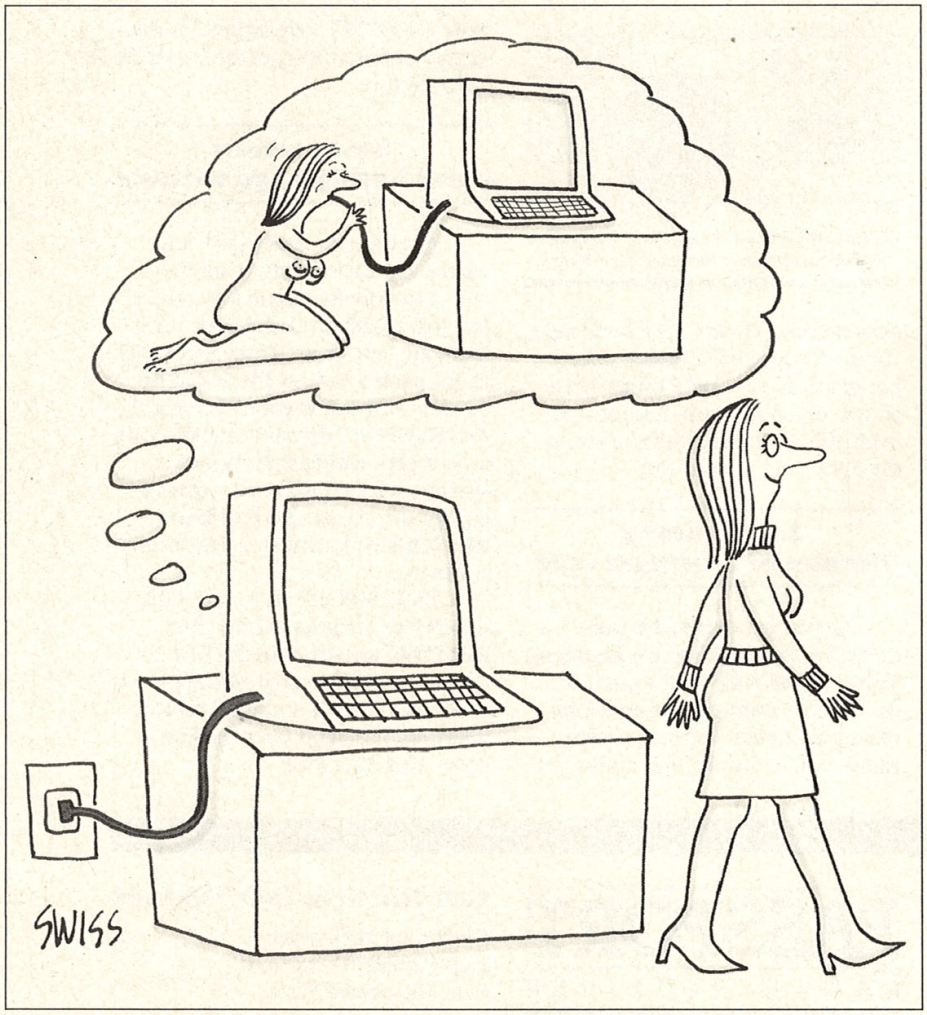
After a few beers and a good joint of Hawaiian, my boyfriend, Eric, became very horny and offered to rub lotion on my back. Before I knew it, he was slowly humping me through my bikini.

After a while I noticed two people sitting on the rocks at the bottom of the path. The couple were so engrossed in each other and the view that they didn't notice us. Eric finally saw them but it didn't stop him—in fact, I think it turned him on even more! When the male of the couple looked our way, Eric said, "Let's give this guy something to watch!"

He removed his swimsuit to reveal his ready-for-action hard-on. He was inside my pussy in no time flat! The next time we looked over at our audience, the man was thrusting his hand in *his* girlfriend's snatch! Her ass was coming a foot off the ground with each thrust! All of us got a charge out of playing this game. It seemed as if we were competing.

Eric was finally spent after about ten minutes of rock-hard fucking. I then took his limp member and got out the suntan lotion. It works wonders on a limp cock! After a few strokes he was ready, so I went down on him. The lotion didn't taste so good, but I was hotter than ever, knowing that four eyes were watching us go at it. Eric looked over and told me the girl was doing the same thing I was, but the man still had his eyes on us! I sucked for all I was worth. Fortunately, Eric came before I needed my jaw rewired. I swallowed all of his load. I finished just in time to watch the other guy shoot his load down the throat of his partner.

We then decided it was time to hit the water and cool down. We went bodysurfing for about half an hour. When we returned our private audience was gone, but thinking about them was great.—*Name and address withheld*



For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Jennifer James was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 105 lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter, and appears on page 77. "The Elevator," which begins on page 98, was also photographed by Suze Randall with the same equipment. Barbara Schaefer, who appears on page 48, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Anna Marie, who appears on page 126, with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Hyapatia, I've had this fantasy of having two women in bed with me at the same time. Both of them are you."

PET FORUM

GETTING STARTED

Dear *Penthouse*,
I'm a fun-loving professional woman who would love to have her fantasy fulfilled. I would give anything to be a centerfold model for *Penthouse*. How can I make it happen?—*Name and address withheld*

Send us photos of you and a letter stating your age (you should be at least 18), hair color, eye color, and measurements. Feel free to include any other information of interest.

Do not mail any prints or photographs for which you do not have duplicates. Send only color photos or slides that are clear and in focus. Don't bother with backgrounds or sets; we're interested in seeing you. *These should be nude photos. Include one full-front and one back shot, plus a close-up of your face. These pictures are not intended for publication.*

Send photos to: Penthouse, *Pet Promotion Department, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

All material will be returned by mail, or you'll be contacted for additional photo sessions. We look forward to hearing from you!—The Editors

Ginger

SPICY GINGER

Dear Ginger Lynn,
Your *Penthouse* pictorial ["Hot Shots," March 1985, photographs by Suze Randall] was tantalizing. I have seen many of your movies and have been a fan since day one. You have great energy, intensity, and heat.

I only hope you continue in the adult-film industry long enough for me to meet you someday.—*D. C., Huntington, W. Va.*

Nadine

COUNTDOWN TO ECSTASY

Dear Nadine Greenlaw,
Should your various travels bring you to the beautiful city of Atlanta, and should you still be desirous of being sent "slowly but surely into orbit," this southern gentleman would be very honored to start the countdown for your blastoff! Your October 1983 pictorial "Angel in a State of Limbo" [photographs by Hank Londoner] was the best!—*J. P., Atlanta, Ga.*
P.S. Nadine, you've got my vote for Pet of the Year.

Dear J. P.,
Before I engage in this heavenly flight pattern, I must be guaranteed full missionary-position control. Should you agree, be prepared to provide a steady stream of power.—Nadine

TRUE DRU

Dru Diamond,
You are the most stunning woman I have ever seen. When I saw your pictorial "Blessings Not Disguised" [photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] in the July 1985 *Penthouse,* my heart nearly stopped. A body such as yours could *never* be disguised.

Your beauty sets an ideal to which others can only aspire. Forget "She's a 10" and other similar clichés. From now on it's "No one's as true as Dru Diamond."
—*Name and address withheld*

Wow! I find it very hard to live up to the compliments in your letter. When I was growing up I never thought I was very attractive, just a "Diamond in the rough," as my mother used to say. Now I'm a "Diamond in the raw."—Dru

TWICE THE FUN

Dear Hyapatia Lee,
When I first saw your pictorial "Indian Giver" in the September 1984 issue of *Penthouse* [photographs by J. Stephen Hicks], I wished that you were my very own bedtime playmate.

Hyapatia, I've had this fantasy of having two women in bed with me at the same time. Both of them are you. By chance, do you have a twin or a friend who is equally as ravishing as you? —*Name withheld, San Antonio, Tex.*

Dru

Two ravishing women in bed is a fine fantasy, but I swear (Indian scout's honor), two of me in bed isn't just a fantasy—it's another Penthouse *pictorial. Um, what a great idea you've given me!*
—Hyapatia

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

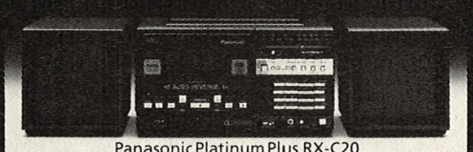
Hear to eternity.
This Panasonic with auto-reverse lets the music go on forever.

Now the end of the tape doesn't mean the end of the music. Because auto-reverse in this Platinum Series™ AM/FM stereo cassette recorder plays one side after another. Automatically. So your favorite music never has to stop at the end of the tape.

Just one listen and you won't want it to stop. With Panasonic Ambience,™ you'll hear sound that surrounds you like ordinary stereo can't. Plus, four preset equalizers to tailor that sound just the way you want. And our two-way stereo speakers lift the magic of the music to new heights.

For auto-reverse in a three-piece, listen to this great sounding Panasonic Platinum Plus. With features that rival your home system.

Pick up a Panasonic with auto-reverse. So the moment never has to end.



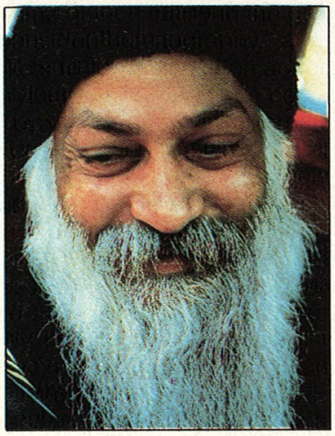
Panasonic Platinum Plus RX-C20

Batteries not included.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.™

"It is unfortunate that many feminists have criticized birth control advocate Bill Baird instead of joining with him in a coalition that we desperately need."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK



RANCHO RAJNEESH

I thoroughly enjoyed Mark Christensen's informative article "Rancho Rajneesh" [July 1985]. As a Libertarian, I am very much in agreement with Bhagwan's philosophy: Do anything you want so long as you don't hurt anybody else, work hard, respect the rights of others, and question authority.

I hope that the people of Oregon will stop advocating that their state use its so-called "police powers" to control and/or otherwise regulate the nonintrusive, nonviolent behavior of their fellow Americans.

It is evident that the Rajneeshees simply desire to fully enjoy their rights to life, liberty, and property in their pursuit of happiness. These rights they should be allowed.—*José A. Perez, Miami, Fla.*

The established cults—Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, etc., and *Penthouse*—need not worry about Rajneeshism, the first and last *religion* to happen on this earth.

Rajneeshism is not into missionary trips, exploiting people's prejudices and primitive (sexual) fears. You will not find their tickets to heaven or hell—sorry! Just an invitation to find out by yourself what life is all about. And to dance it, totally.

Of course, if Rajneeshism should succeed, *Penthouse* magazine and the established cults will be out of business. But do not worry, life embraces everybody. Live and let everybody live, not just survive.—*Amand Manuel, Vancouver, British Columbia*

HONORABLE VETS

Thank you so much for the richly written article on my play *Tracers* ["Vietnam Veterans Adviser," June 1985]. Claudia Valentino is a journalist with much knowledge and insight into what vets are and what they want.

Tracers is my baby and I have lived with it through thick and thin for many years. To have received such recognition in the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" is indeed an honor.—*John DiFusco, Conceiver/Director,* Tracers, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

BILL BAIRD

Allan Sonnenschein's interview with birth control and abortion advocate Bill Baird [July 1985] explores the bottom-line issue of freedom to choose what sex means to each of us.

Freedom—including the First Amendment and civil rights—and our right to sexual pleasure are on the line today with the likes of Jerry Falwell, Ronald Reagan, and some "feminists." This comes through with the antiabortion and anti–birth control movement, with the campaign against heterosexuality in the guise of "antipornography," and with the attack on academic freedom in college courses on sexuality and alternative lifestyles. The last is pertinent to my own First Amendment and civil rights case filed in federal court (Springfield, Massachusetts) against the University of Massachusetts for denying me tenure. (I am a sexologist under attack for my liberal and humorous approach.)

Bill Baird is a sincere advocate of First Amendment and civil rights. It is unfortunate that many feminists have criticized Baird instead of joining with him in a coalition that we desperately need. This is sheer envy on their part. I am sure birth control pioneer Margaret Sanger would have joined hands with Bill Baird, and with the rest of us who are fighting the same battle for freedom to make our own sexual choices.

It is time for advocates of sexual freedom to unite. I hope Betty Friedan and Robin Morgan can learn to get beyond their petty differences with Baird.—*Roger Libby, Ph.D., Amherst, Mass.*

GIRLS WHO PUMP WITH THE BEST

Since I am a regular reader of *Penthouse* and rarely read any other magazine, I want to tell you that I thoroughly enjoyed your June 1985 issue. Congratulations on the article and space devoted to women bodybuilders ["Body Girls," by Peter Manso].

Carla Dunlop and Gladys Portuguese are two of the world's most beautiful women. I've followed them from the beginning of their careers and consider them the epitome of femininity.

It is doubtful that I would ever consider a relationship with a woman who wasn't health-conscious. I like it when the wimps tell me that they're strongly against female bodybuilders. I have no hang-ups about it because a real man doesn't need excuses of inferiority to face feminine competition, mentally or physically. A "man" need not put his manhood on the line mentally or physically with a woman; if you have to think about it, you've already lost it—suckers!

Penthouse, keep these girls coming. I'll leave the clinging vines to the wimps. —*M. Tucker, Leavenworth, Kans.*

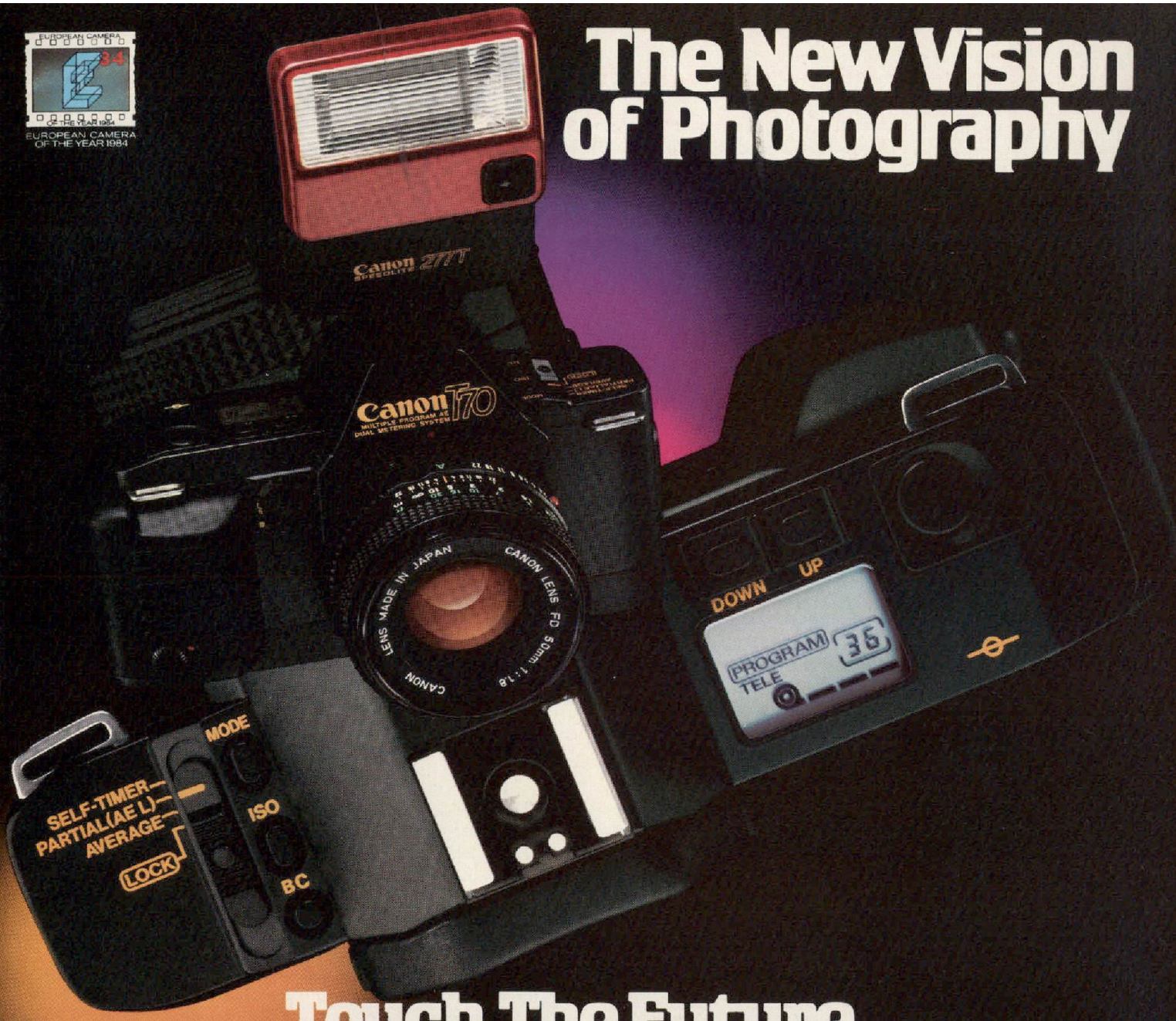
THE FEW, THE PROUD

I would like to thank you for the articles in your May and June 1985 issues concerning censorship ["View From the Top" Law columns by Alan M. Dershowitz]. It's reassuring to know that there are a few good Americans left. After all, freedom is what America is all about. We should have the right to decide for ourselves what books we want to read and what movies we want to see. Should we ever lose these rights, this country would no longer represent freedom. —*T. Clark, Buena Vista, Colo.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

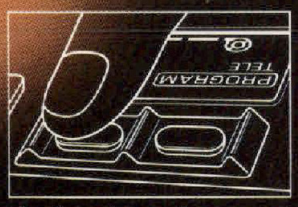
EUROPEAN CAMERA OF THE YEAR 1984

The New Vision of Photography



Touch The Future.

Canon puts the power of the computer at your fingertips with the next major step forward in 35mm photography. The Canon T70, combining optical, mechanical and computer engineering that set it apart from any camera you have ever seen or handled.



For focus-and-shoot convenience, there are three programmed modes: STANDARD for normal subjects; TELE for action and telephoto lenses; WIDE for increased depth-of-field with wide-angle lenses.

There's also Shutter-priority automation, stopped-down automation and full manual control. The optional Canon Speedlite 277T also provides two separate automatic flash modes.

There's dual metering: center-weighted average *and* selective area, measuring only 11% of the viewfinder area. The built-in Power Winder provides auto loading, film advance and power rewind, too.

What's missing? Traditional knobs and levers—replaced by touch-buttons that set and control all functions. A Liquid Crystal Display with non-volatile memory provides full information readout. The optional Canon Command Back 70 provides even more incredible capabilities. And the entire line of over fifty Canon FD lenses can be used.

Touch the future. At your authorized Canon dealer now.

Canon® T70

Canon USA, Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042 / 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126 / 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071
2035 Royal Lane, Suite 290, Dallas, TX 75229 / 123 Paularino Ave. East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 / 4000 Burton Dr., Santa Clara, CA 95050 / Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, HI 96814 / Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario

© 1984 Canon U.S.A., Inc.

A twice-a-week program will slim your thighs without slimming your wallet.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

My thighs were really an eyesore a year ago, but after working out, that cottage-cheese fat is gone. The problem is that while my thighs are strong and muscular, they are not really thinner. Is there a way of losing a little of that muscle tone without having it turn back into cottage cheese?—Regina Hodgkins, Evansville, Ind.

Many women who have joined the aerobic legions have exactly your problem. In chasing the fat from the thighs and rear, they have developed big gluteus maximus and quadricep muscles. Don't let anyone cajole you into diuretics, body wraps, rubber pants, creams, pills, potions, or the fiendish machines that pummel unfortunate parts of your anatomy. These will slim only your wallet.

To slim your thighs: First, avoid exercise in which you work "to the burn"; you will only pump up the muscles further. Long-distance easy jogging, swimming, or bicycling will keep off the cottage cheese without increasing muscle size. Second, you have to make your body cannibalize some of that excess muscle. You can do this in a twice-a-week regimen. In the morning of day one, exercise to near-exhaustion in a continuous session of at least one hour. On that same day, eat only half your usual amount of food and keep protein and fat to the barest minimum. On day two exercise lightly, but again eat only half your usual amount, with very little protein and fat. Return to your usual exercise habits and diet the next day. Do not repeat this pattern more than once a week or you will trigger your body's defenses, which will make you overeat to compensate. You should see results in three to four weeks.

Is it true what they are saying about aluminum foil? I've heard that it kills the nutrients in food and that it's a long-lasting carcinogen. Are aluminum pots coated with steel okay?—L. Pucker, Lansing, Mich.

Aluminum is an insidious poison. It does not kill the nutrients in food, nor is it associated with cancer—but it does interfere with mineral metabolism in the human body. As far back as 1960, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that the use of antacids containing aluminum causes the weakening of bones. Numerous studies show that aluminum impairs absorption of two essential minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Osteoporosis, the brittle-bone disease caused by loss of calcium, is now epidemic in the United States. The connection between this disease and the careless use of aluminum in our society is not yet fully proven, but evidence suggesting such a link is growing daily.

An even more apparent connection exists between aluminum and Alzheimer's disease, which now afflicts more than two million Americans. Since a 1976 report in the journal *Brain,* we have suspected that aluminum disrupts the protective barrier around the brain, allowing toxins to enter the brain structure. This work has recently been confirmed by a report in *Lancet* published two years ago. In 1982, *Science* reported that populations in the western Pacific, where there are high levels of aluminum pollution, showed deposits of aluminum and degenerative changes in the area of the brain called the hippocampus, now known to be a primary area involved in Alzheimer's disease.

Meanwhile, it is advisable to discard all aluminum cookware (steel-coated aluminum is, however, okay), aluminum foil, antacids, toothpaste, and cosmetics containing aluminum.

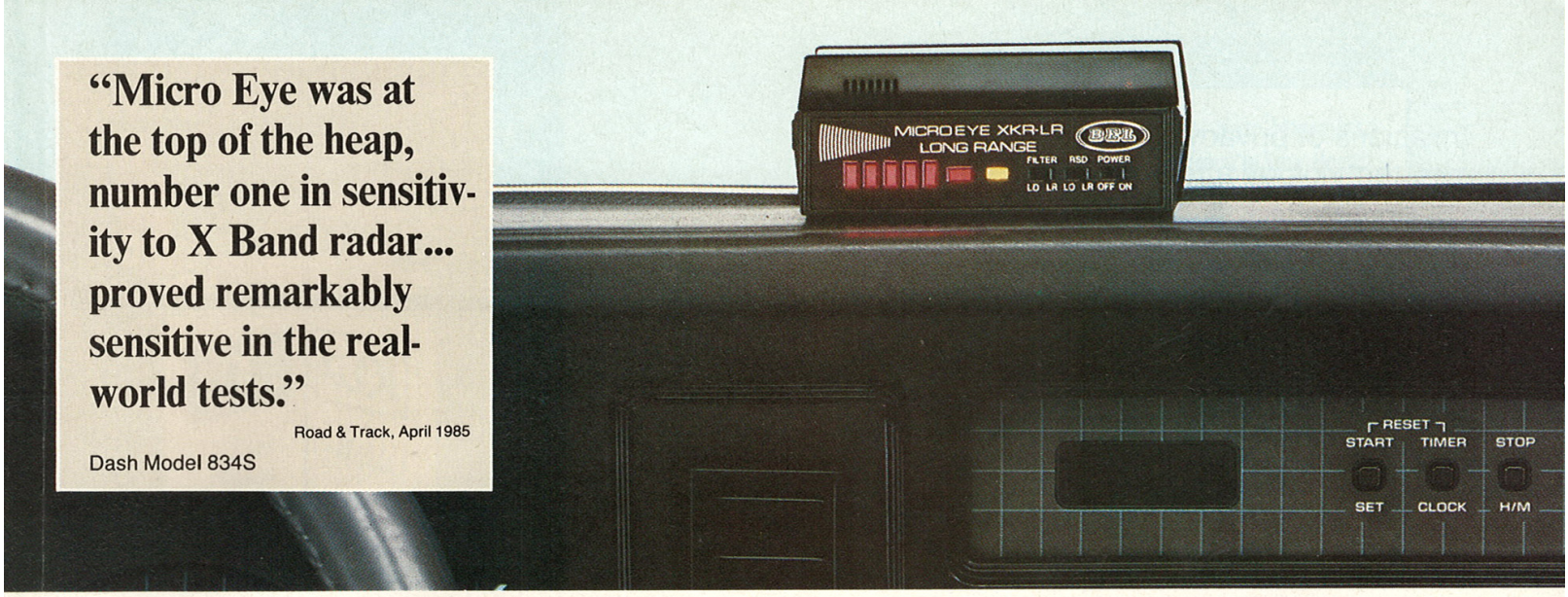
I have heard that too much vitamin E causes an increase in low-density cholesterol, the kind that accumulates in arteries and can lead to a heart attack or stroke. Is this true?—A. Sanchez, Mexico City, Mexico

Cholesterol in the bloodstream is bound to a class of proteins called lipoproteins. The two main types of lipoproteins are high-density and low-density. High-density lipoproteins carry ten to 40 percent of your cholesterol. Low-density lipoproteins carry 60 to 75 percent; any increase in these levels usually means an increased risk of heart attack. Vitamin E supplementation causes an increase in *high*-density lipoprotein cholesterol and a corresponding *decrease* in low-density lipoprotein cholesterol. Consequently, vitamin E supplements should reduce the risk of heart attacks.

But gulping vitamin E pills is no panacea. If your low-density lipoprotein level is near-normal, as it is in most people who jog or swim regularly and are not overweight, then vitamin E is unlikely to change it. If you are over 40, or you are more than ten percent overweight, the effect of vitamin E will be even less significant.

Vitamin E does have other beneficial effects on the body. It inhibits oxidation, one of the main mechanisms of degeneration and aging. It also acts to maintain normal immunologic functions that protect against disease. However, there is no truth to the myth that it enhances sexual functioning or prevents gray hair.

The only problem with getting your vitamin E from food is that you don't know how much you're getting, since amounts can vary greatly in common foods. If you opt for a capsule of vitamin E, make sure that it is superfresh. Vitamin E capsules that have been sitting on a kitchen shelf for six months will do you more harm than good.



"Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar... proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests."

Road & Track, April 1985

Dash Model 834S

THE FACTS ON RADAR DETECTION

"If a remote-dash mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

Car & Driver, March 1985

Remote Model 837

"UNQUESTIONABLY, THE BEL MICRO EYE IS A TOP PERFORMER!"

This is what **Road & Track** had to say after testing the country's leading radar detectors. Unquestionably. Without qualification. Just the simple facts.

PROVEN EFFECTIVE

Other detectors may claim to be the best — but the latest tests conducted by North America's most respected auto magazines prove otherwise. The MICRO EYE® dash and remote models both ranked first. Overall. Conclusive proof of MICRO EYE's superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. MICRO EYE® picks up police radar miles before he can pick up on you.

DASH/VISOR MODEL

Of the ten competitors evaluated, **Road & Track** confirmed that "Micro Eye was at the top of the heap, number one in sensitivity to X Band radar . . ." All in all, it "proved remarkably sensitive in the real-world tests. It placed 1st in the hill cresting test . . . and it also has the most effective filter against such (signal emission) leakage from other units." Quite simply, the MICRO EYE®'s computer integrated technology enables it to monitor incoming signals and virtually eliminate those which are not police-originated. The test concludes, "BEL is to be commended for building a unit that offers both superior sensitivity to police radar and effective screening of pollution from other detectors." What more need be said.

REMOTE MODEL

Car & Driver recently conducted a test of their own on remote-mounted radar detectors. In this category, as well, the MICRO EYE® came out on top. It ranked "first overall in sensitivity and also did admirably well in our selectivity test (False Alarms from Other Radar Detectors") and torture test." The MICRO EYE® remote model is hidden from view. Only you know it's there. And "its compact size and flat cables minimize installation hassles." Everything is simplified. There are no control knobs that have to be adjusted. Just set it to city or highway driving and you're on your way. According to **Car & Driver,** "If a remote-mount design fits your needs, this is clearly the one to buy."

THE LEADING CHOICE

With endorsements like these, it's obvious that 1985 is the year of the MICRO EYE®. If you're considering a radar detector, you now have the facts to make the right choice. Dash or remote-mount. The decision is yours. Either advanced MICRO EYE® radar warning system can be yours simply by calling the toll-free number listed below. And if you don't agree that MICRO EYE® is the best radar detection system on the market, return the unit within 30 days for a FULL REFUND.

CALL TODAY. RISK FREE!

Call Toll-free: **1-800-341-1401**
In New York: **1-800-845-4525**
In Canada: **1-800-268-3994**

MICRO EYE XKR-LR $299.95
MICRO EYE XKR-VR $269.95

(NY residents add applicable tax. Prices higher in Canada)

MasterCard VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS

FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY ON PARTS AND LABOR

EXPRESS DELIVERY (At an additional charge)

Please allow an additional 15 days when paying by personal or company check.

B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED
International Head Office:
2422 Dunwin Drive
Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1J9
In U.S.: 255 Delaware Ave.,
Buffalo NY 13202

BEL **B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED** The Radar Detector Innovators

700 PH

Invasions of privacy by new technology affect all of us. Be careful, or you may be in for a nasty surprise.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

Today's men, unlike those of previous generations, are becoming subject to increasing invasions of their privacy—a Big Brother situation in which they are victims of wiretapping and computer snooping, as well as hordes of poll and census takers, social-science researchers, and government officials forcing them into the proverbial goldfish bowl with little regard for their traditional constitutional rights.

As a lawyer, I know that around the country attorneys are faced with mounting numbers of cases in which a central issue is the admissibility of electronically obtained evidence. The staggering efficiency of technological advances has become a major factor in civil court proceedings.

To illustrate just how imprisoned the average citizen is in this maze of modern-day high technology, allow me to quote from Robert Ellis Smith's book *Privacy: How to Protect What's Left of It.* This is how he describes various forms of electronic snooping: "Most overheard conversations are with the consent of [only] one party. Federal and state law enforcement wiretaps are permissible with a warrant from a judge, when criminal activities are suspected. Illegal wiretaps are often made by government agents without a warrant, for various reasons. Federal agencies seeking to gather foreign intelligence are allowed, with court approval from Washington. . . . Finally, there are the significant number of wiretaps by one party on another's telephone, which are illegal. They are commonly used in cases of marital discord, industrial espionage, or political chicanery."

That is why it is necessary to address this issue here. Of course, the invasions of our privacy and the intrusions into our homes and offices affect all of us—men and women alike. But because men are all too often the victims of jealous or vengeful wives or ex-wives, and because our rights have been eroded by years of feminist attacks, we as men need to be especially aware of just how far Big Brother has come into our lives. If you are not careful and discreet, you may be in for a very nasty surprise.

To begin to understand this complex world of electronic snooping, the layman is well advised to spend some time reading authoritative books on the subject, like Mark Skousen's *The Complete Guide to Financial Privacy*. Although many people, he writes, know they are being bugged when they hear a click or become aware of a loss of volume when they're talking on the telephone, today's professional wiretappers are almost impossible to detect. A device known as an "in-line transmitter," which is, in effect, a tiny, low-power FM station, is capable of broadcasting both sides of a telephone conversation to a receiver placed a couple of hundred feet away.

When computers are added to these sophisticated wiretaps, there is no limit to what an eager investigator (working for the government or anyone else) can learn about your life. In seconds, computers can report who you're calling on the phone (or they can store the information for decades). They can spew out your hotel reservations, your plane trips, your lunch and dinner tabs, even—as Professor Alan M. Dershowitz wrote in *Penthouse* earlier this year—what movies you've rented in your local video shop.

Today's reality is vividly brought home by a description of the activities of a large American corporation, as reported in Skousen's book. This company compiles the names and addresses that go with every published telephone number in the United States—some 52 million resident subscribers. It then combines this information with data gathered from census reports and credit companies (some of which are available very easily) and with any other information it can obtain, like motor-vehicle registrations and the mailing lists of political organizations, fraternal clubs, and magazine subscriptions. While much of this is obviously harmless, when it's all put together, an awful lot about an awful lot of us can be revealed . . . much of which we may have wished to keep to ourselves.

Again, let me stress that men are not alone in being victims of these computer Big Brothers. But because we are especially vulnerable in courts these days, we must be extra vigilant.

If you believe that you are on the receiving end of a spousal wiretap, you might be able to institute a federal court wiretap proceeding against your wife. The law varies from state to state on the issue of whether wiretaps are legally admissible in a divorce action. On the federal district court level, divorce and custody proceedings have sometimes been made exceptions to United States wiretapping statutes.

Any actions you make should obviously depend on the advice of your lawyer. As president of the National Organization for Men, I believe that wiretapping or other illegal eavesdropping is a violation of a person's civil rights. Such violations should be actionable, with the harmed party recovering damages.

Until that day arrives, let me leave you with some interesting and pertinent thoughts on the value of privacy by Clinton Rossiter, author of *The Pattern of Liberty:* "The free man is the private man, the man who still keeps some of his thoughts and judgements entirely to himself, who feels no overriding compulsion to share everything of value with others, not even those he trusts and loves."

"I humped him with my legs wrapped around his waist. Finally he got the idea and we bucked together like animals, with me rubbing against him until we both came."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've been happily married for 17 years. Since I entered my thirties, I have come to understand the meaning of the saying that women are in their prime at this age. Just watching my niece and her boyfriend playfully wrestle brings a warmth between my thighs. The first time I saw this 18-year-old boy in shorts, with his muscular, trim body exposed, he looked more mature than his age. I wanted desperately to teach him how beautiful sex can be. He and my niece had not started experimenting with sex yet, but when they wrestled, he seemed to enjoy it. I never fulfilled my desire; his age and mine were too far apart.

One early evening, after dropping my son off at work, it began to shower as I drove home. Jogging in front of me was a friend of the family. He was 19, a local boxer who made it big by being chosen to be on the Olympic boxing team. I pulled over and offered him a ride. He was soaked. He smiled and jumped in, thanking me. As I drove toward his house he asked if we could go for a ride instead, since he was in training and hadn't been anywhere outside of his house and the gym in weeks. I felt sorry for him, being so young and not enjoying the normal life of a teenager: dating, drinking, dancing, having fun with girls. So I agreed and asked where he'd like to go. He didn't care, just anywhere.

I decided to take him to our new condominium, which was then being built, overlooking the ocean. It had stopped raining and, as always, it was peaceful and relaxing on the beach. As we drove, he asked if he could stop for a soda since he was thirsty from running. I stopped at a store, bought him a soda and a bottle of white wine for myself. When he saw the wine he asked if he could try it. After being in training all these years he was never allowed to drink, but was curious. So I gave him a little in a paper cup I had in the glove compartment and he drank it down quickly. I told him to take it easy and enjoy it. But by the time we reached the construction site the wine was almost finished.

We walked down to the beach while he talked nonstop. I was quiet; I figured he needed someone to listen. He said it was the first time he had ever had a buzz on. The sun was starting to set as we walked on the beach, and I figured we'd be in darkness before long. So I suggested I show him the inside of our new condo. I pointed out the beautiful view from the front balcony and took him upstairs to show him the rest of the house.

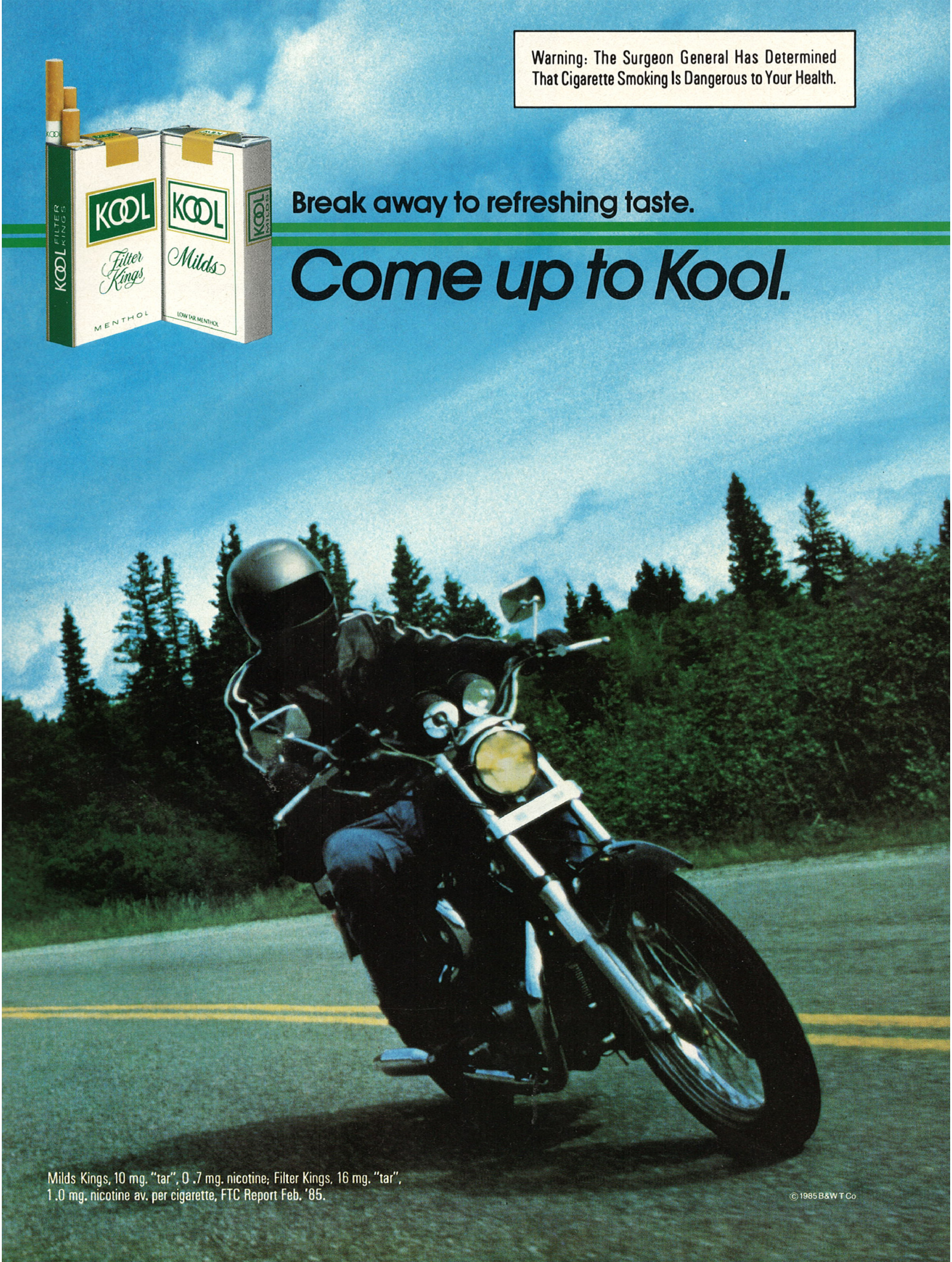
As we were descending the stairs I slipped and fell. I felt so embarrassed. When I landed my skirt hiked up around my hips, and my legs were sprawled wide open. I had forgotten that I wasn't wearing panties, which is something I frequently do in the summer. He put his hand out to me, asked if I was all right, and then just stared down at me. At first I didn't know what he was staring at. Then I composed myself, quickly yanking my skirt down, as I realized he could see everything.

He leaned toward me with his hand outstretched to help me up, but instead pulled me close to him and planted a quick, clumsy kiss on my lips. Instead of stopping him, I responded and we began kissing passionately. I had not been so hungrily kissed since I was a teenager making out in the backseat of a car. He put his hands on my breasts, rubbing through the thin gauze material. I don't wear a bra, either, when it's hot.

I unbuttoned my blouse and opened it so he could see what he was touching. He gasped, and I felt his warm hands against my naked flesh. I pulled his head down to my breasts. My nipples were aching and protruding, almost reaching for his mouth. He instinctively began sucking, gently, one then the other. He was so shy, so gentle, and awkward—fumbling, not like my experienced husband, who always knows what I like and how to do it.

He began rubbing my legs, saying I had beautiful legs. He kept rubbing higher and higher until he grazed my pubic hair. By this time I was going wild with anticipation. He did it once again, only this time he stopped when his hand touched my pubic area and his fingers began exploring. I was

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MENTHOL
KOOL
Milds
LOW TAR MENTHOL
Break away to refreshing taste.
Come up to Kool.
Milds Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0 .7 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1 .0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.
© 1985 B&W T Co

soaked and he moaned about how wet I was. I spread my legs wider and pulled up my skirt. The sun was almost down but gave enough light so we could still enjoy the sight of our bodies.

He knelt down a few stairs in front of me and began exploring with his fingers and staring intently at what he saw. I brought my legs up another stair and spread them wider. I spread my labia open with my hands so he could see every detail. He began probing with his fingers inside my wet vagina. I showed him where to touch the clitoris and told him it was like a man's penis, whispering softly. I could see the bulge in his jogging shorts and I reached out and began softly massaging it.

I pulled his shorts down over his muscular thighs and out sprang his swollen penis, encased in his jockstrap. I pulled that down quickly and began massaging his erect penis and gently brushed my fingers over the hairs on his scrotum. I remembered how young and inexperienced he was and how easy it would be for him to ejaculate. I pulled him toward me, spread my legs again, and guided his head to my moist labia. Suddenly his tongue was moving in and out and all over my clitoris.

I pulled him close, grabbed his penis, and guided it into my open vagina. At first he hesitantly poked it around, not knowing exactly where to put it. I grabbed it and guided it, this time pushing it inside. He then began pushing as it slid in without resistance. I humped him with my legs wrapped around his waist. Finally he got the idea and we bucked together like animals, with me rubbing against him until we both came.

Since that time he has been calling me, almost begging to see me. He drops by where I work but I can't do anything. My husband and my marriage mean too much to me. I would love to have him again, but I can't risk it. What can I do?

My yearning for men is getting the best of me. He told me it was his first experience. One day in the parking lot, as I was leaving work, he jumped into my car and began rubbing my breasts and kissing me, moaning that he has to have me again. I had to yell at him to get out. I am afraid of what he will do next. How should I handle this mess I've created?—B. R.

Your problem is not so much your 19-year-old boxer (whom I am sure you will be able to cope with) but the circumstances that led up to this adventure. Almost anyone with a healthy libido craves sexual variety after 17 years with the same partner, however loving and emotionally satisfying that person may be.

Hence we have the various solutions to the till-death-do-us-part contract: from masturbation to swinging, from a lover on the side to divorce. In your case, you find yourself attracted to young boys, which I understand very well as I have the same desire. My lover sternly disapproves and constantly makes snide remarks about pimply-faced kids and cradle-snatching (no matter how handsome and mature they are in reality). He and I have a basic agreement that while we are apart we can more or less do what we like, but when we are together we don't screw around.

Whether your husband would be as understanding as my man, I don't know. Possibly not, as the challenge of a younger lover usually has a disastrous effect on the male ego. So if you want to repeat your experience (as I suspect you do, whatever your feelings at the moment are), it might be wiser not to let your husband in on the secret. If you decide to follow your clit rather than your conscience, you should do so with extreme discretion, particularly as there are some mothers who are strangely possessive of their sons' family jewels.

The best way to deal with your 19-year-old is to be very firm. Establish your authority over him by making him run errands for you, carry your bags, etc. Explain to him that you are educating him sexually and part of that education is that he must learn to respect you and obey your wishes. You can reward him by jerking him off into a tissue as clinically as possible.

You must train him as you would train a puppy, until he learns to do what he is told. Otherwise he could cause you a lot of unnecessary pain and problems.

"Was it something I said, something I did, or something I ate?"

PRENUPTIAL ANXIETY

I am a 21-year-old male who is deeply in love with and has been dating the same 22-year-old girl for three years. She is my first and only sexual partner. I am her second. We have a wonderful relationship and a very active and satisfying sex life.

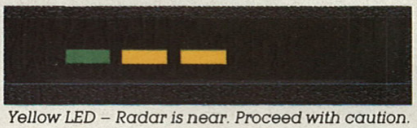
Lately, we have been getting urges to experience sex with other people, and the curiosity is killing us. We are at a loss, however, because we have strong principles that prevent us from being unfaithful to each other. We cherish our relationship too much to let anything jeopardize it. Yet my parents and some of my more experienced friends advise me that if I don't do it now, I'll be very tempted after marriage.

Is that necessarily true? If so, how can we do it and still stay lovers? Are trios our answer? Your professional advice is deeply appreciated.—T. M.

When one is in love with someone, one usually desires only that person. He or she has a kind of aura that blanks out interference from other sources and good sex with the person you love takes on a new dimension. However, that first passionate feeling of total adoration and fulfillment tends to wear off with the passage of time. Although in a good relationship it may be replaced by, or grow

SEE RADAR IN A NEW LIGHT.

Green LED – There's radar in the area.



Yellow LED – Radar is near. Proceed with caution.

Red LED – You are in clocking range.

FOX TAKES RADAR OUT OF THE DARK WITH THE SUPERFOX VIXEN II.

Now you can see much more than red when you look at a radar detector.

When you look at the Vixen II LED, you'll see just how close you really are to radar.

Green tells you there's radar in the area.

Yellow warns you that you are much closer and should proceed with caution.

And red is the range that's accompanied by one continuous audio alarm.

It combines both sight and sound into the most advanced alert system in radar today. No tiny numbered meters to read. No bouncing needles. No more guessing.

WHAT ROAD & TRACK SAW, IT RATED "HIGHLY RECOMMENDED."

Recently (April '85), ROAD & TRACK Magazine looked at the 10 most widely distributed radar detectors. They tested for overall Sensitivity, Sensitivity Around A Corner, Sensitivity Cresting A Hill, the Maximum Audible signal, and Leakage and Leakage Reception (picking up non-radar signals as radar). It was a tough road test that not everyone passed and that only a few were considered good enough to be "highly recommended" by the editors of ROAD & TRACK.

The SuperFox Vixen II was one of the few.

WE'RE AS SENSITIVE TO RADAR AS YOU ARE.

Fox has been pioneering the research and development of radar detectors for almost a decade. The SuperFox Vixen II incorporates the most advanced technology in radar today, both in finding radar and in communicating its findings to you, the driver.

A dual conversion superheterodyne receiver gives the SuperFox Vixen II many times the range of any radar signal. No matter what the band, pulsed or continuous.

A unique dielectric focusing lens enables the Vixen II to "see" around corners, over hills, and to pick out even the weakest reflected or scattered signals.

CITY, HIGHWAY, OR PRESET.

The SuperFox Vixen II is sensitive to all your driving needs. So we offer you a choice of City/Highway or Preset.

For most driving, a special "Preset" position will yield the best results. Around town, you may want to turn the squelch control to "City," to eliminate annoying false alarms from non-microwave signals, for example.

On the open road, turn it to "Highway." Or choose any point in-between. With the SuperFox Vixen II, you're in control.

IT'S LIGHT ON VISORS, TOO.

Our sensitivity even extends to installation. The mounting system of the Vixen II adapts to any size or shape dash. Or if you prefer, clips quickly to any visor.

When you reach your destination, you can simply unplug the cord and put your Vixen II safely away.

A GOOD BUDDY FOR THE VIXEN II.

Now Fox also has a full line of 40-channel CB Radios. With their black, high-tech look and front mount mike, the Fox CB 240, 340 and 440 are the Vixen II's natural "good buddies."

You'll find the SuperFox Vixen II and the CBs at your nearby Fox dealer. For the name of the one nearest you, call toll free 1-800-543-7892.

In Ohio, 1-800-621-2513. And in Canada 1-800-663-0295.

FOX MARKETING, INC.

Fox radar detectors are legal in all states except Connecticut and Virginia.

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VANTAGE PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

Performance so good you can taste it in a low tar.

© 1985 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

The first video system I see anything in.

by Ray Charles.

"When the whole world got excited about video systems, I didn't. Because while everybody was going 'ooh' and 'ahh' about the technology, I was going 'ughh' about the sound.

I'm sorry to tell you, most video systems sound pretty sad.

Then the folks at Pioneer asked me to listen to their video system called LaserDisc. And you could see my ears light up. LaserDisc sounds as good as anything I ever heard on my stereo. In fact, I'd buy it for the sound alone.

So I ask about the picture. And the experts tell me it's so good no other video system even comes close.

I'm impressed.

And then they tell me that since nothing touches the discs but a beam of light, they can't wear out the way records or tapes do. I'm even more impressed.

Of course, you may already have a stereo and a VCR, and you're thinking to yourself, 'Why do I need Pioneer LaserDisc?' I promise you, you need it. Because it does what neither of those can do. It puts a great picture and great sound together.

Do me a favor: check it out. I bet you're gonna see things my way."

The model shown here is the Pioneer® CLD-900. The world's first combination LaserVision and CD player.

PIONEER®

Video for those who really care about audio.

LaserDisc™ brand videodisc player is a trademark of Pioneer Electronics Corp.
©1985 Pioneer Video, Inc. All rights reserved.

sour, especially after he has been to the pub after classes and had a few beers. How can I sweeten him up?

Can you suggest any reference material for ideas? Phil has a hunger for variety and I'm running out of ideas. I don't intend to get bored.

Thanks very much for any help you can give. I really appreciate it.—B. R.

There seems to be no limit to penis shapes and sizes. Phil's curvature is not unusual and can be very exciting, as you have found out. If there are certain positions that are difficult or painful or make you throw up, it's quite simple—do it in a different way. There are an enormous range of sexual positions, but not all of them are physically possible, or satisfying, for everybody.

Candy and sweet things generally give the sexual juices a more delicious taste. Whether it's worth changing your boyfriend's diet to improve the flavor of the odd teaspoon of semen is up to him. But if you cook him delicious presex dinners with the accent on the sweet side, I don't see how he can refuse. To add that extra touch of the exotic, you can dip his cock into the fruit salad or the lemon meringue pie. Most importantly, when you suck him, in whatever position, use your hands as well as your mouth. One tongue, two lips, and ten fingers can really make that skin flute toot.

LICENSE REVOKED

After my lovely wife and I were married, I would pick her up from work every evening, late, after everyone else had left the office. One evening when I stopped to get her, she didn't come out. So I went into her office to see if she was okay. As I climbed the stairs and raised my head above the rail, I saw something very surprising. There was my wife, naked, lying on her back across a desk with her legs skyward. Pete (another employee) was fucking her frantically while standing upright. A file cabinet was in the way, so they didn't see me and I was able to watch the action unobserved. Pete was gripping Ruth's thighs and holding her legs up and spread apart, while plunging his prick in and out of my wife's vagina. Ruth was crying out with each thrust. Finally, Pete let out with his ejaculatory groan and, after a moment, pulled out his spent cock. I quietly stole down the stairs and went back to the car to await my wife's arrival.

When Ruth came out, she had guilty, moist, downcast eyes. Her hair was mussed, her face was flushed, and her lipstick was smeared. She said that she and Pete were talking and they forgot the time. I told her that her lips were smeared, and she explained that eating some candy Pete had given her did it. She took a defensive, hurt attitude, so I said no more at the time.

Months later Ruth confided everything to me, even the fact that Pete had a ten- or 11-inch-long cock that hurt like hell. Pete had told others of his conquest. By noon the following day all nine men and women employees of the company knew that Pete had fucked Ruth. Ruth said that she really felt "screwed." Eventually she couldn't face it anymore, so she quit and found another job. Is this double standard for men and women fair?

After Ruth's fling, I began to crave some extra action, too, and suggested that we find a swinging couple to swap with. At first she said she didn't need it. But after months of pleading with her, Ruth admitted that doing it with another man would be very enjoyable, if he was from out of town and she would never be able to see him again.

I purchased a swingers' magazine and chose a couple from another city to correspond with. We set up a get-together for a Saturday afternoon and evening at a motel midway between our homes.

As the big date approached, all I could think of was having my cock inside Linda, the other woman, while Ruth and Jamie, Linda's husband, watched. I couldn't wait to watch Ruth and Jamie make it. At the last minute Ruth chickened out. She said that she couldn't bear the thought of me giving myself to another woman. She cried like a hurt child, saying it depressed her to think that I desired another woman's ass. I don't know what to do. What should I do?

I was also wondering what you think of the risk of contracting genital herpes from cunnilingus. Ruth and I have enjoyed it for years. I crave the intimacy of licking her crotch, inserting my tongue up her vagina, and sucking her clit for a half hour till she has so many orgasms she can't move. I adore the aroma and taste of her vaginal fluids. But Ruth has suddenly cut me off from it, due to the herpes scare. I maintain that we're safe with each other as long as we don't suck or fuck others. What is your opinion?—D. R.

"Never give a sucker an even break" must be your wife's motto. It seems you can't resist those moist, downcast eyes. No doubt feeling guilty for dipping her colleague's pen in the company's ink, she agreed to a foursome with you. However, she chickened out and tried to scare you with fear of infection.

Herpes, as far as I know, is only contagious when the fever blisters are visible. So unless one or the other of you is screwing around, I don't see how either of you could catch it, provided neither of you has it already.

The only way you can catch herpes from your wife's pussy is if she has gotten it from someone else. I suggest that you either call her bluff or follow her example. Go out and get laid. Indulge your sexual desires, suck and fuck to your heart's delight, and don't tell her. But be discreet and choose your partners carefully, so you don't catch anything.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

into, a deep, loving friendship, there is always that little devil Eros hanging around with his bow and his arrows tipped with the deadly drug of body chemistry. Every month I get letters saying, "I thought I knew everything there was to know about sex until I met my lover. . . ."

You yourself say, "We have been getting urges to experience sex with other people." So if you are tempted now, you are obviously going to have a lot more temptation after a few years of marriage.

At 21 you are much too young to get married and it is not fair to your future wife, whoever she may be, to be stuck with a husband whose sexual qualifications are as limited as yours. Principles are all very well when you live with someone full-time. If you make a home together and raise a family, fidelity may be a good idea, but if you go through life with a feeling that you missed out on something somewhere along the line, you are asking for trouble. In most cases "strong principles" come from jealousy or fear. You don't want your girlfriend to get involved with anyone else because you are afraid of losing her, and she feels the same way about you. But you both obviously have the need and the unspoken desire to satisfy a desperate curiosity, so forget the principles and go ahead and do it. Considering the present level of your erotic education, I don't think either of you is ready for a threesome. One or the other of you is going to feel left out in the cold, so don't force it. Both of you should date other people, but wait till you are really turned on before you make it sexual.

There is always the risk that one of you may fall in love with someone else, but if you and your girlfriend are really made for each other, this won't happen. If you can actually get to the stage of discussing your sexcapades with each other, it could not only strengthen your relationship, but add a delightful spice to your own lovemaking.

ORAL EXAM

My boyfriend Phil and I enjoy oral sex to the maximum. Sometimes I feel as though I can't give him my all because I can't seem to handle his dick the way I wish I could. He is the first man I have met who has an erect penis with a very sharp downward curve. It causes him no pain and when we fuck it hits right on my very own hot spot.

My problem lies in trying to deep-throat him. When I work on him his penis rubs along my tongue to the bottom of the back of my throat and almost hits my gag reflex. In a sixty-nine position I have absolutely no trouble, because the head rubs along the top of the back of my mouth. I do enjoy the sixty-nine position, but I can't stimulate the underside of his cock and balls with my tongue the way I want to. Any suggestions?

Also, I understand we are what we eat. So what we eat has an influence on what our come tastes like. Phil's come is very

Visit our old-time distillery anytime. We'd love to show you how we make Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

A GOOD PLACE to learn about Jack Daniel's Whiskey is on the courthouse bench in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

It's a subject our citizens are particularly fond of discussing. You see, this is the home of Jack Daniel's Distillery. And here, in these Tennessee hills and hollows, is where Mr. Jack started making whiskey in 1866. Our citizens will tell you how we've never changed his old-time methods. A sip, we believe, and you'll know why we never will.

JACK DANIEL'S OLD TIME Old No. 7 BRAND QUALITY Tennessee SOUR MASH WHISKEY 80-90 Proof Distilled & Bottled By Jack Daniel Distillery Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Lynchburg, Tennessee (Pop 361) 37352

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

SCARLET LETTERS AS A MODERN DETERRENT

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's great novel *The Scarlet Letter,* Hester Prynne was required to wear a scarlet *A* to announce publicly that she had committed the sin (and crime) of adultery. Indeed, tradition has it that a famous four-letter word originated with colonial judges who ordered fornicators to remain in the stocks for several hours under a sign that read: "For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge." Now—300 years later—some law-enforcement officials are using similar "public" announcements in an effort to deter modern-day crime and sin:

• In Sarasota County, Florida, those who have been convicted of drunk driving must display scarlet bumper stickers with the telltale initials DUI—for "Driving Under the Influence" of alcohol.

• In Boston, the police chief has announced that the department is going to release for newspaper publication the names of johns arrested on charges of soliciting prostitutes, and the mayor of New York City has already read the names of arrested johns over the radio.

• In several other cities, spin-offs of this "john tactic" are being employed: In Washington, D.C., photographs are taken of cars whose drivers pull over to solicit hookers; these pictures are then mailed to the home addresses corresponding to the license plates. In Los Angeles, antipornography activists have videotaped the patrons of adult bookstores. And in Cincinnati, subpoenas have been issued for the names of renters of specified X-rated videocassettes.

The possible variations on this theme are, of course, limitless. Consider the following (and then make up some of your own):

• All people who have communicated a venereal disease to an unsuspecting sex partner must have a glow-in-the-dark *V* tattooed on an appropriate part of his or her anatomy.

• Sophisticated metal detectors should be installed at the entrances of singles bars so that married men—or women—who pocket their wedding rings before entering will set off a loud and embarrassing alarm.

• Lawyers or doctors who have committed malpractice should be required to append the following warning to their business cards: "Caution: Employing this lawyer [or doctor] may be hazardous to your wealth [or health]."

• Banks that do not credit your interest-bearing account until ten days after you deposit a check should be made to give customers a "thank you" note for free use of their money.

• Ministers who invoke the name of God in support of specific political programs should be forced to wear halos made of plastic.

• Politicians who have won elections on the basis of promises that they failed to keep should have to don funny faces with long noses during subsequent campaign speeches.

• Criminal defendants who have been acquitted on legal technicalities should have to issue *Miranda* warnings to all future victims.

Punishment by red appliqué.

The elusive quest for a punishment that fits the crime has captured the attention of lawmakers and philosophers from the beginning of recorded history. Gilbert and Sullivan even set the dilemma to music in their famous aria in which the Mikado's "object all sublime" was to "let the punishment fit the crime" by requiring each "prisoner pent" to become a public "source of merriment."

Merriment aside, a profound question still remains: Does public humiliation—whether in the form of scarlet bumper stickers, police press releases, or other, more imaginative devices—constitute fair punishment? Judge Becky Titus, who has been sentencing drunken drivers to display the scarlet bumper sticker, insists that "we've lost our sense of shame" and concludes that "humiliation as punishment is valid." Critics complain that requiring a criminal to declare his or her own guilt is an unfair form of self-incrimination. But the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination does not apply to public admissions of guilt that follow rather than lead to conviction. Even if there are no constitutional barriers, there is still the question of policy.

There can be little doubt that public humiliation can be very effective. The married man whose wife receives a photograph of him leaning out of the family car talking to a woman dressed in pink tights is going to think twice about his next trip to the Combat Zone.

Why, then, do so many of us react negatively to punishment by publicity? The main reason, I believe, lies in the origins of this form of punishment. The scarlet letters and the stockades were used to punish conduct that most of us now believe is none of the government's business—or anyone else's. Of course, no one should be required to declare themselves adulterers or fornicators. But drunken driving *is* the government's business—and every other driver's and pedestrian's. If scarlet bumper stickers can reduce alcohol-related fatalities more effectively than fines or imprisonment, then judges should be authorized to sentence drunken drivers to that form of punishment. But let us not use the device of public reprobation to return us to the bad old days where sin, crime, and even joy were deemed to be the business of the state. The scarlet letters and public stocks of colonial times may have been proper means employed toward improper ends.—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

VIEW FROM THE TOP

perhaps, with suppurating blisters and running sores."

Kellogg, on his honeymoon in 1879, wrote *Plain Facts for Old and Young*, in which he stated that "the reproductive act is the most exhausting of all vital acts. Its effect upon the undeveloped person is to retard growth, weaken the constitution, and dwarf the intellect." Later, in *The Ladies' Guide in Health and Disease* (1908), Kellogg wrote that "ulceration about the roots of the nails, especially affecting one or both of the first two fingers of the hand, usually the right hand, is evidence of the habit" of masturbation among girls. Among the 39 signs of "the secret vice" in either sex, Kellogg listed "love of solitude," "round shoulders," "biting the fingernails," and "epileptic fits." Of course, "the gait of a person addicted to this vice will usually betray him to one who has learned to distinguish the peculiarities which almost always mark the walk of such persons."

Graham and Kellogg are at the heart of a new book, *The Destroying Angel: Sex, Fitness & Food in the Legacy of Degeneracy Theory, Graham Crackers, Kellogg's Corn Flakes & American Health History,* written by John Money, a director of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, and published by Prometheus. But there is a great deal more to this wonderful study, which draws from and casts light upon the whole span of antisexuality.

Passing from the Old Testament and Tantric Yoga to troubadours and inquisitors, to modern-day antisexual loudmouths—such as Reverend Billy James Hargis and Congressman Robert E. Bauman, who have been caught with their pants down—Money documents one of our most ridiculous but enduring follies: the slaying of the imaginary dragons of sexual evil.

Laugh as we may, we are, to one extent or another, the children of those lunatic dragon slayers. Pass the cornflakes and spread 'em, princess.—*Nick Tosches*

SEX NEWS

BITS AND PIECES

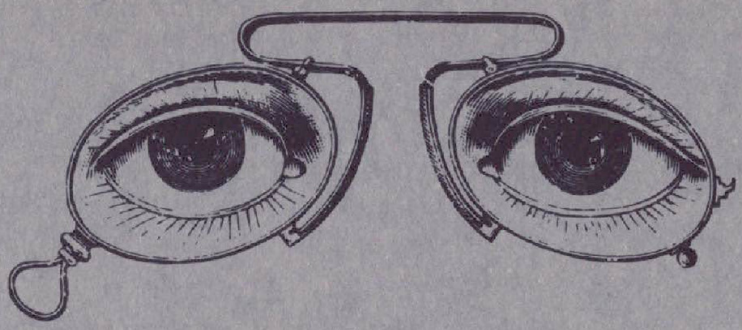
According to a report released by sex researchers Masters and Johnson, all work makes for little or no play for the modern career woman. Women with high-paying or rewarding jobs are more likely to be turned off by sex than women who work in less exciting fields. The study looked at 218 couples and concluded that when the lady of the house works, the quality and quantity of sex in the relationship declines. One problem, say Masters and Johnson, is that the woman just may not be able to "shift gears" from professional life to personal intimacy. . . . The best lovers to be found may not be the ultramacho male or the ultrafeminine female, but androgynous souls who share characteristics of both sexes.

Researchers at the University of Missouri gave 200 college students the Bem Sex Role Inventory quiz and then rated them as lovers. The ones that scored highest in the sack were the ones classified as androgynous. Researchers said that these people were more "understanding" of the opposite sex. . . . Oh, no! "Jo Jo" Giorgianni, the obese sex offender who once tried to claim he was too fat to fit comfortably in existing jails, has been slated for a December 17 parole. Convicted of child molestation, the paunchy pervert went into prison weighing over 500 pounds, but has slimmed down while in the stir to 429.

Sex offender "Jo Jo" wins the right to stay cool.

Earlier, he had been released for a short time when he convinced a judge that life without air-conditioning might kill him. . . . He's hot, he's sexy, and he's dead. They said it about Jim Morrison of the Doors, and now it's true about Marvin Gaye. The slain singer's posthumous LP, *Dream of a Lifetime,* comes with a warning label furnished by Columbia Records, saying, "This album contains lyrical content that may be considered offensive to some listeners." There have been claims, however, that some of the X-rated lyrics were softened by recording another voice over Gaye's, substituting tame lyrics for steamy ones. . . . A Long Island industrialist has asked that his marriage be annulled, claiming he was certifiably off his rocker at the time he took his vows. Mayson Tucker, 71, told a court that he wound up in a psychiatric ward three days after his March 28 wedding, wearing a straitjacket and diagnosed as suffering from "acute paranoid psychosis." He was asking the court to void the marriage to his fifth wife, Carolyn Hatch Tucker, saying, "I was out of my mind when I got married." . . . Due to a suspension of censorship rules for the first annual Tokyo Film Festival, the Japanese public was allowed for the first time since WW II to watch films that showed pubic hair. Customs officials in that nation were told to permit the import of several films featuring full frontal nudity, as long as they were shown only at the festival.

Japan's pubic-hair rule dates from the period of American military occupation, when General MacArthur promulgated it as a quick and easy test of obscenity.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

HOW TO BRING UP A GREAT BOYFRIEND

BY EMILY PRAGER

Throughout the 1970s, women who were then in their twenties whined vociferously about the lack of great boyfriends. They vowed en masse that if they ever had sons, they would bring them up differently. It was clear, they sniffed, that men's mothers were to blame. Spockish permissiveness and fifties sexism had produced a generation of men for whom arrogant fecklessness seemed almost a birthright. Today these same women, now in their thirties and mothers of infant sons, have forgotten those vows. You can see them at playgrounds, smiling beatifically, gathering the discarded toys of tiny future losers who are already failing to notice and appreciate. We can't blame these mothers. With all their worries about infant-death syndrome and day-care rape, they have simply lost sight of the cause. That's why we at *Penthouse* have printed the following pamphlet. If you're a single woman and you care about a future world peopled with great boyfriends, please give it to the mother of an infant son before it's too late.

How to Bring Up a Great Boyfriend. Introduction: Bringing up a great boyfriend is easy. The first step is recognizing the fact that your infant son is not one. Just because he can't take his eyes off you, screams if you leave, and laughs adoringly at every high-pitched noise you utter, it doesn't mean he'll be a picnic to live with when he's 22. Charm is only one facet of a great boyfriend. The hundredth time you clean dried whiskers off the sink, charm is worth squat.

1. Wet Towels: I don't know what it is with men and wet towels. I don't understand it. But if a man, after drying off from a shower, doesn't drop his wet towel on your couch, your bed, or your latest project, then there's something very sinister going on and you should report him to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Now it is easy to teach your son to hang up wet towels immediately after using them—but you're going to need a stun gun. You can get one, oddly enough, at your local sex shop.

2. Madonna's Belly Button: It's amazing how many things men don't notice—your new hairdo, the clean laundry you interrupted your work to do, what you just said. And then it's amazing what they do notice—Patrick Ewing's jump shot, digital reverb, Madonna's belly button. The fact that they *do* notice some things indicates they have the capacity to notice and that *not* noticing isn't, as women often think, genetic. It is easy to teach your son not to run over infants in the sandbox, not to whine when he doesn't get his way, and how to be interested in people who can't do anything to help his career—now that you have your stun gun. Preparing your son to be a great mate for another woman is a modern goal that demands a modern technological solution. Too bad the 40,000-volt Taser is illegal.

3. Covering His Tracks: Male infidelity is a big problem. An even bigger problem is how men refuse to cover their tracks. Having been unfaithful, they simply must leave clues around (letters, scraps of paper with phone numbers, cryptic messages on answering machines) so their girlfriends can know about it. Any man will tell you that there's a big difference between sex and love and that, in the face of love, a one-night stand is meaningless. But it is a continuing oddity of the male character that in refusing to cover tracks, he endows his one-night stand with a meaning that is apocalyptic to his girlfriend. Now, it does not occur to a mother to work on the infidelity problem; all men who can't walk or talk and who depend on a tit for food are faithful. It is only in puberty that sexual conquest becomes as crucial as Conan comics. At that time a mother must enlighten her son that it is not the infidelity that rankles so much as the announcement of it on the cover of *Newsweek*.

Teaching your son to be a great boyfriend means not taking delight in everything he does, no matter how moronic. It's hard, I know, but in the year 2000, his girlfriend will thank you.

VIDEO

A LOSERS' MARKET

Like the corpses in *Night of the Living Dead,* failed motion pictures are rising from the studio graveyards to take over the home-video market. Dozens of 1984–85 movies that would have been fated for late-night TV purgatory are getting a second chance.

Fully half of the most popular movie rentals are pictures that no one bothered to see on the big screen. Whether this was because they were low on "must see" lists, were unavailable in local theaters, or didn't seem worth the cost of a night out cannot be determined. But the sharp increase in movie rentals this year indicates that a new and valuable market has opened up. Home viewers, paying as little as $1.50 per film, are making hits out of such box-office flops as *The Cotton Club, Dune, Country,* and *The Pope of Greenwich Village. The Last Starfighter,* for instance, topped *Billboard*'s list of video rentals for six months—ten times longer than its unarguably disastrous first run.

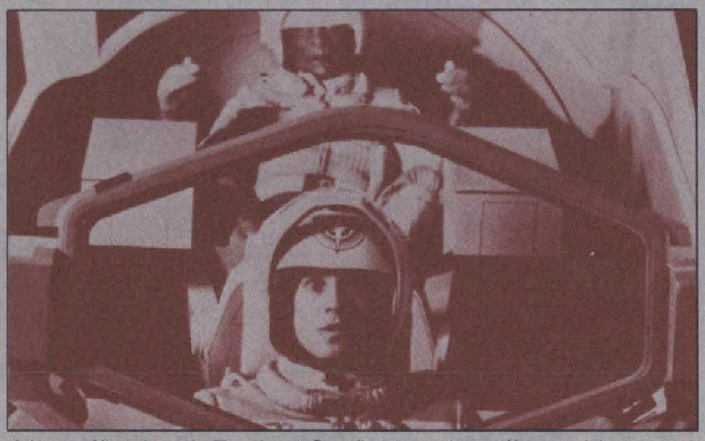
Why is this happening? "The rental area has replaced the old second-run movie house," says Gene Giaquento, president of MCA Home Video. "Those theaters closed for lack of an audience, because people didn't want to pay for an evening on the town to see films with limited appeal. But the home market has become a picture's second run, and a way for movies with little or no theatrical success to achieve some degree of recognition."

"People generally stick to established hits when they go out," says John Medwick, branch manager of one of New York's Tower Video stores. "But the rental market isn't nearly as expensive, so people who don't have the money to experiment at the movie theater can see marginal films and favorite stars at home. Even if you rent a stiff, you'll only be out a couple of bucks."

Most of the films that failed in their initial release but have gone on to rental success are "serious" pictures, such as *The Little Drummer Girl, Thief of Hearts,* and *Crimes of Passion.* Medwick supplies another reason for their current renaissance: "Audiences no longer have manners," he says. "They're the TV generation who grew up talking back to their sets, so they don't think twice about ruining films for others if they lose interest themselves. Serious movies are working in the home-rental market because many people won't see them in theaters. When Sam Shepard writes a scene, they want to hear it, not someone else talking."

"In 1978 there were 500,000 VCRs in the United States. Now there are 20 million," says Paul Wagner, vice-president for publicity at CBS/Fox Video. "Back then, it was assumed that the VCR's primary purpose would be as a time-shifting device for the recording and playback of television programs. But it's turned out that renting videos has become a major reason why people have been buying their machines."

There have been some suggestions that pay-TV movie channels will suffer because of the video-rental boom, and the day is coming, according to MCA's Giaquento, when made-for-video movies will someday appear in stores.—*James Delson*



A box-office bomb, The Last Starfighter *takes off as a video rental.*

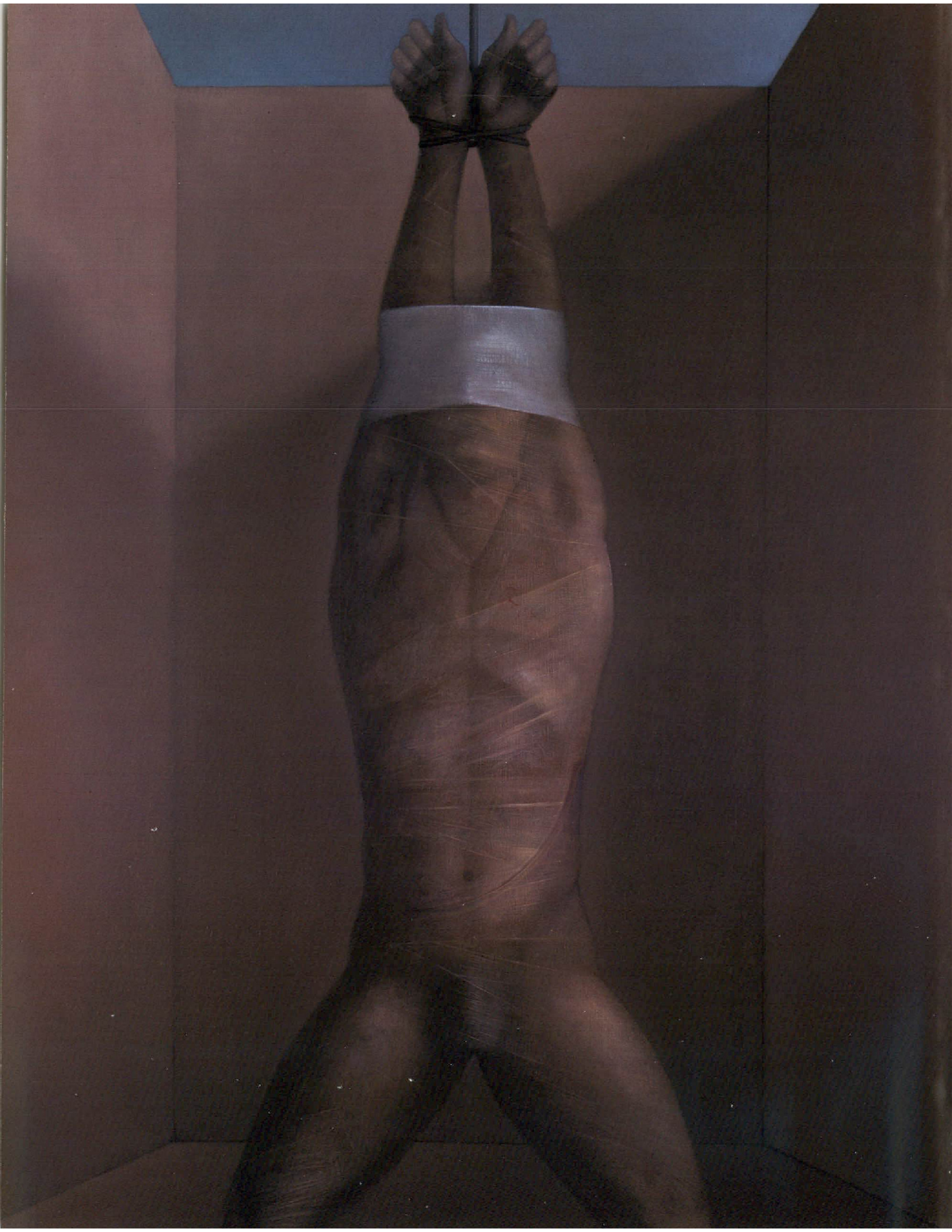
WORDS

TIPS ON DEGENERACY

Sylvester Graham (1794–1851) is remembered by history in connection with the crackers that bear his name. Likewise, John Harvey Kellogg (1852–1943) is known only as the man who put cornflakes on the American breakfast table. But both of these crusading vegetarians were as important to their country's sexuality as they were to its digestive tract.

In *A Lecture to Young Men,* published in 1834, Graham explained that "the abominable vice" of masturbation leaves its victim "with a body full of disease, and with a mind in ruins." The masturbator, he said, could be recognized by his eyes. "They become languid and dull, and lose their brightness and liveliness of expression, and assume a glassy and vacant appearance; and fall back into their sockets." In the end, "the sight becomes feeble, obscure, cloudy, confused, and often is entirely lost; and utter blindness fills the rest of life with darkness and unavailing regret." In addition to the advanced masturbator's eyes, Graham pointed out his "livid, shrivelled countenance, and ulcerous, toothless gums," as well as his "dwarfish and crooked body, and almost hairless head—covered,

Masturbation: bad for the nails.



Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"You didn't feel anything?!"

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART TWO

Secret documents of the American Medical Association reveal the inner workings of one of the richest and most powerful lobbying groups in the country.

THE WAR ON CHIROPRACTIC

BY GARY NULL

For generations now, as everyone knows, organized medicine has been at odds with chiropractic. The American Medical Association—the largest and most powerful organization of doctors anywhere in the world—has denounced the profession of chiropractic as quackery and cultism, and in 1965, took the position that it was a violation of medical ethics for medical physicians to have any professional association with chiropractors whatsoever.

Chiropractors maintain that by manually manipulating the spinal column, they can relieve pressure on a nerve, thus allowing the resumption of a normal flow of energy to an affected organ.

The AMA's prohibition carried with it strong sanctions against any doctor who violated it, including

PAINTING BY
MICHEL HENRICOT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kent

Low tar | Lights | Ultra

Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kent Golden Lights: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 1985.

loss of hospital privileges. By AMA decree, no matter what value a doctor may personally have believed chiropractic could have for particular patients, doctors who referred patients to chiropractors were risking their medical practices. In 1976, after years of efforts by chiropractors' professional associations to achieve a satisfactory relationship with organized medicine without resort to the courts, Dr. Chester A. Wilk of Chicago and four other chiropractors brought suit against the American Medical Association, ten other medical organizations, and four individuals.

The five plaintiffs charged that the AMA and the other defendants had violated the Sherman Antitrust Act, personally damaging each of the five, not to mention all other chiropractors and the public. They accused the AMA of attempting—and here I quote from an AMA Board of Trustees document presented at the trial—"to first contain, and then eliminate the profession of chiropractic in the United States." The chiropractors asked the court to rule that the AMA's institution and implementation of this policy hindered chiropractors' efforts to compete in the marketplace and to earn a livelihood, and constituted an illegal conspiracy to establish a monopoly and unreasonably restrain trade. By presenting secret internal AMA documents, the trial exposed to public view aspects of the inner workings of one of the most powerful lobbying groups in America.

The chiropractors' evidence, which included testimony by medical school professors and other highly respected physicians, strongly supported their accusations. The evidence suggested that the AMA had, for over 20 years, systematically attempted to undermine, isolate, and eliminate chiropractic. The trial revealed that the AMA had carried out a lengthy campaign, sometimes public and sometimes covert, to persuade the medical community, the press, and the lay public that chiropractic had no scientific or clinical validity.

The AMA succeeded in preventing chiropractors from gaining the same hospital privileges other doctors enjoy. This has given many people the impression that chiropractors operate somehow illicitly or sub rosa. In fact, chiropractic is a state-licensed health-care profession, chiropractic colleges are government-accredited, and chiropractic patients are reimbursed by Medicare, Medicaid, and workmen's compensation insurance. As you will see, this would not be the case if the AMA had had its way.

The chiropractors' charges were quite specific. If the courts eventually rule that they are valid, the American Medical Association may stand publicly condemned—not only of violating specific antitrust statutes, but, in order to eliminate a source of economic competition, of manipulating the delivery of our health-care system in such a way as to deny patients the ability to freely choose their medical treatment.

Before I get into what occurred at the trial, let's briefly examine some recent developments: On Friday, March 1, of this year, the Illinois State Medical Society—the third largest state component of the AMA—agreed with the five plaintiffs on a settlement permitting Illinois physicians to work with chiropractors. The previous Monday, the society had been dismissed by the court as a defendant in the suit, subject to the terms of the new settlement.

The settlement reads, in part: "The Illinois State Medical Society declares that, except as provided by law, there are and should be no ethical or collective impediments to full professional association and cooperation between doctors of chiropractic and medical physicians."

The document goes on to describe, very specifically, what the term "professional association and cooperation" means. It "includes, but is not limited to, referrals, consultations, group practice and partnerships, health maintenance organizations, preferred provider organizations, and other alternative health care delivery systems; the provision of treatment privileges and diagnostic services in or through hospital facilities . . . participation in student exchange programs between chiropractic and medical colleges; cooperation in research programs . . . participation in health care seminars, health fairs, for continuing education programs; and any other association or cooperation designed to foster better health care for patients of medical physicians, doctors of chiropractic, or both."

As George P. McAndrews of Chicago, the primary attorney for the plaintiffs, put it, this decision means that "finally, at least in Illinois, the country's largest and second-largest health-care provider groups have decided to shake hands and work in harmony. That's not to say there won't be any rocky times during the period of rapprochement. But at least the professional organizations will now allow each physician to decide for him or herself what's in the interest of their patients."

The Illinois State Medical Society must be congratulated for its foresight and common sense in reaching this agreement. It's hard to believe that anyone would disagree with its new policy, which so self-evidently is in the best interest of all patients. But in fact, as of this date, the AMA is still defending its actions. And the Illinois State Medical Society decision was reached only after years of fierce legal and political battles.

Before outlining the background evidence for the case, I will briefly review its court history and current status.

After four years of taking depositions, the case was first tried in December 1980 and January 1981, in Chicago. A key issue in the case was the substance of the judge's instructions to the jury. One of the most important charges made by the chi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Barely five feet tall and 90 pounds, Barbara Schaefer says: "When you're as little as I am, you tend to be very nimble. There's not much wind resistance." Having worked five years in windy Chicago for a successful stockbroker, the sea-eyed brunette, who first appeared in *Penthouse* in the summer of 1981, is now studying to become a broker herself. "My boss says I can sell a man on anything," she reports.

Fly First Class.

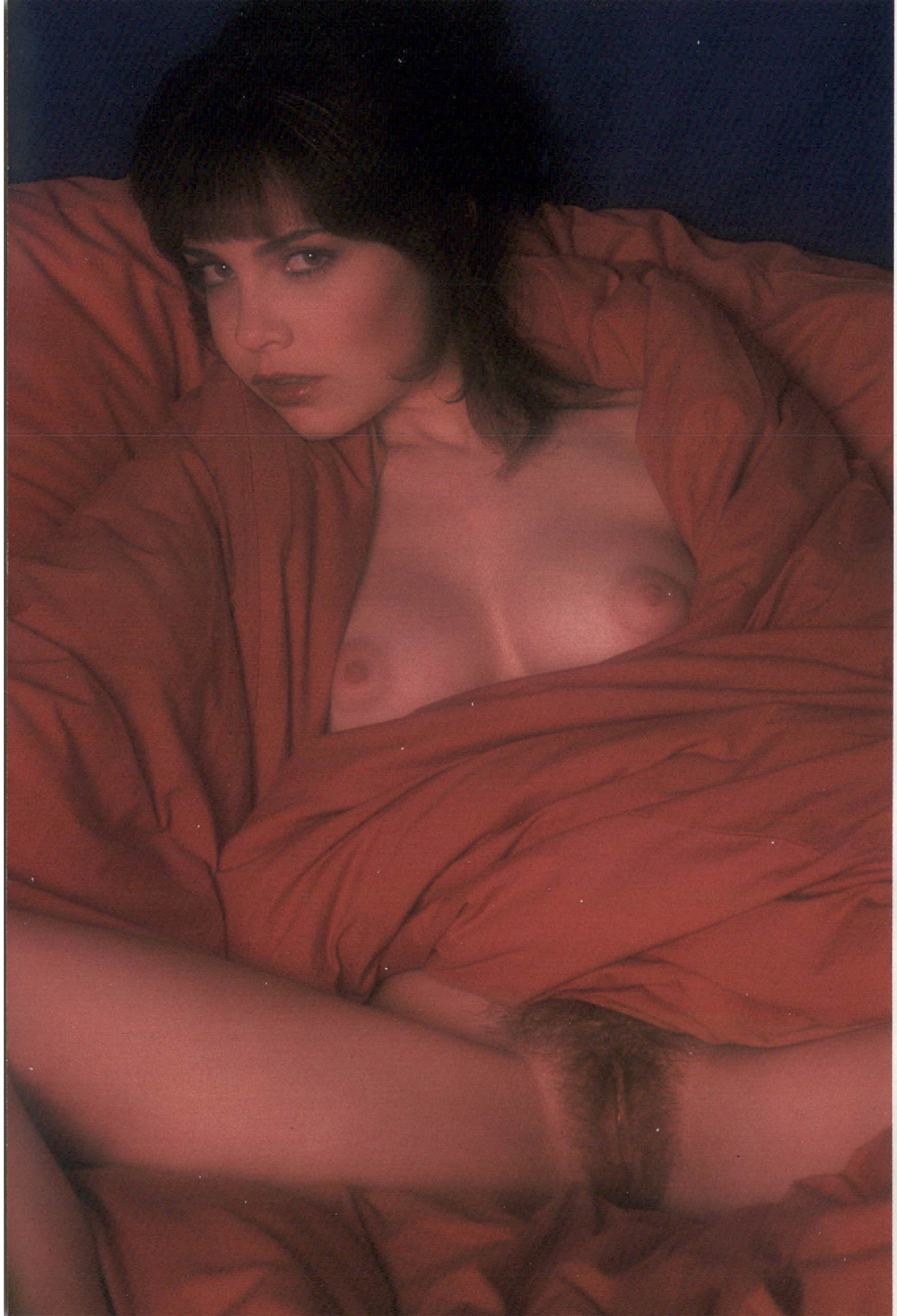
Wild Turkey. It's not the best because it's expensive. It's expensive because it's the best.

Now you can send a gift of Wild Turkey®/101 Proof anywhere* by phone through Nationwide Gift Liquor. Call Toll Free 1-800-CHEER-UP (Arizona 602-957-4923). *Except where prohibited. Major credit cards accepted. Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY © 1985.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984
It's the taste
that counts.

One is inclined to agree with her boss's appraisal. But her life after three, when the markets close, has been more or less devoted to the same man for the past seven years, the lucky plumber who was once her high school sweetheart.

"Actually, my boyfriend and I have a kind of brother-sister thing. The only difference," she grins, "is that we do get pretty incestuous."



When it comes to sex,
Barbara prefers short, athletic men.
"They're a much better fit
than tall guys," she says, "and they're
willing to do all the work."
Having long asserted herself in the
tough and unpredictable
world of finance, she has little time for
that insecure breed of men
who expect their women to recede
into the background and
remain there like so many mushrooms
in attendance. "I'm inclined,"
she says with a final grin, "more toward
the bedroom than the kitchen."

THE PENTHOUSE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1985-86

I suppose I'll have to fess up. In this space last fall, I predicted that although Head Coach Jim Criner's Iowa State Cyclones, coming off a 4-7 season, were about to play a softer schedule, I still felt they'd be blown away. I rated Iowa State as the tenth

BY LARRY LINDERMAN

90

worst team in the nation. Well, the magazine wasn't out a week when Criner held a press conference and told the *Cedar Rapids Gazette* that *Penthouse* "ought to stick to naked girls—something they know something about." The *Gazette*'s reporter said that Criner "chortled" while delivering that bit of advice. I really didn't mind what Criner said because, let's face it, it *is* kind of nice to stick to naked girls. I just didn't appreciate the implication that sticking to naked girls means you can't also recognize lousy football when you see it. In any case, the *Gazette* headlined its story CRINER TO PENTHOUSE: "STICK TO NAKED GIRLS," and everyone had a good laugh at my expense.

Iowa State won two games last year.

I have good news for the Cyclones this year: They're off my list. PENTHOUSE TO CRINER: "I.S.U. 100% BETTER IN '85." That's the truth, Jim. With just a little bit of luck, your team will win four games.

Before we get to 1985's annals of ineptitude, it's worth noting that all of us will again have a chance to see more college games on television than we can possibly abide. Talk about oversaturation: Depending on where you live, it's now possible to watch up to two dozen college games each week on TV. On Saturdays, parts of the country will receive live game broadcasts beginning at ten o'clock in the morning, continuing at one and four o'clock in the afternoon, and concluding at eight o'clock in the evening, plus a slew of taped games telecast during the week by the various cable services. Not surprisingly, college football's TV ratings are way down, and when that happens to a sport, it's almost always followed by a significant drop in the number of fans willing to buy tickets. Several sporting Cassandras now believe that college football may eventually go the way of wrestling and boxing and become a studio sport. Is that really likely to happen?

"I don't think so," says Roger Stanton, editor/publisher of *Football News*. "It's true that college football's TV ratings are down, but that's like suddenly having two movie theaters in a town instead of one—the same number of people are still watching, but they're not doing it at the same time. People aren't staying away from stadiums, though. I think, for example, that you could televise Ohio State versus Michigan from now till doomsday, and regardless of the ratings, the game itself would always be sold out."

Joseph Del Popolo, editor/publisher of *GamePlan* magazine, doesn't quite see it that way. "To begin with, major powers like Oklahoma and Georgia are already hogging the network airwaves, which means that smaller schools will suffer financially," he says. "Up to now, people haven't looked at college football the same way they regard pro football—as being motivated solely by money. If that happens, then yes, college football will find itself in big trouble."

Let's save further speculation on that question for another day. On to this year's roster of the rotten:

1. RICE

What's a fine private university like Rice doing in the football-crazed Southwest Conference? Nothing. Absolutely nothing at all. In '84, new head coach Watson Brown led the Owls to a 1-10 record, and this year Rice will offer further proof that it belongs at the very bottom of the college heap. Even though Rice has now joined the rest of the conference in lowering admission requirements for blue-chip jocks, the Owls still can't win the serious bidding wars that ensue when Texas high school heroes are ready to sign up for college. The unhappy result is that against intrastate rivals like Baylor, Houston, Southern Methodist, Texas, Texas A&M, Texas Christian, and Texas Tech, the Owls are simply outmanned and outclassed. Last year Rice was blown out of most of its games by halftime, so although the Owls averaged nearly 20 points per outing, much of their scoring was done against second-stringers. Coach Brown has a pair of fairly good quarterbacks in Mark Comalander and Kerry Overton, but the Owls' ground game is simply pitiful. (Mike Collins, the team's leading ballcarrier last year, gained just 358 yards.) The team's defensive outlook is flat-out pathetic. Rice gave up 35 points a game last fall, and might even eclipse that figure this season. By now, the message should be clear: In the Southwest Conference, don't expect boys to do a man's job.

> All of us will again have a chance to see more college games on TV than we can possibly abide—up to 24 games each week!

2. OREGON STATE

The more things change, the more they remain the same. Five years ago, when Oregon State hired Joe Avezzano as its head football coach, Beaver fans eagerly looked forward to a gridiron renaissance. What they got was a reign of terror-filled autumn afternoons. During Avezzano's five years, Oregon State was 6-47-2, including last season's 2-9 finish. As predicted here in '84, O.S.U. again has a new head coach—let's all light a candle for Dave Kragthorpe—and Beaver boosters now think their team might finally become a factor in the PAC-10 Conference. Think again. The Orange and Black's prime offensive asset is All-Conference wide receiver Reggie Bynum, but unless senior quarterback Steve Steenwyck can push his completion average up to 50 percent or better, O.S.U. might well repeat its awful '84 yield of only four touchdown passes. The team's running game, meanwhile, is almost nonexistent: Last season's leading ballcarrier, the aptly yclept Donald Beavers, rushed for less than 400 yards. Kragthorpe has therefore chosen to gamble on a passing defense. "Unless you have superior talent," he says, "it's the only way to go." Given an offense without superior talent and a defense with just three returning starters, the only place the Beavers are going is nowhere.

3. NORTHWESTERN

A character I know named John Rambo once wanted to enroll at Northwestern because his idol, Chuck Heston, studied acting there. Instead, Rambo enrolled in the Green Berets and was sent to Vietnam, where he became a violent lunatic. Rambo recently returned from a federally sponsored search-and-destroy mission near Evanston, Illinois, where he got a chance to watch Northwestern's football team work out last spring. During his taped debriefing, Rambo had this to say about the Wildcats: "YAHHHHH! This year Northwestern's gonna draw first blood! Last year the candy-ass Boilermakers from Purdue beat 'em 49–7! *So what?* Ohio State got lucky and won a squeaker, 52–3! *Big deal!* Seven defensive starters have graduated! *Who's gonna miss 'em?* The Wildcats averaged less than a touchdown in their nine losses last year! *Who cares?* I care! The Wildcats keep losing 'cause Northwestern's goddamn deans won't let 'em *win!* Just 'cause a lotta jocks can't read is no reason to keep 'em out of college! Them deans better change their tune or else I'm gonna get my bow and arrow and pay those hair balls a little *visit!*"

4. U.T.E.P.

Citizens of the Lone Star State love to watch good football games, which is why so few of them ever attend those played by the University of Texas at El Paso. U.T.E.P. hasn't had a winning season in 14 years, and this fall will add another stone to its monument of misery. In '84, opponents more than doubled U.T.E.P.'s scoring output (374 to 180), and since then, the 2-9 Miners have lost their finest defensive player, linebacker Nikita Blair, to the Minnesota Vikings. Head Coach Bill Yung has a brace of decent ballcarriers in Nicky Combs and James Rose, but that's about it for the Miners' offense. Last year, returning quarterback Sammy Garza threw just four touchdown passes and logged only 899 passing yards for the entire season. That wouldn't be too painful if U.T.E.P. were playing low-caliber

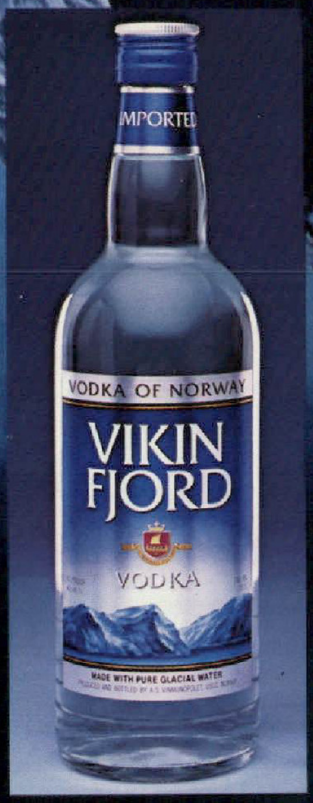
The Norwegians are perfectly clear about their vodka.

Introducing Vikin Fjord Vodka from Norway.

It's made with pure, crystal-clear water from the untouched glaciers of Arctic Norway.

That is why it is discernibly smoother and cleaner than any vodka you've ever tasted.

Vikin Fjord. The glacial vodka from Norway.



Introducing Vikin Fjord Vodka.

Lake Loen, Nordfjord, Norway. Photo: Eric Meola.

Imported from Norway by Vikin Fjord Importers, White Plains, NY. 80 proof, distilled from potatoes. © 1985

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, BOX, MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

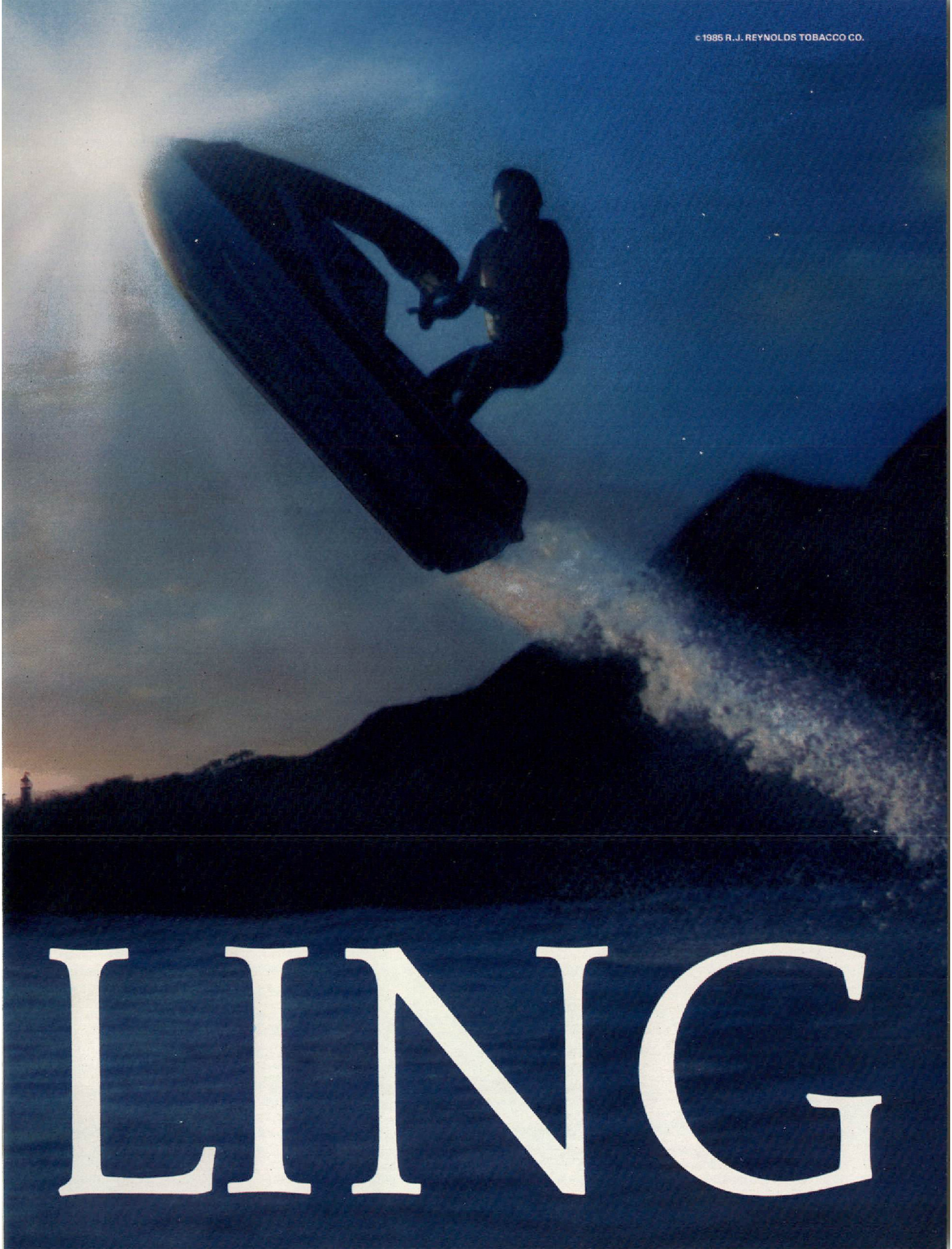
*Not available in all areas.

NEW SOFT PACK*

Also available in regular and menthol box.

REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL STER

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



LING

competition, but that's not the case. This year's Miners will take on such gridiron terminators as Brigham Young, Southern Methodist, and the Air Force Academy, plus perpetual tormentors like Colorado State and San Diego State, which last season trounced U.T.E.P. by respective scores of 59–31 and 51–2. With his Miners about to be shafted one more time, Yung at heart has got to be sick to his stomach.

5. COLUMBIA
Even among Ivy League fans, only masochists hail Columbia. The Lions were 0-9 last season, and with a freshman team that finished 1-5, they don't figure to fare much better this time around. Winless seasons betoken new head coaches, and the new head on Columbia's busy chopping block belongs to Jim Garrett, who spent the last three seasons as the Cleveland Browns' director of research and development. Garrett has adopted the motto of "Come Alive in '85," which the Lions will find easier said than done. In '84, Columbia was walloped each week by an average score of 31–13. Still, let's not sell Garrett short, for as an R & D man, he represents a new breed of football coach. Garrett is also a breeder of football players. His son Jason, Princeton's starting quarterback last year, transferred to Columbia this year. Jason will be passing to his brother John Garrett, a starting wide receiver for the Lions last year. Another of the coach's boys, Judd Garrett, will be a running back on Columbia's freshman team this fall. Depending on how Garrett's version of "My Three Sons" works out, this is either carrying nepotism too far or not far enough.

6. LOUISVILLE
When spoken aloud, his name caused college presidents to tremble with excitement, for he was a winner and he could make them rich and famous. Howard Schnellenberger had been Coach of the Year at Miami in 1981 and 1983. He'd developed the two great college quarterbacks of the early eighties: Jim Kelly and Bernie Kosar. After Miami's victory over Nebraska in the great Orange Bowl of 1984, the Hurricanes were voted numero uno in the nation. His mission completed, Howard stepped down as head coach. By 1985, he needed another challenge and so he came to Louisville, which is in the State of Kentucky. When Howard went to the university's practice field, he saw in an instant that the Cardinals (as the team's members were called) had courage, but no artistry. In the autumn before his arrival, Louisville had won two games and lost nine. They had lost to cheese-eaters like Murray State, Indiana State, and Tennessee State. Howard would change all this. He would make Louisville a school to be feared. But he would not do it in 1985, when cruel opponents like West Virginia, Syracuse, Houston, Virginia Tech and, yes, even the mighty Hurricanes of Miami, whom he himself had made great, would rip the hearts out of his Cardinals. But Howard was a patient man. It would take a few years, but in the end, he would prevail. He had always prevailed.

7. COLORADO
The Buffalos' 1985 spring-practice guide was titled "Things Are Looking Up," and that's true enough—after finishing 1-10 last season, Colorado can't possibly go too far downhill. Still, the Buffs won't go very far uphill, either. In '84, Colorado rushed for a puny 59 yards a game, and its passing attack was also less than scintillating. Last fall, Colorado quarterbacks threw 14 touchdown passes, but they also threw 16 interceptions and were sacked an almost unbelievable 54 times. In order to juice up the team's ground game and give quarterback Craig Keenan a 50-50 shot at survival, Head Coach Bill McCartney has installed a run-oriented Veer offense. To make it work, of course, he also has to install a first-rate offensive line, which he obviously doesn't have. Colorado's defensive line is similarly maladroit: In '84, opposing teams waltzed through Colorado's tender clutches to the tune of 259 rushing yards and 33 points a game, and now McCartney has to slot in five new defensive starters. The Buffalos thus figure to remain home on what's become their own permanent range—last place in the Big Eight Conference.

> People haven't looked at college ball the way they regard pro football—as being motivated solely by money. If that happens, college football will be in big trouble.

8. DUKE
During previous head coaching jobs at Vanderbilt and Texas Tech, 40-year-old Steve Sloan earned a reputation as a coaching wunderkind, but after two years at Duke, his record is 5-17. Don't fault Sloan, however, for the combination of Duke's stringent academic requirements and the Atlantic Coast Conference's ever-rising level of football competition may be too much for any coach to overcome. The Blue Devils have some talented performers in quarterback Steve Slayton, tailback Julius Grantham, and wide receiver Chuck Herring, but unless their offensive line starts to put a hurt on people (and it won't), don't expect Duke to score much more than its '84 average of 11.7. That won't be nearly good enough to compensate for a patty-cake defense that gave up close to four touchdowns a game last year. The defensive unit's strength in '84—its secondary—is now a liability. Johnny Hill, voted the team's most valuable player, and fellow defensive backs Joby Branion and Darryl Brunson have all graduated. Every ACC quarterback they face will be ready to bomb the Blue Devils straight to hell.

9. CINCINNATI
The University of Cincinnati remains committed to playing big-time football, but judging by the results thus far, the school's president should instead be committed to an institution for the athletically deranged. The Bearcats, 2-9 last season, go up against the likes of Alabama, Boston College, Kentucky, Penn State, Virginia Tech, and Miami of Florida this fall. In '84, Cincinnati couldn't even beat Miami of Ohio, so why persist in taking on some of college football's top bananas? After his horrific debut last year, Head Coach Dave Currie now faces the unenviable task of fleshing out an offensive unit whose lone returnees are center Nick Gotovac and running backs Reggie Taylor and Robert Williams. Currie also will have to make do without a single returning starter along the defensive line. In '84, his boys allowed opponents to score a slightly astonishing 424 points. Well before Christmas arrives, this year's generous Bearcats will prove that Santa Claus is alive and well and living in Cincinnati.

10. VANDERBILT
In his *Penthouse* NFL preview last month, Danny Sheridan, my friend from Mobile, Alabama (he's *USA Today*'s sports analyst and odds-maker), claimed that I know nothing about pro football. Danny picked the Dallas Cowboys to meet the Seattle Seahawks in the '86 Super Bowl: *I* know nothing about pro football? Danny does, of course, know a great deal about southern college football, and feels that this year Vanderbilt is in for a rough time. Sheridan's report: "In its 52 years as a charter member of the Southeastern Conference, Vanderbilt has never won an SEC football title. The Commodores, 5-6 in '84, aren't about to break with tradition this year. Eight members of last season's fine offensive unit (it averaged 25 points a game) have graduated, including All-SEC quarterback Kurt Page, All-SEC wide receiver Chuck Scott, and All-American punter/placekicker Ricky Anderson. Junior Mark Wracher will take over Page's passing chores, and he'll be throwing often to wideout Gerald 'Boo' Mitchell and All-SEC tight end Jim Popp. Vandy's other returning offensive lineman, tackle Will 'The Tractor' Wolford, will be the leading advance man for tailback Carl 'Goo Baby'

"Shuttle to ground control . . . we may have something new on the big bang theory."

Woods. The Commodores' dismal defense lost only four members via graduation, but they accounted for a whopping 369 tackles last season. Bottom line: The Commodores will lead the SEC in nicknames, and they'll win a few against the weak sisters they meet in nonconference games, but against SEC foes, Vanderbilt won't be flashing many Vs for Victory."

11. TEXAS TECH

This year we've heard a great deal about the use of drugs by college players, but nothing at all about their drug-taking coaches—until now. Out in Lubbock, Texas, an unreliable source informs me that Texas Tech Head Coach Jerry Moore quietly has been stocking up on lots of aspirin. The source of his distress is the Red Raiders' Excedrin offense, which last year made life miserable only for Moore. Texas Tech wound up 4-7 in '84, mainly because its offense was the worst in the Southwest Conference. Eight offensive starters have since graduated, and in hopes of turning things around quickly, Moore has installed a razzle-dazzle multiple offense. What will it look like? Says Moore, "There will be parts of the old Texas wishbone, the flexbone that Arkansas runs, and the Houston Gamblers' run-and-shoot offense." Opponents won't ride roughshod over Tech's ornery defense, but they don't really have to—given all the offensive inexperience and gimmickry, the Red Raiders are a sure bet to shoot themselves down this season.

12. NORTH CAROLINA STATE

In '84, North Carolina State was the Atlantic Coast Conference's softest touch in terms of points allowed, rushing defense, and total defense. The Wolfpack, 3-8 last year, won't be any more ferocious this season, for its defensive secondary is now short on both experience and personnel. "We're pretty thin insofar as defensive backs are concerned," says Head Coach Tom Reed. "In fact, we worked with only four during the spring. Hopefully, we'll get some help from our incoming people." Reed's offense also needs a lot of help, especially at quarterback. Tim Esposito, who completed 54.6 percent of his passes for 1,751 yards, has graduated, and there's little chance that any of the junior-college transfers or lettermen vying for his job will do nearly as well. With no real patsies on their schedule and hampered by a defense that's all kid gloves, the Wolfpack will finish the season looking sheepish.

13. COLORADO STATE

They ought to be kidding, but they're not. Colorado State, 3-8 last season, has this autumn scheduled first-ever contests against powerful Miami and L.S.U., and will also take on Western Athletic Conference foes Brigham Young and the Air Force Academy, which last year routed the Rams by respective scores of 52–9 and 52–10. In his three seasons at Fort Collins, Head Coach Leon Fuller has compiled a 12-22 record, and his numbers are only going to get worse. Kelly Stouffer, Colorado State's excellent junior quarterback, last year threw for 2,151 yards and 14 touchdowns, but his leading receivers, Keli McGregor and Bill Sherman, have both graduated, and together, those two accounted for 11 touchdowns, 91 receptions, and more than 1,100 air yards. The Rams' passing attack will almost surely be less productive this year, and coupled with a running game that yielded only three yards a crack in '84, the offensive auguries are fairly awful. Although Coach Fuller has eight defensive starters returning, the record shows that in '84 Colorado State gave up 31 touchdowns on the ground. The Rams are just not ready to butt heads with the big boys.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

"Will you follow me for a body search?"

UNTOU

GET IT!

12 TERRIFIC ISSUES OF THE WORLD'S HOTTEST MAGAZINE NOW JUST $36!

PENTHOUSE

P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, IA. 51593

☐ YES! Send me one year (12 issues) for just $36! I save $7.50!

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order encl.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Canada and elsewhere add $10 per subscription.
Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

HLPO6

IF A BHOPAL DISASTER HIT NEW YORK CITY, THESE MEN WOULD DEAL WITH IT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN WOLFF

HABLES

(Previous spread) Haz Mat fire fighters in full-approach suits, with an infrared camera that enables them to look into the middle of a fire. (Top left) Fire fighter ready for action. (Top middle) Decontamination. (Top right) Preparing to enter the fire. (Above) Forming a fog of water to prevent the fire from spreading. (Right) Collecting possibly toxic chemicals for testing in the lab.

A cold, bleak day in Maspeth, Queens. Clouds lie low as an eastern wind rips aimlessly throughout the town. On an unassuming service road off the Long Island Expressway sits a redbrick, two-story firehouse. Inside, John Crisci is stacking cartons of canned food. Covering the firehouse walls are large, detailed street maps of New York City. Dead center sits a new American LaFrance truck bearing the international sign for hazardous materials—a blue, red, white, and yellow diamond.

Maspeth is the home of Haz Mat, Hazardous Materials Company No. 1, the new, elite, gung ho unit of the New York City Fire Department that fights toxic fires, cleans up spills, and plugs holes wherever there are chemical leaks, escaping gases, and hazardous fumes. If a Bhopal-like disaster hit New York, Haz Mat would have to contain the damage.

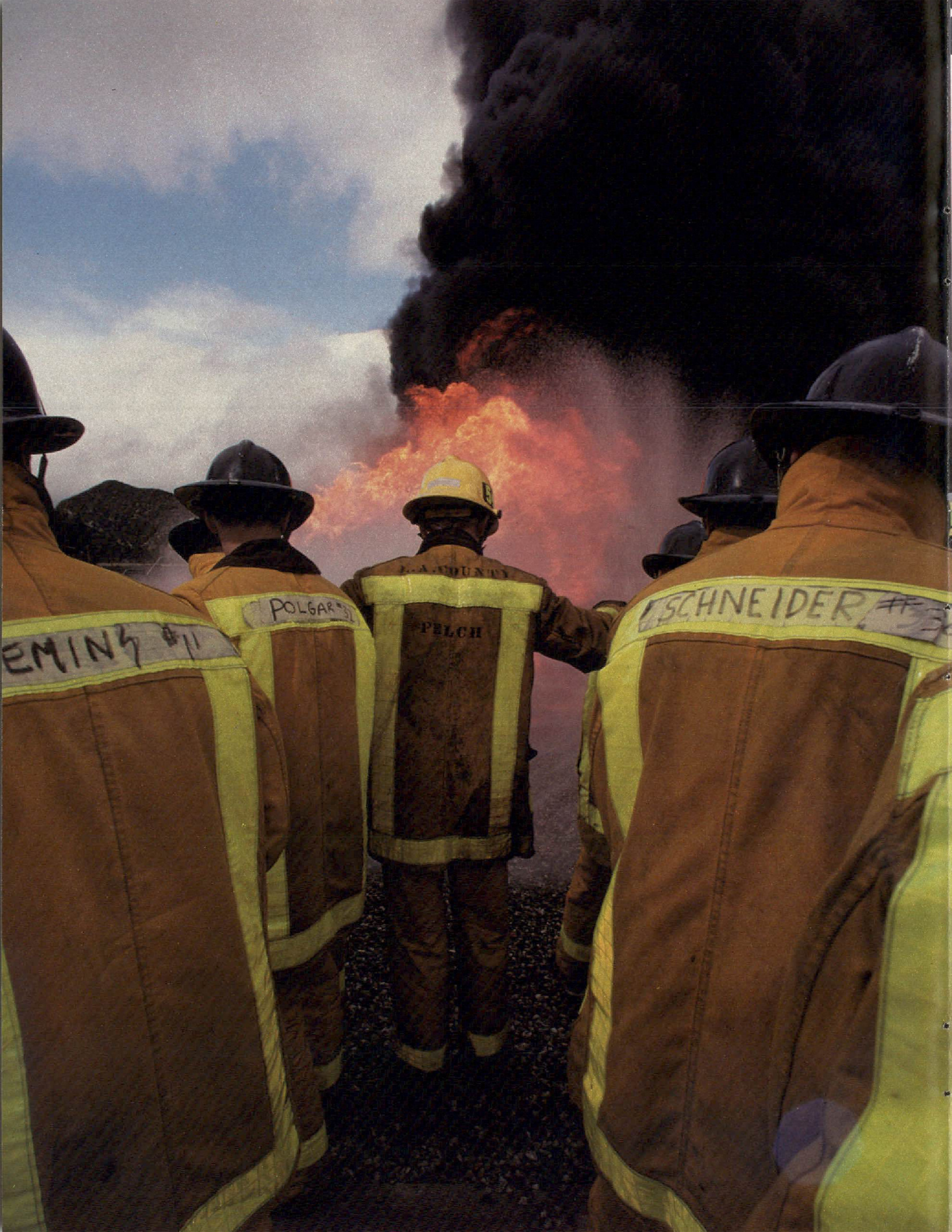
There are 35 firemen and four officers in Haz Mat. All are handpicked volunteers. Since Haz Mat's inception in October 1984, it has been involved in over 250 incidents in New York. In one case, 36 civilians were hospitalized.

Across the room Tom Merkel squirms out of a shiny aluminum-fabric suit, revealing an olive-drab Butil rubber suit, an air mask, and a Scott air tank. A man sweats off five to eight pounds in half an hour working in this uniform. Lieutenant Joseph Buell, sipping a cup of coffee, comments: "They say this suit is safe in any situation." He rolls his eyes in doubt. "We'll see."

Because working for Haz Mat means taking risks, the unit naturally attracts those who thrive on challenges. Captain Joseph Gallager, for instance, fueled and defueled missiles in the Army before joining Haz Mat. "This work," he says, "is virgin territory." Nevertheless, their strategy is always the same. "We never rush onto a job," says Gallager, "unless there is someone trapped inside. Otherwise we approach every job with caution, standing back and using binoculars."

Inside the van, fireman Jim Oliveri guides a visitor down the center aisle—two feet wide, six feet high, and braced by strategically placed and fully equipped shelves holding a multitude of "approach" suits, worn to protect the body from contamination. Across from the suits is a row of oxygen tanks, masks, and various glass tubes. Up front is the resource desk, equipped with a computer, microfiche reader, two-way radio, cellular telephone, and shelf of chemistry books. Oliveri turns and says, "We're on the frontier here, molding something new into what we think is right. Every time we go out we learn something." He types information into Hazardline, a data base that has information on 3,000 chemicals. Spelling is critical: An *o* or an *a* in the wrong place can mean a different chemical, a different suit, a different plan of attack. He punches in "chlorine," a common yet dangerous chemical. The printout lists everything: what equipment to wear, how to fight it, how to escape.

HAZARDOUS MAT
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS
HURST
RECOVERY DRUM
HM1
HURST HM 1
PARTNER
Dangerous Properties of Industrial Materials
RECOVERY DRUM


POLGAR
PELCH
SCHNEIDER

SERVICES
N.Y.
COMPANY № 1
F.D.N.Y.
HAZARDOUS MATERIALS
SAVING ROPE

He looks up and says, "We're constantly adding to the data base. Each time it's different. A lot of times you just have to be able to act on the spot." Suddenly a call comes in: a two-alarm fire at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The horn goes off, the doors fly up. Glow Worm 1—the van—and Glow Worm 2—the pumper—speed onto the expressway in two minutes. Sirens, horns, adrenaline flowing. The unit travels in convoy; fortunately, traffic is light. "You glow, we go" is Haz Mat's motto. Larry Priska, responsible for research, is on the phone with the incident commander, whose men are at the scene fighting the fire. The commander called Haz Mat in. There are strange-smelling fumes and he is worried: It might be a mercury spill.

Haz Mat tries to get as much information as possible before arriving on the scene. Sometimes they have only the color of a vapor or its smell to go on. As the sirens scream, Priska continues his research. The fire is on a ship below deck. There are small arms and ammunition aboard. Crisci takes out the explosives meter as Oliveri readies the oxygen indicator. Priska keeps the phone to his ear as he puts on his coat. Everyone seems surprisingly calm.

The Navy Yard is a mass of criss-crossed fire hoses. There are 15 fire trucks, 80 firemen, several police cars, and men with walkie-talkies everywhere. The gray Navy ship, equipped with anti-aircraft missiles, sits high in dry dock. Haz Mat's crew gathers around Lieutenant Buell, like baseball players around their coach. If suits are necessary, four men will put them on: a two-man entry team and a two-man backup team. The entry team will go into the hot zone, the backup team will stay in the decontamination zone, and everyone else will remain in the clean zone. The officer in charge waits in the clean zone, using binoculars and walkie-talkies to direct the team. They would have air for one hour, but the heat and exertion could cut that in half. Afterward, everything must be decontaminated, and the men will have to go to the hospital to have their blood and livers checked out.

As they walk toward the ship, one man says, "I don't like to go below deck. There's no way out."

Twenty minutes later the men return. Fortunately, the spill was a minor one and the odor has dissipated. The unit returns to headquarters to await the next alarm.

Haz Mat goes everywhere: on ships, to airports, and up skyscrapers. If the traffic is heavy, and the substance dangerous, they grab their suits and tools and helicopters pick them up to fly them to the disaster. In a world of ever-increasing danger from the poisons that surround us, units like Haz Mat are as vital to our national security as are the Marines. And considering the Mafia's involvement with the toxic waste business (see *Penthouse*, December 1984), these men are also organized-crime fighters of the highest caliber.

(Previous spread) New York City Fire Department Hazardous Materials Company No. 1. (Far left) Recruits at the Los Angeles County Fire Department Training School. (Above left, middle, right) Fire fighters in positive-pressure suits. (Above) Controlling a "flashover"—a fire whose chemical buildup can cause a lethal explosion.

If you

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

14. TULANE

After finishing 3-8 last year—the school's third-straight losing season—Tulane abruptly dumped Head Coach Wally English and hired 33-year-old Mack Brown to guide its football fortunes. Brown's forte is offense (he was Oklahoma's offensive coordinator last fall), and he's certainly got his work cut out for him: In '84, the Green Wave scored just 20 touchdowns. Returning quarterbacks Ken Karcher and David McLaughlin accounted for 12 of them via the pass, but they also completed less than 50 percent of their attempts and were intercepted 23 times. Mike Jones, the team's leading ballcarrier, graduated in June, and spring practices ended without an obvious successor stepping forward to claim the starting tailback position. Tulane gave up 25 points a game in '84, and was so easy to run against that most opponents didn't even bother passing the ball. They will this season, however, for the Green Wave's secondary features three new faces. Don't be too surprised if the New Orleans school resorts to its famous Blanche Du Bois/*Streetcar Named Desire* defense, which has always relied on the kindness of strangers. Unfortunately, opponents like Florida State, Georgia, Kentucky, and L.S.U. are no strangers and don't plan to oblige.

15. INDIANA

Last year's Hoosiers folded in close games and were subsequently spindled and mutilated on their way to an 0-11 season. Second-year head coach Bill Mallory still can't believe his guys lost seven games by eight points or less, but he'll get over it as soon as he adjusts to the way things are done in Bloomington. Losers though they may be, the Hoosiers have a fairly proficient offense. Senior quarterback Steve Bradley already has broken the school's single-season and career passing records, and he's got a pair of fine receivers in Ernie Jones and Dave Lilja. The team's top three ballcarriers will also be back, so I.U. should improve its 16-point-per-game scoring average of '84. The big question: Will the Hoosiers' defensive unit finally stop opponents from scoring more than 30 points a game? The big answer: No. Indiana lost a half-dozen starting defenders to graduation, and begins the season with a secondary that's greener than AstroTurf. The Hoosiers will again take it on the chin, but given the law of averages and some of last year's close scores, they'll probably win a couple of games this fall.

16. NAVY

The U.S. Naval Academy capped off its 4-6-1 season of a year ago with a 28–11 loss to the U.S. Military Academy, which really bummed out Navy brass. Get used to it, sailors, 'cause it's going to happen again. In fact, Navy's going to be all at sea throughout the current season. The Middies' so-so defensive unit loses just two hands to active duty, but on offense, the only returning starters are quarterback Bill Byrne and tailback Napoleon McCallum. Both are quality players, and both are coming back off injuries. In eight games last year, Byrne passed for an academy-record 11 touchdowns. McCallum, an All-American in '83 when he rushed for 144 yards per game, injured an ankle early last season and was granted an extra year of eligibility. For his two stars to shine, Head Coach Gary Tranquill has to build an effective offensive line from scratch. That's too much to hope for even at a school like Nebraska, let alone the Naval Academy.

17. MEMPHIS STATE

Having been absent from this feature for the last two years, Memphis State now seems ready to reclaim its rightful place in the 20 Worst. The Tigers finished 5-5-1 in '84, but this season, second-year head coach Rey Dempsey has to replace six offensive and five defensive starters, many of whom were star performers. On offense, Dempsey's losses include All-American tackle Tim Long; tackle Jack

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

smoke
please try Carlton.

Oliver, the '84 Senior Bowl's Most Valuable Offensive Lineman; and All-Metro Conference running back Punkin Williams, who averaged a remarkable 6.1 yards each time he carried the ball. With a diminished running attack likely, quarterback Danny Sparkman will be on the spot to upgrade his '84 stats of seven touchdown passes, ten interceptions, and 1,315 air yards for the season. On defense, All-American cornerback Derrick Burroughs, All-Metro Conference cornerback Donnie Elder, and fellow defensive back Chip Bowers have all used up their eligibility, and that poses an enormous problem, for M.S.U. had the nation's fourth-best pass defense last season. Not coincidentally, the Tigers held opponents to 16 points a game. They won't this year.

18. KANSAS STATE

Kansas State has become so desperate for victories that this year's nonconference schedule is studded with stooges like Northern Iowa, North Texas State, and Wichita State. The Wildcats themselves, of course, are stooges for almost all of their Big Eight rivals. In games against Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Oklahoma State last fall, the 3-7-1 Wildcats were outscored 181–47. K.S.U.'s defense returns almost intact, which may or may not be a blessing: The Wildcats gave up 330 points last fall. K.S.U.'s offense countered with only six passing and six rushing touchdowns. All-American junior-college quarterback Mark McCray may well fill the void caused by the graduation of Stan Weber, but unless Head Coach Jim Dickey joins the twentieth century, McCray's stats won't matter much. In '84, Wildcat receivers caught a mere 97 passes for just 1,091 yards. K.S.U.'s running game was equally anemic: The team's three leading ballcarriers gained a total of less than 1,000 yards. It's hard to be ruthless when your offense is toothless.

19. CALIFORNIA

Former NFL quarterback Joe Kapp has been very testy lately. When California tumbled to a 2-9 record last fall, it marked Kapp's first losing season as a head coach, and he has no intention of letting it happen again. Kapp is all competitive fire and indomitable will, but even Vince Lombardi couldn't win without talented, experienced players. Neither can Kapp. Strong-armed passer Gale Gilbert and four other offensive starters have graduated, and they'll be missed. Sophomore Brian Bedford, a wide receiver in '84, will take over at quarterback, and if he doesn't have Gilbert's accuracy, at least he'll be able to run away from trouble. Senior fullback Ed Barbero, Cal's leading rusher last year with 554 yards, will be joined in the backfield by high school All-American Marc Hicks. If Hicks plays up to his press clippings, the Golden Bears' offense won't again be such a pointless pursuit. Last year's Bad News Bears scored less than 14 points a game and gave up 24 against a slightly easier array of opponents than they're about to take on. All of which indicates that by this time next year, Kapp's *really* going to be a pain in the butt.

20. MISSISSIPPI

After going 4-6-1 last season, University of Mississippi Head Coach Billy Brewer said: "With the experience gained the last two seasons, especially in the offensive line, we should have some depth." If that's true, the Rebels may finally have a running game, and they'll need it. Otherwise, expect Ole Miss to live by the pass and die by the pass. Mississippi's potent air attack is directed by quarterback Kent Austin, who completed 58.6 percent of his attempts en route to rolling up 1,889 air yards in '84. Unfortunately, Ole Miss doesn't have a pass defense. Last year's entire defensive secondary is gone, and with the additional graduations of All-American defensive end Freddie Joe Nunn, tackle Bob Blakemore, and nose guard Terry Williamson, Mississippi will be none too sturdy against the run, either. Until they reinforce themselves defensively, the Rebels will continue to march backward.

CHIROPRACTIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

ropractors was that the AMA had deceived Congress and the public by secretly and illegally prejudicing a congressionally mandated "objective study" on Medicare reimbursement for chiropractic. The AMA argued in court that, like any other group of citizens, it had a right to petition Congress, and that any such actions on its part would not fall under the purview of the Sherman Antitrust Act.

The judge hearing the case, U.S. District Court Judge Nicolas J. Bua, sided with the interpretation urged by the defense, and instructed the jury that, even if it believed the AMA wanted to prevent chiropractic inclusion in Medicare, it must ignore all evidence presented by the plaintiffs that the AMA had acted *illegally* in its attempts to bias the study.

Following Judge Bua's instructions, on January 30, 1980, the jury found the defendants not guilty of violating the Sherman Antitrust Act. (The case did not deal with violations of any other laws.) Maintaining their objections to Judge Bua's interpretation, the five plaintiffs appealed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit.

On September 19, 1983, this court ruled that the instructions given to the jury had been inadequate, and sent the case back to the lower courts for retrial. In doing so, it commented that the evidence presented at the trial, if believed by the jury, was sufficient to support a finding that there had been a conspiracy among all of the defendants in violation of antitrust law. So the purpose of a new trial would be merely to evaluate the credibility of the five chiropractors' evidence.

When the case returned to district court, the parties were informed that it might take a year or two before the case would come to trial again. The trial judge suggested the contestants use that time to explore out-of-court settlements.

Since then, the chiropractors have been negotiating with all the defendants in good faith. Prior to this year's Illinois State Medical Society agreement, they had already reached settlements with two smaller professional associations—the American Osteopathic Association and the physician members of the American Academy of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, whose practitioners are known as physiatrists (fizzy-AT-rists).

Still holding out are the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons, the American Hospital Association, the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, the American College of Radiologists, the American College of Surgeons, and the American College of Physicians. Until these powerful organizations yield, chiropractors are unlikely to gain the right to treat their acutely ill patients in hospitals. But the fact that the Illinois State Medical Society is no longer willing to defend the AMA's policy concerning chiropractic may help turn the tide in favor of the plaintiffs—and in favor of the patients who anxiously await a decision that will allow their medical doctors to begin cooperating with chiropractors.

I am sharing the highlights of this case because I think it is important for everyone to be informed about how our healthcare delivery system works, and how a powerful, private professional organization sought, for the purpose of enhancing its economic status at the expense of a competing profession and of the public, to manipulate delivery of a service the public relies on to sustain its very health.

I have no doubt that many doctors of honesty and integrity, who until now have been unimpressed by what they know of chiropractic, will be as offended by some of this evidence as long-term supporters of chiropractic are. No citizen enjoys the spectacle of leaders in a highly respected field blatantly manipulating elected officials, and no conscientious health professional wants to be denied access to valid scientific studies presenting information that might benefit his or her patients.

> Evidence strongly suggests that the AMA had, for over 20 years, systematically attempted to undermine, isolate, and eliminate chiropractic.

OBTAINING THE EVIDENCE

In 1963, the AMA announced the formation of its Committee on Quackery. It quickly became apparent that chiropractors were the committee's main target, as a series of closed meetings it sponsored around the country issued a flood of press releases condemning chiropractic.

There was little the chiropractors could do about this, other than try to defend the integrity of their profession to the public. After all, the AMA had a constitutional right to express its opinion, right or wrong—subject, of course, to libel and slander laws.

Then, in 1972, a book called *In The Public Interest* was published, bearing the byline of William Trevor. The book contained what purported to be internal AMA memoranda. One of the memoranda talked about a program to "contain and eliminate chiropractic." The authenticity of the document was not confirmed by the AMA.

Two years later, in 1974, an anonymous source humorously nicknaming him or herself "Sore Throat"—possibly the same person who compiled the documents included in the book—supplied packages of AMA documents on many subjects to the U.S. Senate, the House of Representatives, and the U.S. Postal Service. Copies were also sent to *The New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and others. The documents included purported internal AMA memoranda on the AMA's attitude toward chiropractors.

One of the documents in particular led chiropractors to begin discussing among themselves the possibility of bringing antitrust litigation against the AMA. That was the alleged AMA Board of Trustees document I quoted earlier. It states explicitly that the primary purpose of the Committee on Quackery was to first contain and then eliminate the profession of chiropractic in the United States.

Nor were chiropractors the only ones questioning whether the AMA's activities were legal. As a result of the release of the documents, a congressman asked the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) to determine whether the AMA was in contravention of the Sherman Antitrust Act, and if it was, why the FTC had not taken action against the AMA. Eventually, the issue was again quietly dropped.

Encouraged, on the whole, by these developments, a group of chiropractors and their supporters—despite the enormous risk of tackling a powerful, wealthy institution like the AMA, which can use its vast resources to influence public opinion and pay for lengthy, expensive litigation—decided to pursue the matter. They formed the National Chiropractic Antitrust Committee. Its purpose was to raise funds for any chiropractors who might want to challenge, in court, the AMA and the other medical organizations campaigning against chiropractic.

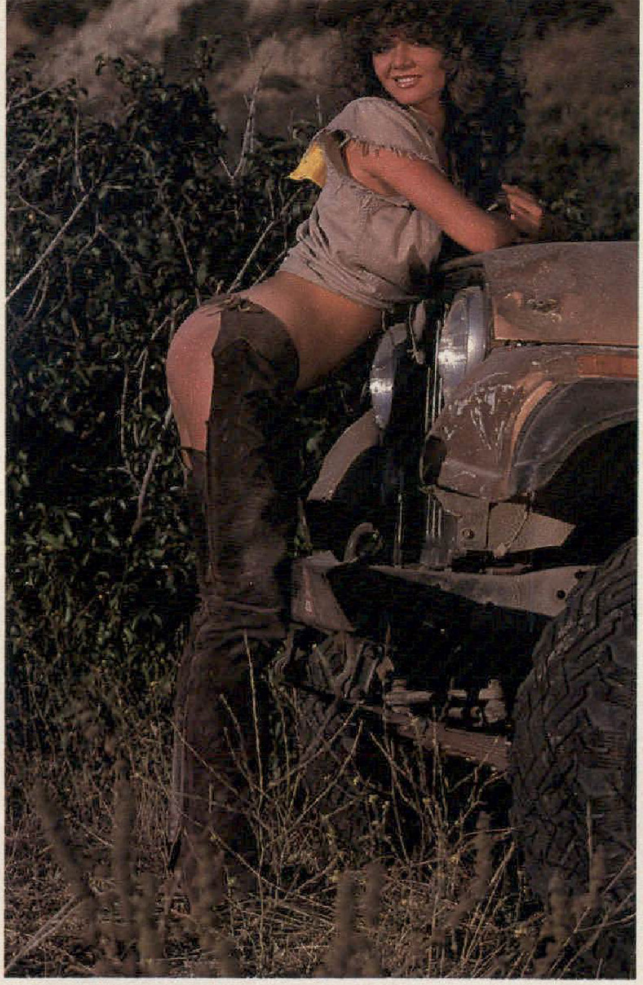
Any chiropractors who joined such a suit would have to have been substantially injured in specific, well-defined, overt acts by the AMA or any other defendant. Moreover, anyone participating in the lawsuit would have to be willing to inconvenience their patients and ask each one for permission to allow the AMA and other defendants to pore through his or her confidential records. The chiropractors would have to turn over to the defendants all of their financial data, their income tax returns, etc. In addition, they would have to be willing to sacrifice many months in helping to trace the defendants' activities, examining documents, and submitting to prolonged deposition proceedings—legal interrogations by defense lawyers in the presence of a court reporter. They would have to travel across the country for court dates, and—perhaps least inconvenient—spend whatever time was necessary in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

FREE AGENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

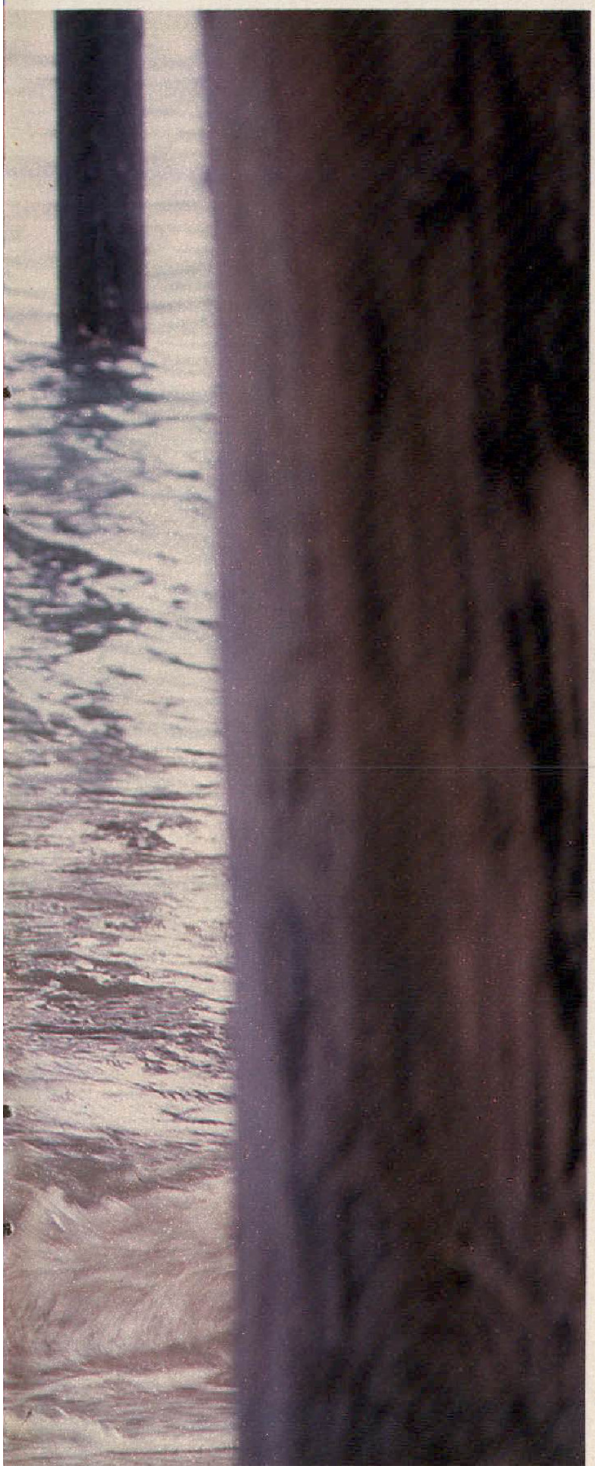
October Pet of the Month Jennifer James, a splendidly nubile 19-year-old, is an erotic movie star of the first magnitude. Already, at the peak of her acting career, she's become a doubly free agent. First, she broke off with her longtime manager and lover. ("He can manage for himself," she quips.)

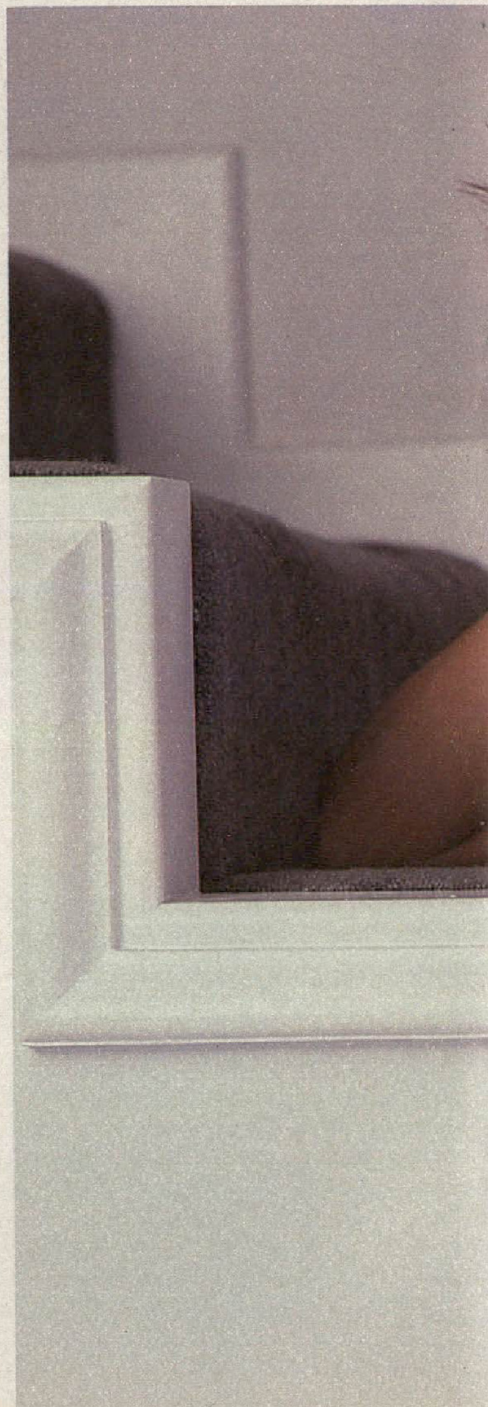


"I'm an exhibitionist. And it's a thrill to see a whole crew of men get excited. . . ."

JENNIFER

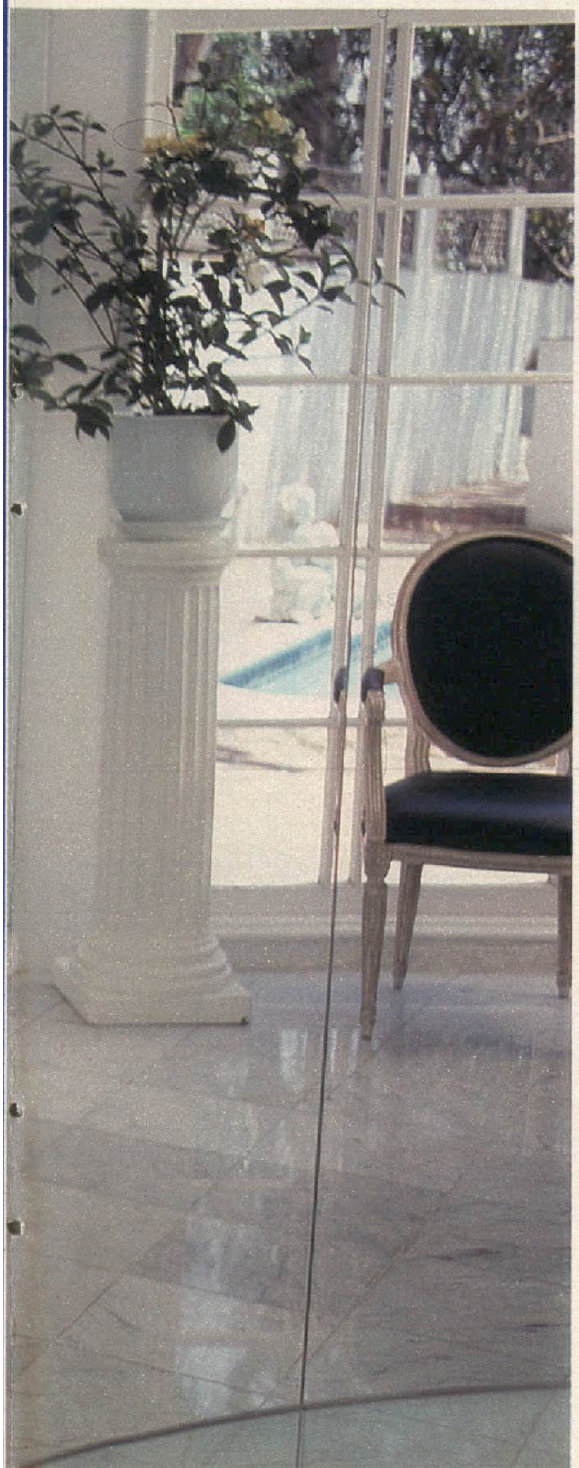
Second, this precocious star of the West will soon head East, to do high-fashion modeling in Japan. Her favorite hobby is buying and modeling clothes—especially for men who yearn to tear them off. Japan's exotic image intrigues her, but so do exotic adventures in Manhattan, her own backyard. "Recently, on a whim, I entered a female-lingerie contest at a local club."





"The prize was $75, and I won it!"
Small change for Jennifer, but the thrill of victory
made up for it. Starring in films like *L'Amour*,
Hotblooded, and the just-released *Too Naughty to*
Say No, produced by photographer
Suze Randall, is a greater thrill, of course.

Though her stage name is Angel, she admits she's more of a devil. "I'm an exhibitionist. And it's an unbelievable turn-on to see a whole crew of men get excited!" Regardless, she plans to retire soon and enroll in college, majoring in business and law. Then, later, do legitimate film and theater work.



Romantically, this spunky German-Irish native of an Upstate New York hamlet, Jamestown (*not* named after her), intends to float free, except for the occasional brief encounter. Like the one she had with the muscular male stripper who proved to her he wasn't gay . . . all night long.

Makeup by Cristina Marcu and Michael Bohrer; styling by Cristina Marcu and Stephen Brandon; photography assistant: Robert Furst

Men with staying power turn her on; so do
sexy women, now and then. Like one steamy night
with her ex and her very best girlfriend.
"Women are very sensual, there's so much sensitivity
and softness. No wonder men like us so much!"

Jennifer likes repeat performances—three or four times a day, when her schedule permits. "Luckily, being sexy for the camera doesn't make it any less fun!"

MISS JENNIFER JAMES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS JENNIFER JAMES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

He likes opera.
She likes soaps.
Georges Bizet
Carmen
But there's one taste they agree on.
BENSON & HEDGES 100's
LIGHTS
Benson & Hedges
America's Favorite 100.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1985
10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

"The Miss America Pageant has undertaken to conceal legs and expose brains, and look what happened—Vanessa Williams! The Pageant and Williams deserve each other. It's difficult to figure which excels in hypocrisy."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY VENUS RAMEY

The author, Miss America 1944, is a farmer, real estate developer, former newspaper publisher, humorist, and philosopher who has come to the conclusion that men are superior to women. In view of her age, *Penthouse* paid Miss Ramey to keep her clothes on.

ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW COUNTERFEIT QUEENS

Here it is—Miss America time again, when bathing beauties from all over the country converge on the pulchritudinous gristmill of Atlantic City like the annual swarm of buzzards on Hinckley, Ohio. Once again, scores of writers and pundits will tish-tish about the deplorable state of a society that debases itself by choosing beauty queens. Perhaps, some will say, it is the American way of poking fun at, or even imitating, European royalty. Other commentators will see the Pageant as a way in which we indulge our childhood fantasies of Cinderella becoming a princess, while those of a historical bent will note that since other societies pay homage to comely young females, the beauty contest could harken back to some primeval, sparsely populated tribes that celebrated the fountainhead of life springing forth in the female body, assuring one and all that here was another walking incubator with which to propagate the species, aside from providing fun and games.

The reality of the situation is slightly more mundane. The Miss America Pageant started innocuously enough as a stunt by Atlantic City businessmen to make some extra bucks by attracting tourists to stay past Labor Day. Little did they realize that their fledgling 1921 contest would become the granddaddy of them all, inspiring thousands of others throughout the world.

The most puzzling thing about the Pageant, to many observers, is how the contest officialdom could live so near to cosmopolitan New York City and yet, in the vernacular of George M. Cohan, be such "rubes." I broke with the Pageant shortly after I won the 1944 Miss America title because of what I considered their management naïveté. After I rebelled against questionable conditions imposed on me involving a nationwide tour with a Pageant sponsor, there was great pressure exerted on the judges to dethrone me. But most of the judges that year were experts in beauty and high fashion, with impeccable reputations to uphold. Although they had to contend with heavy lobbying against me and in favor of another contestant, they informed Pageant officials that I had won the title because they thought I deserved it—and they would not take it away from me. But the whole experience was an unpleasant eye-opener to a 19-year-old girl who had long dreamed of being named Miss America. And it would appear that things since have only gone downhill.

For instance: Under the guise of uplifting the Pageant's image from being a leg show (which, after all, is what made it so successful), Pageant officials tightened control of winners, judges, and money. So in the new, uplifted Pageant, college attendance became obligatory. Scholarships replaced the monetary contributions that had previously been paid directly by the sponsors to the winners. Corporations poured thousands of dollars into the nonprofit scholarship

coffers, realizing a tax-break bonanza.

Then there is the Great Swimsuit Controversy—something that probably reveals more about the people who run the Pageant than swimsuits reveal about the contestants themselves. The Catalina company had been a longtime sponsor of the Miss America Pageant, furnishing free swim wear to all contestants and a cash prize to the winner each year. Beginning in 1951, the Pageant refused to allow winners to be photographed in swimsuits. Catalina could hardly advertise their beach attire by displaying a picture of a Miss America wearing an evening gown, no matter how shiny the crown and scepter. So Catalina became a Miss Universe Pageant sponsor.

But there was more here than met the eye. Catalina had furnished "panel" suits, with small skirts stretched across the front, designed to obscure the crotch. In my opinion, this type of construction concealed a multitude of sins, like adventurous pubic hair, etc., and was more ladylike and complimentary to a woman's figure than any swim wear designed before or since. Others here thought differently, however.

Albert A. Marks, Jr., the present executive director of the Pageant, seems to feel that college girls are somehow above exposing their limbs and sauntering down runways so disrobed, and that pressure from these puritanical young ladies will, in fact, eventually terminate the swimsuit competition altogether. (One has to wonder, incidentally, if Mr. Marks has ever observed the attire of today's college girls on beaches or, for that matter, on their own campuses!)

One journalist wrote that panel suits "had the disconcerting property of riveting attention right to the crotch; Albert Marks himself muses that he doubts whether the most revealing two-piece bikinis in the land produce, per capita, the random lascivious thoughts occasioned by panels." This, to me, is an amazing observation. In today's Pageant-approved swimsuits, with no front panels, undulating labia majora visibly crease the crotches with each step. I don't wonder that some girls feel sensitive about parading in them, especially those sporting protuberant labia majora.

But whatever the illusion and the reality may be, the Miss America Pageant has undertaken to conceal legs and expose brains, and look what happened—Vanessa Williams! The Pageant and Williams deserve each other; it's difficult to figure which excels in hypocrisy.

It was a great day in Atlantic City when Williams, the first black woman to win the crown, cleansed the Pageant of its racist aura. Williams was quoted as saying, "Ideally, a black Miss America could be a role model for all young women in America, not just minorities." Some role model! We learned, of course, nearly a year later, that although the 20-year-old Syracuse University coed was all too happy to accept the Miss America title (and the dough, naturally), she failed to reveal that she and another woman had turned up their nude fannies in suggestive lesbian positions to a local photographer . . . and also neglected to tell of strapping her nude body in leather and posing, in handcuffs, for another photographer.

Perhaps Williams surmised that since no Miss America had made it big in show business by maintaining a decorous image, when her nudity was finally exposed she would make it big through shocking imagery. But, alas, nudity is nothing new in show business, and stripteases date back to the days of Salome, if not before.

If you were a publisher and a photographer brought pictures of a nude Miss America to you, you would react precisely as Bob Guccione did—you'd publish them. But he did more than that. Sympathetic toward this none-too-bright tomato forced to abdicate her title, Guccione offered her a job touring the country publicizing *Penthouse*, to make up for the money she would lose from Pageant sponsors. But, biting the hand that was attempting to feed her, she is now suing *Penthouse*. In the words of one Bill Shakespeare, she was "hoist on her own petard," that is, she fell in her own (pardon the expression) shit—aside from flunking the "role model for all young women in America" test.

One would think that the Pageant hierachy, instead of wallowing in sanctimonious indignation, would have capitalized on the Vanessa Williams affair and turned a potential scandal to their benefit. Their TV ratings had drastically declined and their viewing audience was top-heavy with children and elderly women. But after some vehement teeth-gnashing, hand-wringing, and stance-striking, it was back to business as usual in Atlantic City.

Today's Pageant is just a giant promotional vehicle, devoid of any wholesome, creative spontaneity. When I won, artifice would automatically disqualify contestants. Nowadays, girls are resorting to artificial tanning, dental bonding, hairpieces, false eyelashes, false fingernails, padded busts and hips, and bobbed noses. Caught in the rain, part of them could fall off—or at least start squeaking.

This end-justifies-any-means attitude is embodied in the observation of one state-contest chairman, known for guiding his entrants through the most minute details: "You can't win the Kentucky Derby with a jackass. We want to send a thoroughbred to Atlantic City. Who cares if she has some silicone put in her? All we care about is the finished product."

Will honesty and integrity ever make a comeback at the Pageant? Will Albert A. Marks, Jr., recover from the shock of discovering what contestants wear at beaches and college campuses? Will Miss America be able to conceal her labia majora? Tune in next year, same time, same place!

CHIROPRACTIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

courtroom. Needless to say, such activities would force them to leave their practices for long periods of time, costing them substantial income and, possibly, patients—with no guarantee that their sacrifices would win the case.

Despite these difficulties, by 1976, five chiropractors who met the requirements and were fed up with their treatment at the hands of the AMA and those under its influence had asked to initiate ligitation. The five were Dr. Chester A. Wilk of Chicago; Dr. Patricia Arthur, at that time of Estes Park, Colorado; Dr. Steven Lumsden, then practicing in Newbury, Michigan; Dr. Michael Pedigo of San Leandro, California; and Dr. James Bryden of Sedalia, Missouri.

THE CHIROPRACTORS' COMPLAINT

On October 12, 1976, the five chiropractors filed a 38-page complaint in the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, located in Chicago, where most of the country's national medical organizations are headquartered.

Their charges, very briefly, included the following:

- That the AMA had attempted to contain and eliminate chiropractic.
- That it had cooperated and worked with the other defendants for the common goal of boycotting chiropractors—to totally isolate them from other members of the health-care community.
- That the AMA attempted to prejudice government studies on chiropractic.
- That, operating through private organizations, it barred chiropractors from access to public facilities such as hospitals and universities.
- That it urged and abetted insurance companies to deny chiropractic patients coverage.

The legal process of discovery—the issuance of subpoenas, the tracing of the claimed conspiracy, the examination of hundreds of thousands of documents—took the next five years and involved travel to 34 states and the taking of some 160 sworn depositions. Finally, on December 8, 1980, the trial began.

THE AMA CALLS CHIROPRACTIC A "CULT"

The evidence presented at the trial indicated that by 1963, when the AMA started its Committee on Quackery, it was well aware that chiropractic had become the second-largest health-care delivery system in the United States. The "mixed chiropractors" had broadened their appeal by including nutritional counseling and other modalities of treatment among the therapies they offered.

The AMA was alarmed at the chiropractors' growing ability to compete for the loyalty of patients. It did a study to find out how best to "contain and eliminate" the growth of chiropractic in America, and concluded that the most important strategy was to isolate chiropractors from other health-care providers and from public facilities such as hospitals. This would not be easy: Many medical physicians and chiropractors, particularly in rural America, freely referred and consulted back and forth.

The AMA began by instructing its state societies to remind their members that its Principles of Medical Ethics required a practice of medicine based on science, and that it was unethical to deal with any unscientific practitioner or with a "member of a cult."

This action was not effective because, at that time, the only practitioners the Principles of Medical Ethics had been interpreted to ban were osteopaths, optometrists, and podiatrists. Osteopaths are trained to put much more emphasis on the musculoskeletal system than medical physicians are. Optometrists compete with M.D. eye specialists called opthalmologists. Optometrists can hardly be called "unscientific," since optometry is based on the laws of optical physics, but that didn't stop the AMA from banning professional cooperation. And podiatrists compete with orthopedic surgeons for patients with foot problems.

> Although many people have the impression that chiropractors operate illicitly, the fact is that chiropractic is a state-licensed health-care profession.

The new economic threat, chiropractic, was not mentioned by name in subsequent interpretations of the Principles of Medical Ethics. So, in 1966, the AMA drafted a policy statement on the subject. Its wording was designed to apply a passage of the Principles of Medical Ethics directly to chiropractors. The statement's opening sentence reads: "It is the position of the medical profession that chiropractic is an 'unscientific cult' whose practitioners lack the necessary training and background to diagnose and treat human disease." Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that the AMA felt called upon to define medical ethics not just for its own members, but, as the statement says, for the medical profession as a whole. The crucial words in the policy statement, "unscientific" and "cult," made it unethical for a medical physician to voluntarily associate professionally in any capacity with a chiropractor.

This prohibition was far-reaching and total. It included teaching, lecturing, accepting referrals from, referring patients to, consulting with, sharing a practice with, jointly treating or cooperating with a chiropractor in the care of a patient, allowing hospital privileges to a chiropractor, and having virtually any kind of professional communication. M.D.s were to boycott chiropractors totally. The AMA hoped that, without collective sharing of knowledge and facilities with other health professions, chiropractic would—and here again, I quote from an internal document presented at the trial—"wither and die on the vine."

CONSEQUENCES FOR PATIENTS

The isolation of chiropractors from other health-care professionals has profoundly limited their education and the growth of their profession. The AMA has acknowledged that chiropractic was stunted by its actions—as it intended. A chiropractor was literally not allowed to communicate with a medical physician. But such communication between medical professionals is necessary, on a day-to-day basis and as a matter of course, for the sake of patients' welfare. For example, if a family practitioner sends a patient to a gastroenterologist or a cardiologist, he or she expects a report back on the disposition of that patient's care—or at least to be aware of the patient's continuing medical history. Imagine a family practitioner not receiving any report from a patient's cardiologist on the details of, say, a heart operation! Subsequent treatment of the patient could amount to dangerous groping in the dark.

Yet chiropractors, who are sometimes their patients' primary health-care providers, were denied this routine courtesy. If a patient goes to a chiropractor and says, "I had some back surgery 20 years ago," the chiropractor would like to be able to pick up the phone and call the surgeon and ask him to describe the back operation. "What vertebra was involved, if any? Was a cyst removed, or a disc? I intend to manipulate a certain vertebra in his back; what are your recommendations? Do you think the surgery would interfere with that procedure?"

That's a dialogue that should be carried on for the benefit of the patient. But the chiropractor was denied the right to communicate with the medical physician. Or rather, I should say, the patient was denied the benefit of that communication.

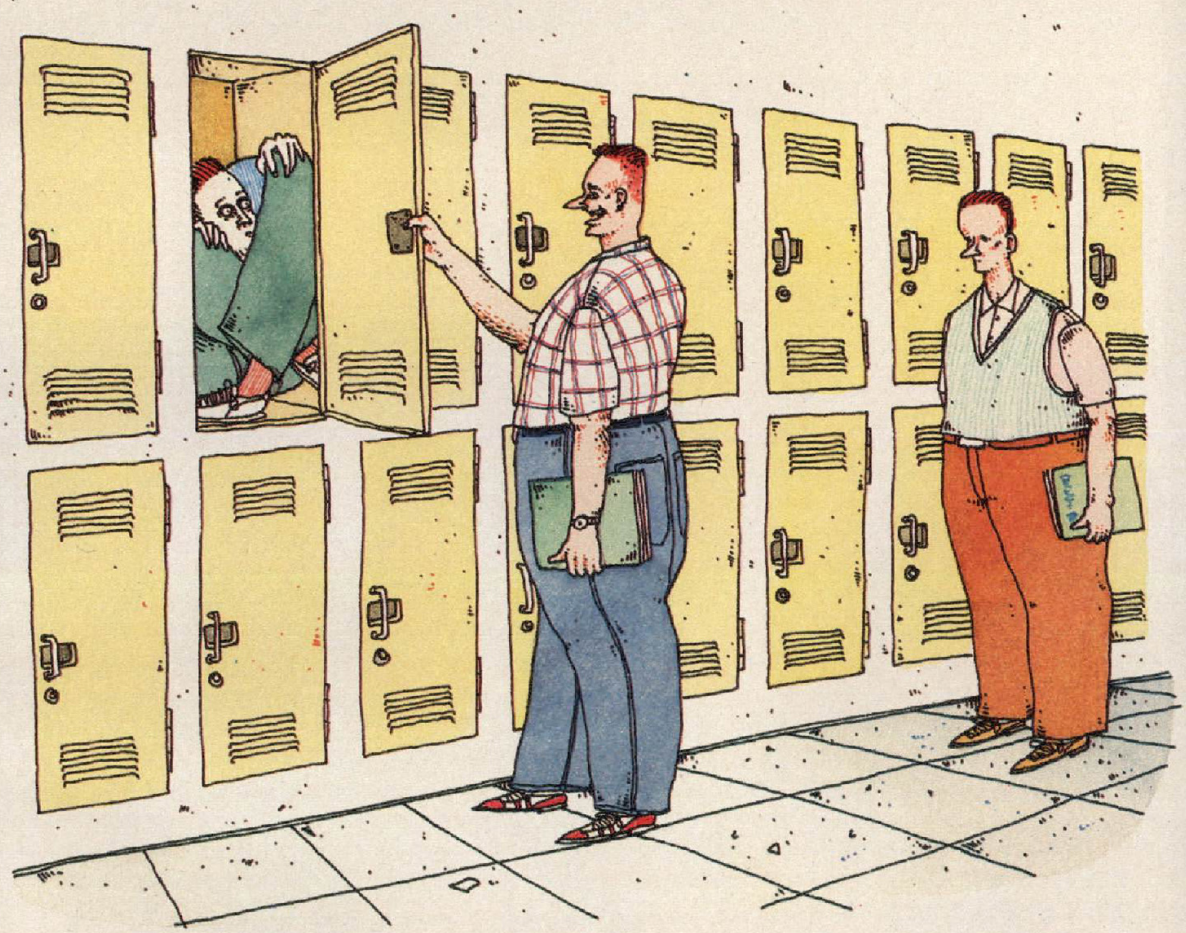
THE AMA'S MASTER PLAN

Perhaps the most telling document made public at the trial was written even before the AMA had instituted its Committee on Quackery. Dated November 11, 1962, it was drafted by Robert Throckmorton, an attorney who was at that time general

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

BACK TO SCHOOL

BY STEVE ATTOE



"Summer's over, Howard. Time to hit the books."

"Men in battle do not fight for a paycheck, the flag, or apple pie. They fight and die for each other."

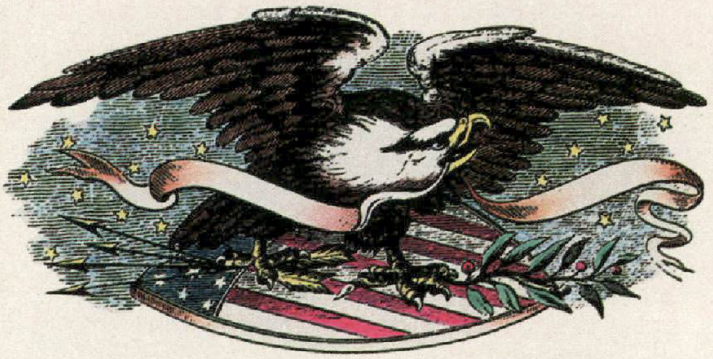
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Somewhere in the transition from technological high ground to the primeval jungles of Vietnam, America's military strategists lost sight of a fundamental truth of war: Combat is not just a particularly toxic form of shift work to which soldiers can be rotated in assembly-line fashion. Men in battle do not fight for a paycheck, the flag, or apple pie. They do not fight for Mom. Men at war fight and die for each other.

This barbed-wire bonding of men under fire—an intimacy veterans describe as deeper than that between brothers or even lovers—helps to emotionally anchor them in the brutal tempest of war. Yet a number of leading psychiatrists believe that deployment methods in Vietnam severely disrupted the profound ties that bind combat soldiers, contributing to a dramatically high rate of post-traumatic stress disorder in veterans.

In contrast to the practices of earlier wars, American soldiers in Vietnam were rotated in 12-month cycles according to personal DEROS dates (date of expected return from overseas). Though this rotation did limit combat exposure, it created a frontline merry-go-round that routinely tossed soldiers into combat units individually.

"That shuffling had the effect of turning the units upside down, keeping them in a state of constant turmoil," says Dr. David Marlowe, chief of military psychiatry at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. "As the intense friendships developed under combat stress, the rotation constantly tore them apart. There was, thus, less trust and less group support to enable a soldier to withstand the experience of war."



Veterans advocate and Purple Heart awardee Paul Desmond describes this revolving-door policy as "reverse camaraderie": "Everybody was so aware of how much time they had to serve before their DEROS date, and it was different for each soldier in the unit," says Desmond. "That was really hard on your sense of community. You would get real close to someone, and they would go home in two months while you had to stay a year. That shuffle of people coming and going—the constant partings—isolated you. You felt alone."

As a result of this breakdown in unit cohesion in Vietnam, the Army is presently conducting studies that could completely alter how American soldiers are deployed in any future conflict. In a direct departure from DEROS rotation, members of special Army "Cohort Units" are now training and serving together for their entire three-year tour.

With one tour cycle already completed, Marlowe and his fellow researchers report a familylike cohesiveness within these units. The soldiers refer to each other as "brothers." Reportedly encouraged by preliminary findings, the Army now estimates that by next year approximately ten percent of all combat arms companies will be Cohort. If they develop the same deep camaraderie and support structure, then Marlowe expects the Army to adopt the Cohort model for future deployment.

But why were the shortcomings of the DEROS rotation system not diagnosed earlier? Certainly the reports of low morale and rampant drug abuse that characterized the later stages of the Vietnam War were clear indications of an overall breakdown in unit cohesion. Some experts believe that the military waited until the symptoms became critical before questioning a deployment policy it should never have adopted.

"I'm convinced that the DEROS system was a sizable factor in the many delayed and chronic stress cases we're seeing now," says Dr. Lawrence Kolb, a psychiatrist at the Veterans Administration. "Many vets tell me that they couldn't trust new men who came on the line, or that they themselves had difficulty being thrown into already established combat units. The truth is, most of the information about the importance of group cohesion on troop morale was already known after World War II. Those lessons were either forgotten in Vietnam, or simply laid aside."

Another expert who questions the DEROS system is Dr. Theodore Litz of the Yale School of Psychiatry. As a military psychiatrist during the battle of Guadalcanal, he had seen the effect of random replacements into a combat unit: "It was catastrophic. You can't take a man and put him by himself in a line outfit: He breaks right away. A man simply has to have buddies that he can trust. A lot of us tried to bring this up during Vietnam, but we got the feeling that they didn't want us to know what was happening."

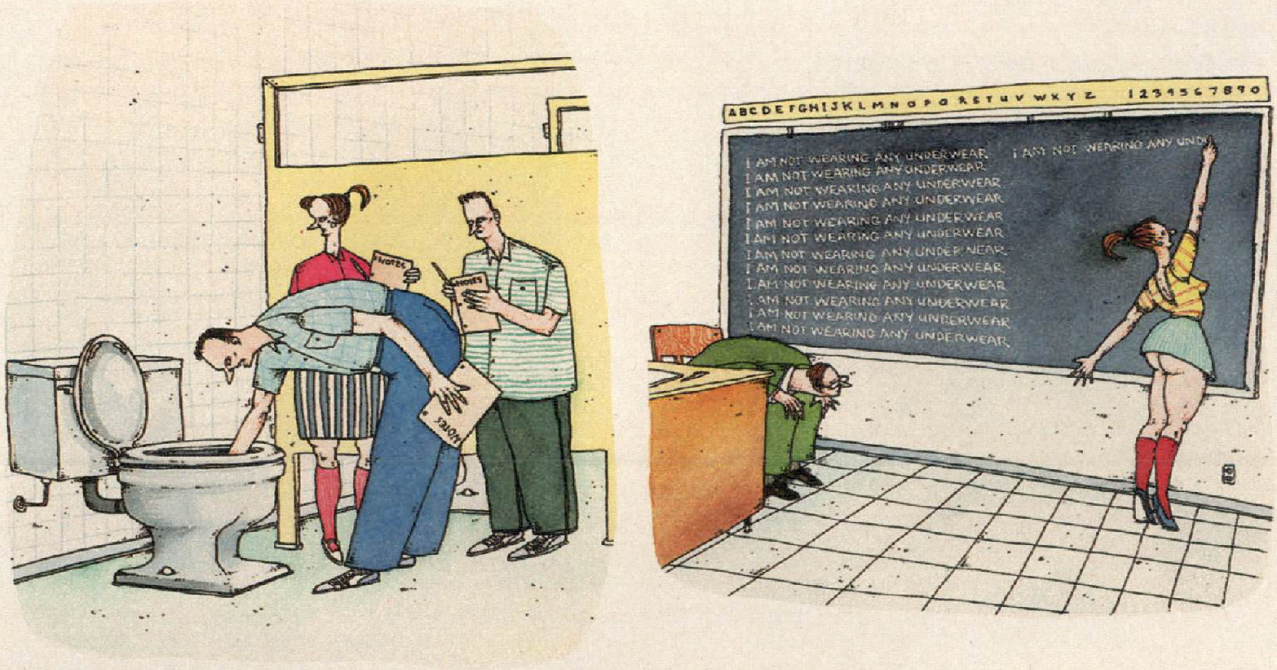
Faced with a limited war and nearly unlimited resources and mobility in Vietnam, the military was drifting further away from the cardinal principle of troop cohesion in its single-minded attempt to limit combat fatigue. It was a trade-off that began with the point system adopted in Korea, wherein American soldiers accumulated points for time served in combat units.

Yet combat fatigue remained a familiar companion to American soldiers in Vietnam. This time it was not the result of traditional artillery and aerial bombardments, but rather of trip wires and jungle ambushes. It was truly a foot soldier's war, and the helter-skelter deployment of DEROS eroded the crucial interdependence upon which foot soldiers rely for their very survival and sanity.

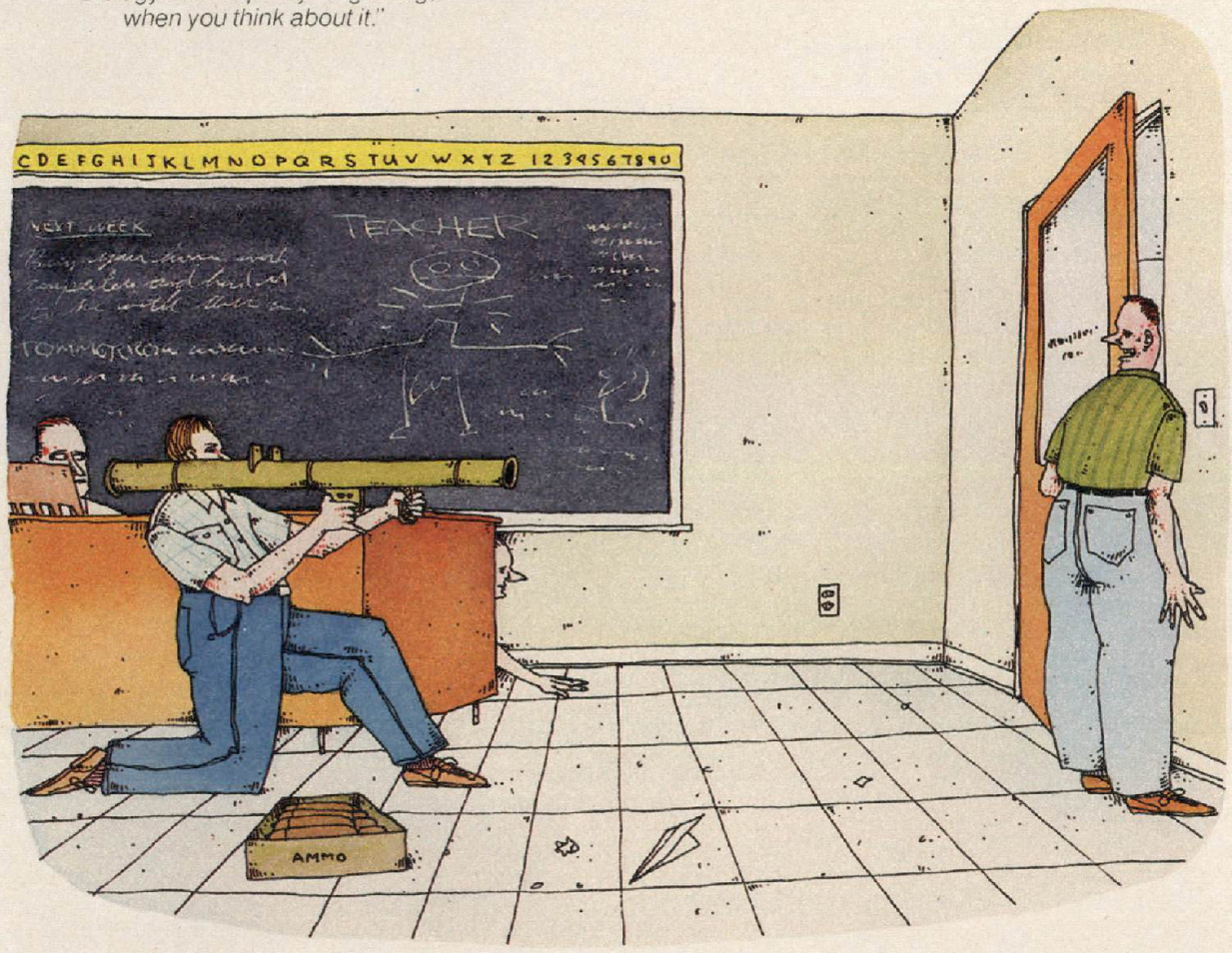
"I think we're dealing with changes in the ecology of war, and perhaps we just weren't smart enough to think about all the consequences," says Dr. Marlowe. "With the clarity of hindsight we can say that cohesion *is* the most important defense against battle stress, and that DEROS probably *was* a mistake. But no one gets to live their lives over. We just have to try and learn from Vietnam."—*James Kitfield*

"After high school I plan to settle down, marry a nice girl, raise a few kids, and peck wood in Yellowstone National Park."

"I'd like to spend the first week or two comparing tits."



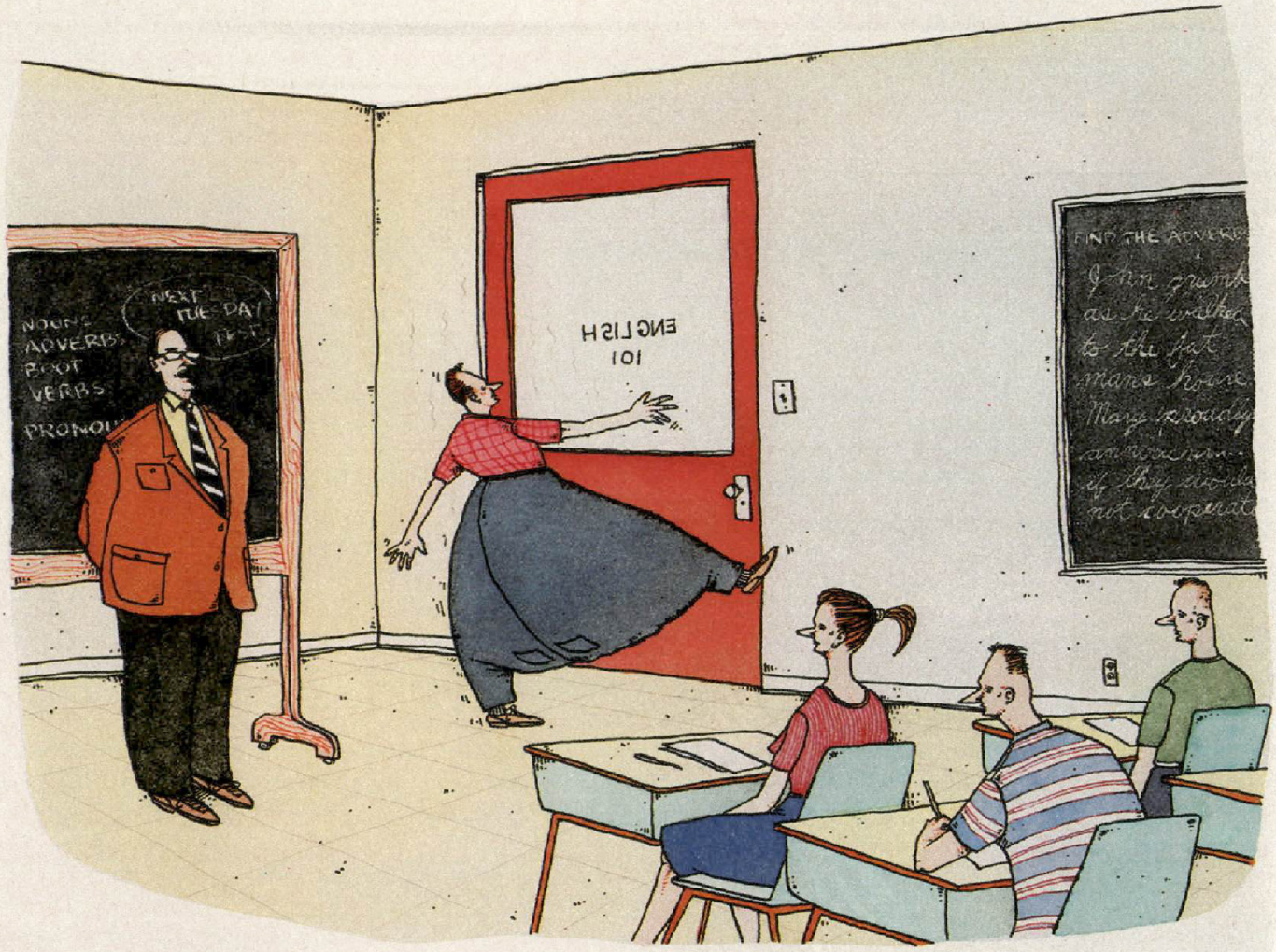
"Biology can be pretty disgusting, when you think about it."



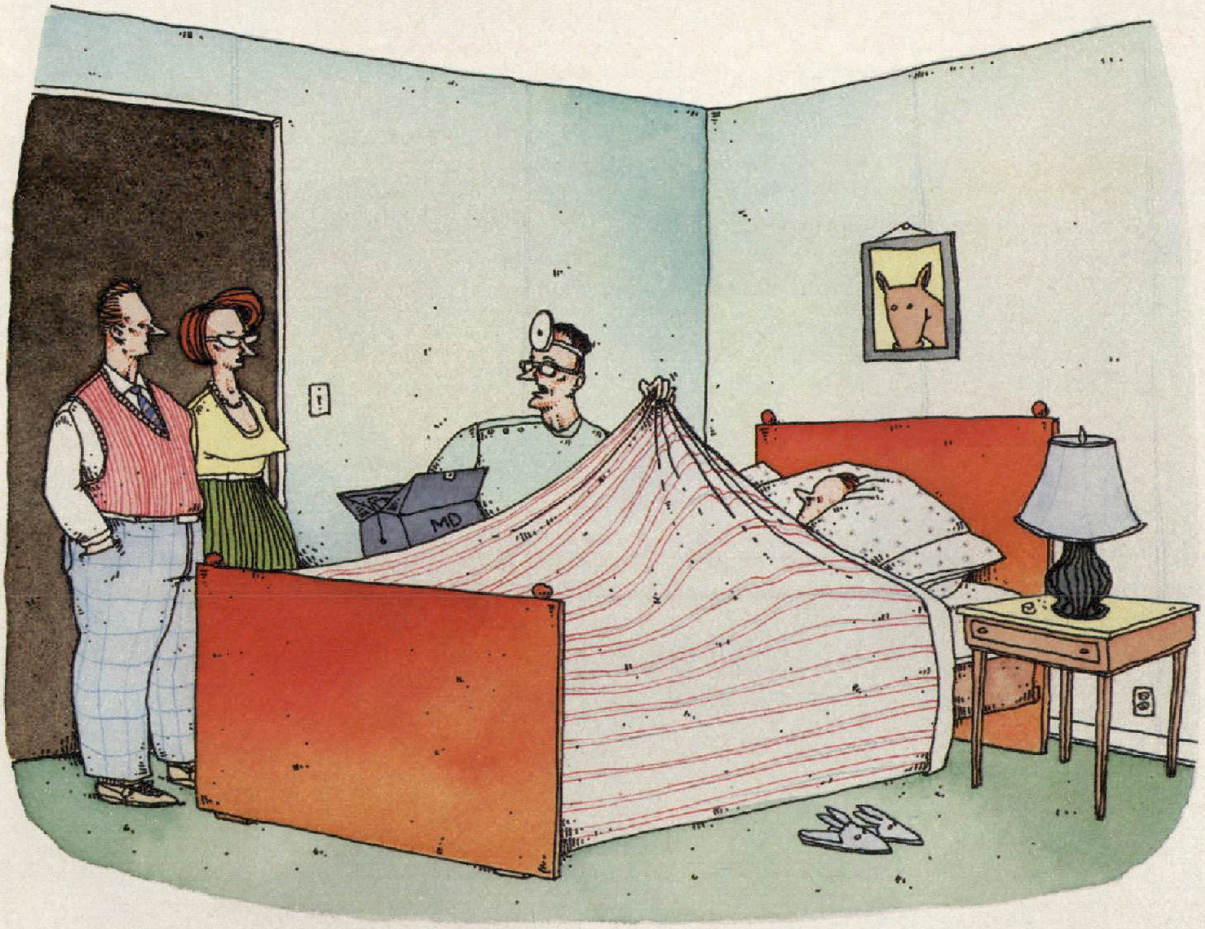
"Here he comes."

"I already have a date tonight, Ted, but if you want, you can escort me to the toilet."

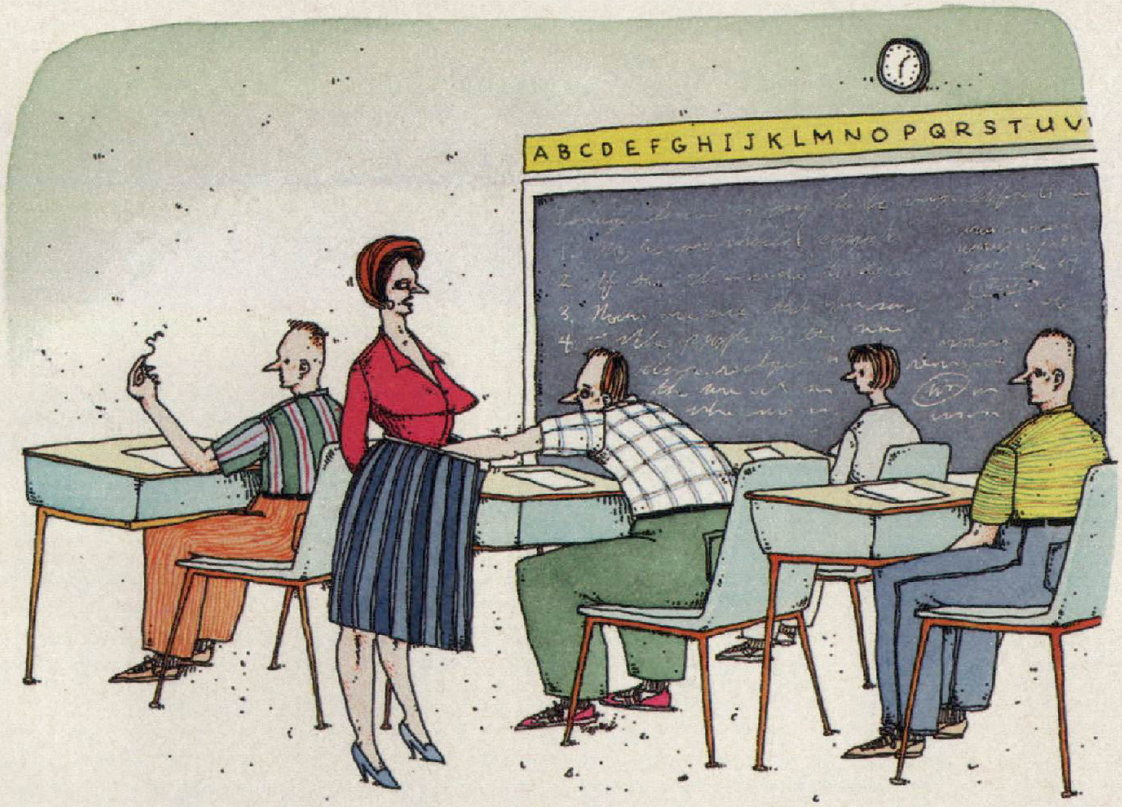
"I hear they're not going to offer this course next semester."



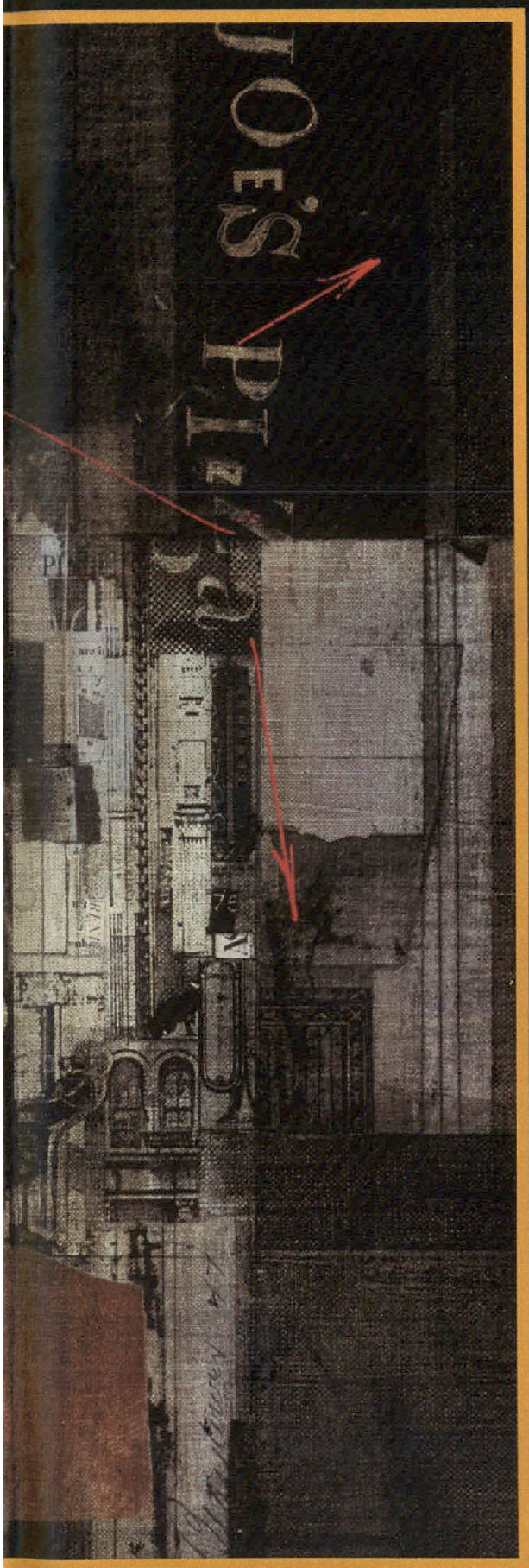
"Before we continue, is there anyone else who feels they absolutely must use the washroom?"



"His erection has subsided, but you better keep him out of school a few more days, just in case."



"Short hair has to clean the blackboards for a week."



Today's Sicilian Godfathers ruthlessly run the worldwide heroin trade. They make Don Vito Corleone look like Mahatma Gandhi.

THE NEW MAFIA

BY WILLIAM SHERMAN

On the street they call him "Twenny," short for 20/10, as in vision. He has great eyes. That's his rep. Twenny can spot a cop in uniform or undercover from a full block away, maybe two. Similarly, he can "make" a junkie, a dude, or a lady packing a real heroin habit with a closer look and a few words of conversation.

This arcane talent is the source of Twenny's income, $500 a day cash. No W-2 form. For Twenny, still a teenager, is the "stickman," a combination lookout and middleman/agent for one of New York City's more prosperous street-level heroin operations. His office is the corner of Third Street and Avenue D in Manhattan's Lower East Side, although it moves from time to time. "Three-D" is what Twenny calls his spot in this disintegrating neighborhood, which today bears a striking resemblance to ravaged Beirut.

The beauty of Twenny's job is that he is never directly exposed to the law. He never holds the dope, but rather steers customers to nearby dealers in a mostly abandoned building or, with hand signals like those used by a third-base coach, warns his partners to close down because the "blues"—the cops—are coming.

Twenny, at the street level, is the penultimate marketing man–packager in his field. With the élan of a White House appointments secretary, he directs better-known customers with stolen merchandise to a reliable fence connected to his gang. After all, many of Twenny's clients steal to support their nasty habits, and Twenny has a list in his head of the best buildings to "tap," or burgle, as well.

He is also current on the least-patrolled streets to cruise for those whose specialty is mugging, and he knows the relative merits of dope sold by other groups around Manhattan.

He calls himself a "businessman" and his dealing gang "The Corporation." Their 12-hour workday begins with a noon rush of clients featuring several Vietnam vets, fashion models, and musicians, and scores of thieves. Surprisingly, only a few have that junk-sick look: hollow-eyed, sweaty, and jumpy, for want of a fix.

The average customer spends about $30 a visit, and from that flow, Twenny's gang grosses about $3,000 a day, half of which is net profit. That adds up to about $900,000 a year—$450,000 for Twenny's Corporation, and the same for his wholesale supplier. And Twenny's group is just one of more than a hundred in New York City, according to a conservative police estimate, not to mention similar operations in Detroit, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and other cities around the country with large addict populations.

The total annual take from heroin sold in the United States is tremendous, well into the billions, according to the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). And until recently, the big question for police at all levels was: Who at the top is controlling the main flow of heroin into this country for groups like Twenny's to eventually sell, and what are those drug lords doing with all that money?

The answer was not found in New York or Chicago or any part of the United States. According to several teams of investigators working for U.S. Customs, the FBI, and the DEA, the key to the puzzle lay more than 4,000 miles away from Third Street and Avenue D in a group of communities on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is a quiet Sunday morning in Bagheria, Sicily, a small town outside of Palermo. Horse-drawn carts festooned with flowers rattle down narrow, cobblestoned streets. Old women in black and men in brown suits and caps come out of the gnarled stone buildings and trek toward the church in the village square. Behind them are the children, laughing, playing tag, and dancing around their mothers on their way to mass. An ocher sun covers them all.

But this is no picture-postcard village: Bagheria is the apex of the Triangle of Death.

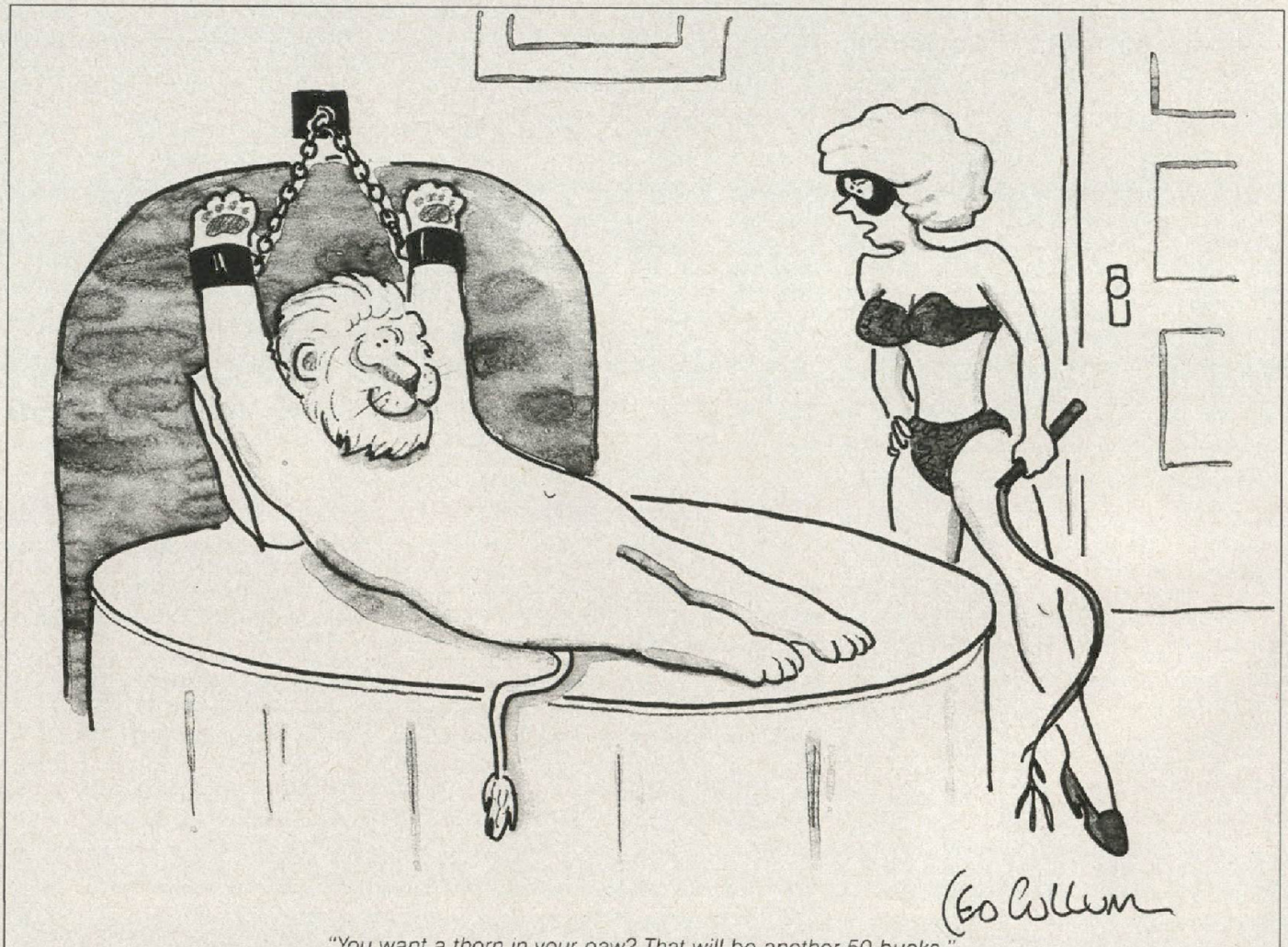
That's what this village is called by the local press and the cops. For it is part of the main killing ground in a series of Mafia battles that have claimed the lives of more than 200 mob soldiers in one recent two-year period. The figure does not include countless others wounded, tortured, or kidnapped.

What makes this especially significant is that these battles are part of a war for control of the wholesale heroin trade throughout the West, principally in the United States. Just as Beirut, with its rounds of horrors, has become the daily stage for larger opposing forces, including the United States and the Soviet Union, these Sicilian battles are a reflection of greater Mafia struggles far beyond the borders of Italy.

As it happens, many of the world's most powerful Mafia leaders were born in this area and maintain permanent homes and businesses here, along with their family lieutenants and soldiers. No matter how far they wander in diversifying their interests, Sicily is their base.

Here, violence is accepted as routine. The executions continue nonstop through the year. The old men who promenade arm in arm after mass chat about the latest fatalities quietly and consolingly to each other. They walk in front of their women, up and down and up and down again through the main thoroughfare, closed to all traffic on Sundays. Nearly all of them, says one, have either lost a young relative or have a friend with a son or nephew who has fallen in the violence.

"*Tutti morti*," says one old man. "All



"You want a thorn in your paw? That will be another 50 bucks."

dead," he is saying, in a Sicilian pun on the regional name for All Souls' Day in November, when the people of this region pay homage to the dead. On that day, they mourn again, sweep the leaves off gravestones, and place elaborate garlands of flowers in front of the mausoleums that dominate Sicilian graveyards. "This year it will be busier than ever," the old man growls.

The bloodbath, which began here in the late seventies, is specifically over the cash flow from those dime, or ten-dollar, bags of junk sold by gangs like Twenny's in New York, and by other groups in Detroit and Chicago and elsewhere. The principal adversaries in the war are the ruling Mafia families from Palermo against the forces from Corleone, a large town nestled up in the mountains about two hours' drive from Palermo. Ironically, Corleone was the setting for the novel and film classic *The Godfather,* starring Marlon Brando. Corleone always had a local reputation as a Mafia stronghold, but before the release of the movie, the town was mostly known throughout Italy for its delicate pastry.

Luciano Leggio and Michele Greco, the Corleonesi who led the war against Palermo mob chieftains Gaetano Badalamenti and Stefano Bontade, are hardly household names. But they are the real-life Godfathers, the kings of the heroin trade. And their war started simply enough. The Palermo faction had controlled the refining and export of much of the heroin that went to Europe, the United States, and Canada since the breakup in the early sixties of the French Connection, which was run out of France and Corsica. The Corleonesi wanted a piece of the business and the fighting began.

Until last year, nobody in law enforcement, not in Italy or in the United States, was really aware of the ramifications of the war or of the role played in international drug dealing by the principal players. But it turned out that tons of heroin each year and hundreds of soldiers on both sides in several countries were involved.

Conventional FBI and DEA intelligence held that it was the old-line American Mafia families—the well-known Gambino, Genovese, and Bonnano groups and their ilk—who ran the heroin importation and distribution networks in the United States.

"We learned differently," says Oliver "Buck" Revell, assistant director of the FBI's criminal investigative division. "There is another Mafia. Call it the Sicilian Connection, the Pizza Connection . . . whatever you want. It's a New Mafia and it is run from Sicily." As if to prove his point, when the heads of New York's five Mafia families were arrested on a variety of charges several months ago, not one of them was charged with dealing or importing dope.

Don't imagine, however, that American mobsters suddenly got religion and opted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

1¼ JOKER 1¼ JOKER
Cigarette Paper for Finer Tobaccos

e-z wider 1¼ SIZE

Special Limited Offer. e-z wider or Joker T-shirt. 50%/50% polyester/cotton shirts—small, medium, large, & x-large $4.95 each! Send coupon to: Rizla Products U.S. Inc., P.O. Box 1046, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-0829. Be sure and specify size.

Size & Quantity	e-z wider	Joker
Small		
Medium		
Large		
X-Large		

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check/Money order ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

Minimum credit card order $10

Card #_____

Expires____/____/____

Signature_____

Offer limited to U.S. New Jersey residents please add sales tax.
Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. All rights reserved. © 1985 RBA

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 30

Financially, their schemes are a fright,
So in order to get out of their plight,
Our leaders go off summiting
(While our hearts go plummeting!)
With the things that go bump in the night.

CHIROPRACTIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

counsel for the Iowa Medical Society, and delivered as a paper to a group of medical executives.

Throckmorton's proposal is an amazing document. It laid down a master plan for, quote, "what medicine should do about the chiropractic menace." Before reviewing excerpts from the document, I will tell you that Throckmorton's suggested machinations were, unfortunately, not dismissed by the AMA national officers at the time—as perhaps they are beginning now to regret. Not only did the Iowa Medical Society *adopt* the plan, but the AMA offered Throckmorton a job as its general counsel. All the rest of the evidence presented by the plaintiffs at the trial seemed to indicate that the AMA did, indeed, put into practice most of Throckmorton's proposals.

The plan was in the form of an outline. Here are some of its points:

"F. Encourage chiropractic disunity.

"G. Undertake a positive program of containment . . . if this program is successfully pursued, it is entirely likely that chiropractic as a profession will 'wither on the vine' and the chiropractic menace will die a natural but somewhat undramatic death. This policy of 'containment' might well be pursued along the following lines: . . . 4. Encourage ethical complaints against chiropractors. 5. Oppose chiropractic inroads in health insurance. 6. Oppose chiropractic inroads in workmen's compensation. 7. Oppose chiropractic inroads into labor unions. 8. Oppose chiropractic inroads into hospitals. 9. Contain chiropractic schools. . . . Any successful policy of 'containment' of chiropractic must necessarily be directed at the schools. To the extent that these financial problems continue or multiply and to the extent that the schools are unsuccessful in their recruiting programs the chiropractic menace of the future will be reduced and possibly eliminated."

Under the section listing conclusions:

"C. The mixers may achieve their goal of emerging as 'medical men' if organized medicine remains apathetic to this problem.

"D. Any action undertaken by the medical profession should be directed toward: . . . 2. Containment of the chiropractic profession. 3. The stifling of chiropractic schools.

"E. Action taken by the medical profession should be. . . . 1. Behind the scenes whenever possible. . . . 3. Never give professional recognition to chiropractors.

"F. A successful program of containment will result in the decline of chiropractic."

That's all from trial Exhibit 172. The evidence shows that the AMA pursued goals in line with these proposals. The AMA worked with the National Association of Blue Shield Plans regarding coverage of chiropractic care, even in those states that had passed so-called "insurance equality" laws. The AMA worked with the Health Insurance Association of America—a trade association of some 400 private insurance companies—to adopt policy statements that encouraged member insurance companies to cover only those health-care practitioners whose methods were based on "scientifically established methods."

One aspect of the case raised the questions of whether the AMA had had a hand in a supposedly objective study of Medicare, done for Congress by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW), which delayed Medicare coverage for chiropractic patients by five years; and whether the AMA had virtually written the supposedly independently-arrived-at position statement of the private Health Insurance Association of America. The AMA showed Blue Shield how to word its policies so state legislatures and consumers wouldn't realize that chiropractic coverage was being omitted from their policies.

> Documents show that the AMA hoped that its campaign against chiropractic would cause the profession to "wither and die on the vine."

Perhaps the most influential of the AMA's political intrigues was the alleged end run it pulled around Congress in 1968 by covertly controlling, from start to finish, the supposedly objective HEW study on the subject of Medicare coverage.

In 1965, when the nation's basic Medicare laws were passed, they included coverage for services of M.D.s, osteopaths, and some other health practitioners. Chiropractors were excluded, although chiropractors and their patients were avidly seeking inclusion.

In 1967, Congress asked HEW for an unbiased study of the need for including chiropractic services in Medicare. In retrospect, what happened should have been anticipated. After all, a hundred or so M.D.s worked for HEW in the Public Health Service. One or more of them might have been expected to leak to the AMA that Congress wanted a study that would not reflect the AMA's known bias against chiropractic.

The AMA, its internal documents reveal, was very alarmed about this study. They believed it had the potential to set the pattern for all health-care insurance coverage for chiropractors for the next 20 years, and they were determined that it oppose coverage. The AMA had its own agenda for the study—to turn it into a blanket denunciation of chiropractic as lacking scientific validity. The AMA's Committee on Quackery went so far as to prepare an outline of the course the study panel should follow.

HEW had assigned the job of assembling a panel to conduct the study to a special advisory committee, the Health Insurance Benefits Advisory Council (HIBAC). The evidence indicates that the AMA immediately went to work on the members of HIBAC.

In correspondence between Doyl Taylor, the secretary to the Committee on Quackery of the AMA (who also worked in the office of general counsel of the AMA as head of the AMA's department of investigation), and Dr. Samuel Sherman, the AMA representative on the committee, Taylor wrote: "I am sure you agree that the AMA hand must not 'show' at this stage of the proposed chiropractic study." Five months before the study even commenced, on March 11, 1968, Dr. Sherman answered Doyl Taylor with a letter following a HIBAC meeting:

"Dear Doyl: . . . There was complete acceptance of the concept of preparing the decision on the basis of lack of scientific merit." At least one future member of the panel staff was present at that HIBAC meeting and was given the AMA materials that Dr. Sherman reported HIBAC had already committed itself to using.

When the panel was finally chosen, in August 1968, it consisted largely of men sympathetic to the AMA's position on chiropractic. For example, the chairman of the panel was Dr. Donald Duncan from the University of Texas Medical School at Galveston, who, at the very first organizational meeting of the panel—according to the testimony of Dr. John Mennell, a member who eventually voted in favor of covering chiropractic—made a speech indicating that he was opposed to chiropractic inclusion in Medicare.

Another panel member, Dr. James J. Feffer, was a former president of the American Society of Internal Medicine. He testified at the trial that he had a preexisting bias against chiropractic going all the way back to his medical school days, and that no one had asked him if he had any preconceptions that might interfere with his service on the panel.

Dr. Feffer was asked by the AMA to keep it advised of the progress of the committee's work. A letter to Dr. Feffer from an AMA representative requesting the documents reads in part:

"Dear Jim: . . . As indicated in our conversation, it would be helpful if we can

be kept informed as to the progress of your committee work. Any reports or proceedings received will be quickly reproduced or transcribed and returned to you. . . ." And a blind copy was sent to Doyl Taylor of the AMA Committee on Quackery.

The AMA took no chances: They made arrangements to contact not only those members they believed to be soft, but even those who were already on their side—including the chairman, Dr. Duncan. Exhibit 228, dated August 23, 1968, is a letter from a friend of Dr. Duncan's, a Texas physician named Dr. William L. Marr, who had been requested by the Texas Medical Association to visit with Dr. Duncan and supply him with an AMA packet of materials relating to chiropractic. Dr. Marr wrote, "I called on Dr. Donald Duncan and talked with him concerning the chiropractic situation. He is most anxious to do everything he can and is completely sold on the idea that chiropractic benefits should not come under the Medicare program."

This letter, written seven days after the first organizational meeting of the panel on August 16, confirms Dr. Mennell's testimony that Dr. Duncan had made up his mind on the benefits issue before having reviewed the evidence.

There was other evidence of elaborate plans made by the AMA to contact, coach, and supply each of the panel members with its own materials denouncing chiropractic.

At least a few panel members resented the AMA's secret approaches. One of them, Dr. Mennell—one of the world's leading authorities on orthopedics and joint pain—took action against the AMA's pressure tactics. In a report to Public Health officials, he complained, "I was very disturbed in the past four weeks to receive two telephone calls indirectly from but quite clearly inspired by the American Medical Association, implicitly suggesting what the tenor of my paper should be. I can only assure the consultant group that my conclusions are arrived at through my independent research, thinking and experience, unaffected by extraneous pressure. . . . Certainly chiropractors should not be penalized simply because of the bitter bias of the American Medical Association, when there is substantial evidence that manipulative therapy brings relief to sufferers of mechanical pain which only manipulative therapy can relieve."

Dr. Mennell also mentioned these contacts at one of the sessions. Seated around the table with him were the chairman, who had been approached, and the other panel members, at least some of whom had also been approached. None of the other panelists mentioned attempted contacts from the AMA.

Despite all its efforts to bias the panel, when the formal vote of the expert review panel was taken, Dr. Mennell testified at the trial, it was split four to four on the issue of chiropractic inclusion. He assumed that the vote would then be reported to HIBAC, and the panel would be left to iron out its differences. But, he testified, during the time between the formal vote and the presentation of the report to the parent group by Dr. Duncan, one of the panelists changed his mind, and Dr. Duncan was able to report, as he had hoped, that the panel had decided against including chiropractic in Medicare.

As if it weren't bad enough that the AMA had tried to control the panel from start to finish, HEW and the AMA carefully obliterated all traces of the AMA hand from Congress's view. All along, the evidence showed, M.D. s at HEW had been collaborating with the AMA in the coverup. For example, the AMA asked to be represented at one of the panel's public sessions, just as the chiropractors were. An internal AMA memorandum recording a private phone call from HEW indicates that someone at HEW told the AMA not to testify: An AMA appearance would create problems for the report on Capitol Hill.

> Evidence is mounting that for typical industrial injuries, chiropractic is nearly twice as effective as any treatment by medical physicians.

HEW's final document—an abstract discussion, just as the AMA had wanted, of the scientific validity of chiropractic theory—didn't sit well with either the chiropractors or Congress. On November 21 and 22, 1968, a group of representative chiropractors had been politely, if curtly, received by the committee, and had presented their experience of the clinical value of chiropractic for elderly patients. A month later, they were greeted with the first evidence that their testimony had been a fool's errand. Outraged, they submitted a point-by-point white paper to Congress rebutting the HEW report. Congress, under pressure from elderly constituents to get chiropractic covered, asked for a response from HEW.

This was just the contingency HEW had feared when it told the AMA it was better off not testifying. Over and over in its answer, HEW baldly asserted that in order to fulfill Congress's request for an objective study, it had prevented the AMA or other medical organizations from having any input or influence on the ultimate report. As evidence of its good intentions, HEW pointed to its refusal to let the AMA appear at a public session of the panel! Of course, HEW knew very well where the blueprint for the study had come from. HEW chose to confuse Congress—and the public—by mentioning the canceled public appearance to conceal the active cooperation between HEW and the AMA on the study.

Incidentally—foreshadowing practices of the Nixon administration—records of the HEW study were subsequently lost or destroyed.

The AMA had the temerity to argue in court that its Byzantine maneuvers to make Congress believe it hadn't been involved in framing the HEW report should be seen as an exercise of its constitutional right to *petition* Congress.

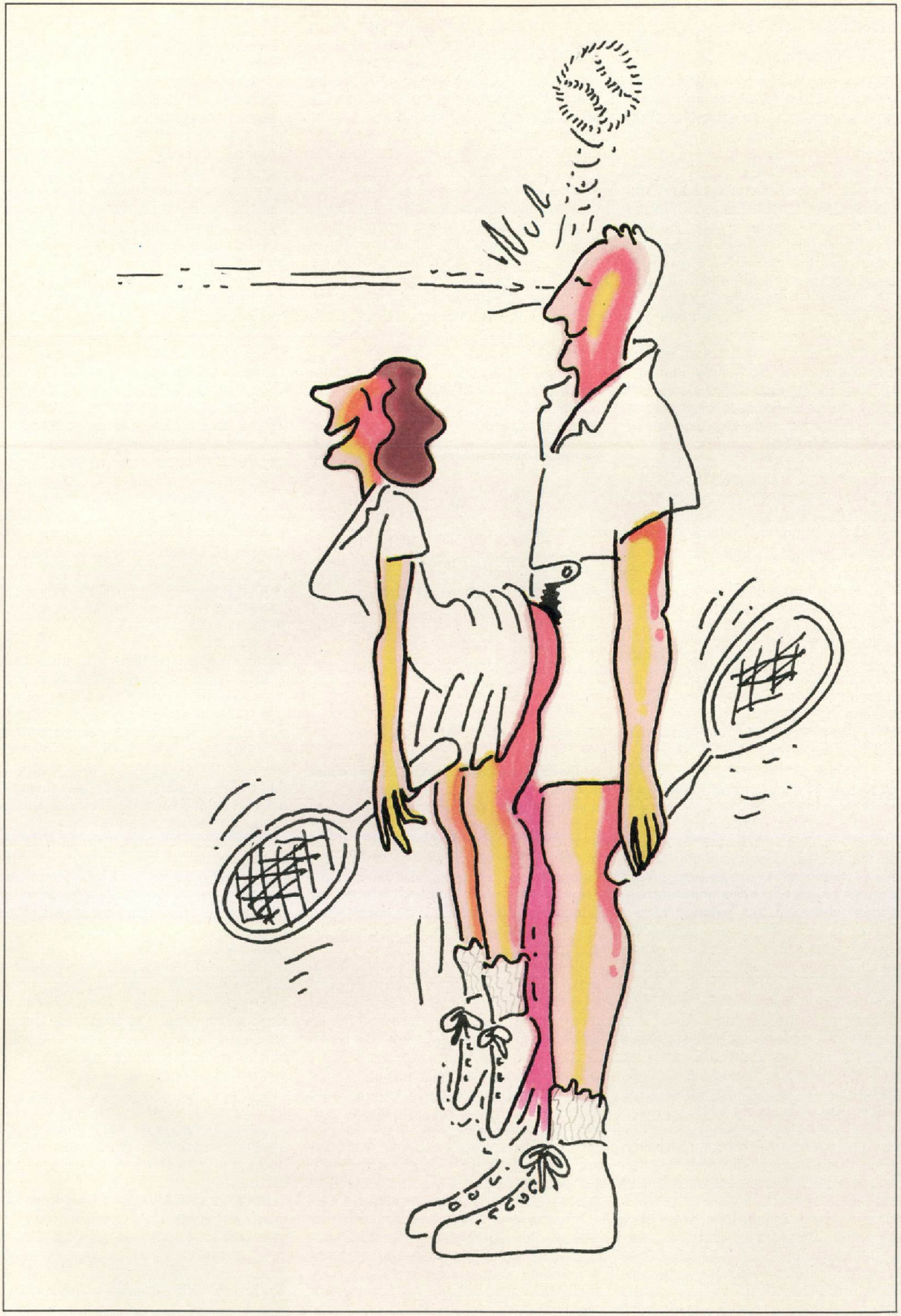
The impact of the HEW report to Congress, as the AMA predicted, was enormous. It made the AMA's actions to isolate chiropractic appear respectable, because a blue-ribbon panel of experts had supposedly reached an independent conclusion that chiropractic lacked a scientific foundation. Thereafter, the AMA could say, It's not the AMA, but the *government* that has reached these conclusions.

After five years of intense congressional lobbying by chiropractic organizations, Medicare coverage was established. Uncounted thousands of elderly people without the money to pay their own medical expenses were no doubt forced to do without chiropractic care, perhaps suffering needless pain as a result. And, of course, they were lost as patients to the chiropractors they might otherwise have chosen to consult.

Buoyed by their success in preventing Congress from granting Medicare coverage to chiropractors, the AMA moved, in 1969, on private-sector insurance. As mentioned earlier, the Health Insurance Association of America (HIAA) is a trade association for 400 private insurance companies, and provides the kind of services for insurers that other trade associations do for their sponsoring industries—lobbying, public relations, etc. The companies that belong to HIAA are independent, but any policy it urges on its members to adopt is influential.

In 1969, the AMA's Doyl Taylor used the same kind of maneuver with the HIAA he had with the HIBAC panel. He wrote a letter to HIAA—it was presented at the trial as evidence—suggesting the exact wording for their position statement on chiropractic. It was very risky for the HIAA to adopt his statement, and they knew it: In the field of insurance, boycotts are subject to antitrust laws.

The HIAA published a very cautious statement, not naming chiropractic as such, but broadly opposing insurance for manipulative therapies. This was, word-for-word, the language Doyl Taylor had proposed. The AMA gleefully seized on



the statement and published it in its newsletter, *American Medical News*, under a headline announcing that it was directed at chiropractors.

When the chiropractors objected to the HIAA's allowing the AMA to interpret its policy statement as an attack on chiropractic, the HIAA replied to the chiropractors with the same bland hypocrisy that characterized HEW's dealings with Congress. The HIAA coolly informed the chiropractic organizations that it had no control over the manner in which the AMA elected to use its statement. What it didn't mention was that the AMA's Doyl Taylor was the author of the statement, and the HIAA, like HEW, was allowing the AMA to pull its strings. The AMA's strategy—which by now was beginning to work—was obviously to orchestrate a veritable puppet chorus of seemingly independent public voices, all filling the air with ringing denunciations of chiropractic, thereby legitimizing the AMA's private attempts to eliminate it.

In 1967, the AMA Committee on Quackery had commenced work on the Blue Shield Association, the parent group for all the Blue Shield plans in the country. From a Committee on Quackery internal document, we read: "Staff will continue to maintain liaison with the National Association of Blue Shield Plans in regard to chiropractic attempts to gain coverage under Blue Shield. (Note: A productive meeting was held with representatives of Blue Shield on this point. They are actively considering various methods of excluding chiropractors from Blue Shield coverage.)"

Blue Shield, together with Blue Cross, is the most important insurer in the country. Its boards are dominated by medical physicians. Therefore, Blue Shield cooperated with the AMA to eliminate nationwide coverage. A Blue Shield review of 1969 says, "We have filed and may use in six states an exclusion deleting manipulative services and subluxations for the purpose of removing nerve interference. Basically, the exclusion extends to services of a chiropractor by definition." Similarly, a New York Blue Shield representative wrote to Blue Shield national headquarters on December 10, 1971: "I regret to report that . . . New York State did amend . . . the insurance law . . . to include 'chiropractic care provided through a duly licensed chiropractor' as part of the definition of medical expense indemnity. . . . U.M.S. [another Blue Shield–allied insurance company] anticipated this problem some years ago by adding an exclusion to its contract which repeated word for word the statutory definition of what chiropractors are licensed to do."

Blue Shield policies, then, were very misleading. They did not carry a clear-cut statement, such as "Chiropractic is excluded." Instead, there was vague language, understandable only to a lawyer, quoting the statutory language defining chiropractic, without mentioning it by name. Patients who thought their insurance covered all their health-care expenses might go to a chiropractor and run up a bill of several hundred dollars before being informed by Blue Shield's computer that it wasn't covered.

This exclusion, for obvious reasons, was very damaging to chiropractors. No one who can get a service from two sources is going to go to the one that doesn't have insurance coverage. Bear in mind that upward of 90 percent of hospital charges are covered by third-party payers; most services performed by medical physicians are covered by insurance. In this day and age, only a small portion of the public can afford to patronize a provider group not covered by insurance.

Many chiropractic patients, as mentioned earlier, are elderly people living on Social Security. They may have terrible, agonizing, unrelenting back pain. If their insurance company tells them: If you go to the chiropractor, you've got to pay for everything out of your pocket; but if you go to the medical physician or the orthopedic surgeon, your care will be covered by insurance, the result is obvious. Economic necessity will force them to see the orthopedic surgeon and to forego the chiropractor.

> The AMA's strategy was to orchestrate a puppet chorus of seemingly independent public voices, all filling the air with ringing denunciations of chiropractic.

So effective was this policy that in 1973, when Blue Shield did a survey of the various states to see which states covered chiropractic care, it reported: "Resistance to chiropractic payment may be indicated by the fact that fewer plans make payment than the laws require." This would appear to be an acknowledgment that even though state legislatures had ordered Blue Shield plans to pay for chiropractic care, the Blue Shield Association and local Blue Shield plans that were working with the AMA actually paid on fewer plans than the law required.

If found in violation of federal antitrust statutes for conspiring to deny chiropractors Blue Shield coverage in states where such coverage is mandated by law, the AMA may find itself in further legal trouble.

CHIROPRACTIC'S SUPERIOR EFFICACY

The AMA has done its best to undercut workmen's compensation programs for chiropractic care, but it is fighting a losing battle on that front, because evidence is mounting that for typical industrial injuries—the strains, sprains, and wrenched backs typically caused by lifting something too heavy—chiropractic is nearly twice as effective as any treatment by medical physicians, measured by the number of days it takes for workers with comparable neck or back injuries to go back on the job.

During the Chicago trial, the chiropractors relied only on those studies that had been done by medical physicians in order to obviate any argument of bias. There was a famous study done of 1,000 cases in California by C. Richard Wolf, M.D., of the California workmen's compensation bureau. Dr. Wolf concluded that while it took 32 days for a medical physician to get the average injured worker back on the job, the chiropractor's average time was 15.6 days for comparable injuries, or slightly less than one-half.

There was also a study by the Oregon Workmen's Compensation Board. Dr. Rolland A. Martin, an M.D. and medical director of the board, found that chiropractors, on average, got twice as many injured workers back on the job within a week as medical doctors.

If you think about it, you'll see why the workmen's compensation boards have been relatively impervious to influence by the AMA. If, out of 1,000 workers, 500 of them take 30 days to get back on the job and 500 of them take 15, that adds up to a difference of over 20 years of lost time between the two groups, attributable to half of the patients having been unlucky enough to land in medical physicians' offices rather than chiropractors'.

Workmen's compensation boards are under pressure from employers to see that employees get back to work quickly, because the cost of 20 years of workmen's time when those workers are totally nonproductive is high. Moreover, society loses the workers' productivity when they are laid up. Then there is the expense to the insurance provider in paying either the medical physician or the chiropractor. So, ultimately, the taxpayers' money is wasted in paying for that extra 20 years of lost time in our sample group of 1,000 injured workers.

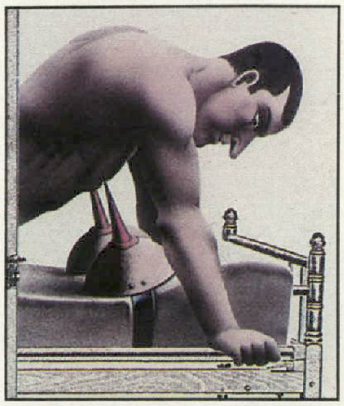
Editor's note: Next month we will continue our investigation into the campaign against chiropractic, which extended to colleges, universities, hospitals, and clinics.

Reprints of Gary Null's Penthouse *articles on America's health crisis are available to readers free of cost. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Editorial Department,* Penthouse *Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A Manhattan psychiatrist was arrested on charges that he sexually abused retarded female and male patients, then rewarded them for sex with rolls and butter.



MODERN LIFE

The most popular course at Middlebury College in Vermont features "discussions of popular culture, eroticism, esthetics, voyeurism and misogyny." The course includes the showing of films starring Brigitte Bardot.

The Democratic National Committee ruled that all party documents will henceforth refer to the handicapped as "differently-abled."

LIFE AT THE TOP

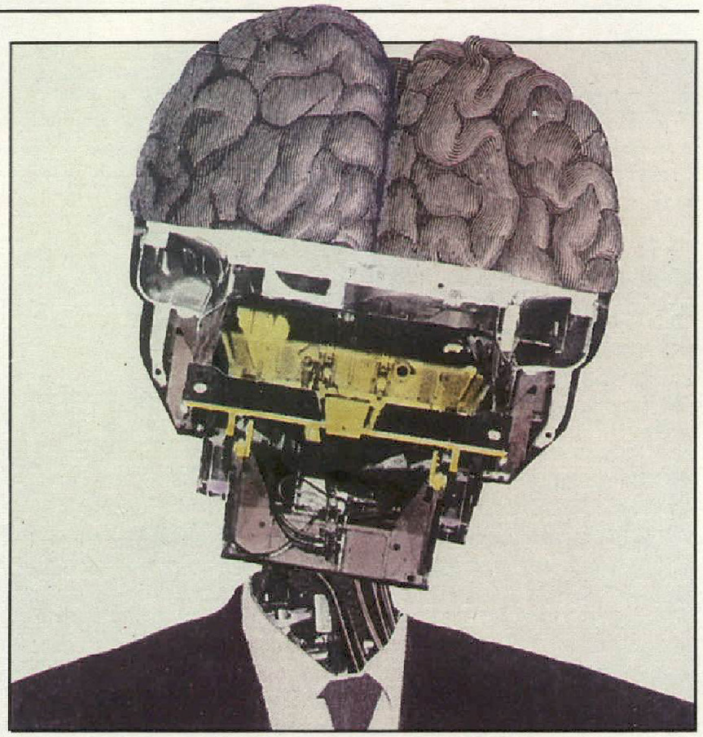
New York State Housing Commissioner Yvonne Scruggs-Leftwich, who earns $72,100 a year, was threatened with foreclosure on one of her two homes after failing to pay the mortgage for more than a year.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

H Rap Brown, the "black power" radical of the 1960s, is now named Jamil Abdullah Al-Amen and runs a grocery store in Atlanta.

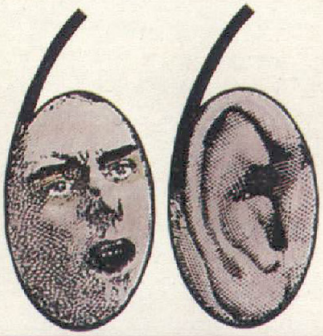
Bobby Seale, former head of the Black Panthers, now runs a housing-rehabilitation operation in Philadelphia and has written a cookbook called *Barbecuing With Bobby.*

A judge in Suffolk County, New York, granted 46 uncontested divorces in one day—a county record—on Valentine's Day.



BY THE BY

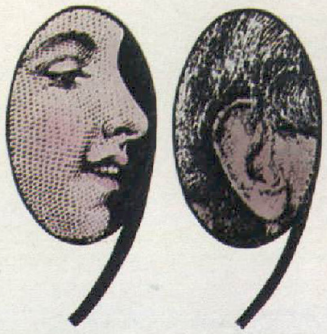
Congressional investigators discovered that the Army is critically short of boots.

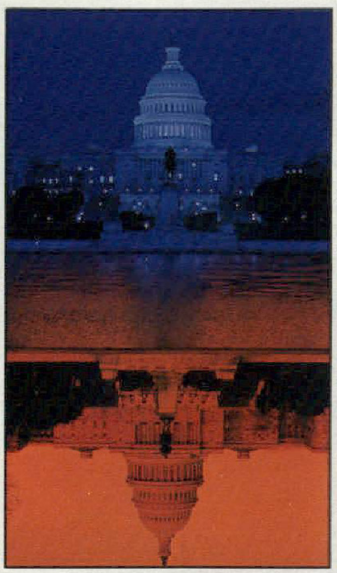


QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Let me tell you, my stomach isn't that great. My wife loves it. She'd like me to have more of a stomach, something to get hold of. She's into all that."

—Paul McCartney





RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

Clemson University officials revealed that their football team's former star tackle, William "The Refrigerator" Perry, who stands six feet two inches tall and weighs 359 pounds, consumes several family-size boxes of cereal each morning.

STILL WATERS DEPT.

Debutante Bridget Marks highlighted her appearance at the annual Sons of the American Revolution Colonial Debutante Ball by stripping off her gown and posing in a swimsuit to promote a solar-energy device developed by her father.

Angered over a magazine's description of congressional wives as unattractive and dowdy, the wife of a Michigan Republican congressman sent a picture of herself dressed in a skimpy costume and cheesecake pose to the magazine. "It shows," her husband said, "that congressional wives aren't what people think."

SPORTING AMERICA

New York police charged a man with murdering a socialite and then keeping her body in a trunk in his apartment while he had sex orgies with other women. The man told police he had murdered the woman because he thought she had given him AIDS.

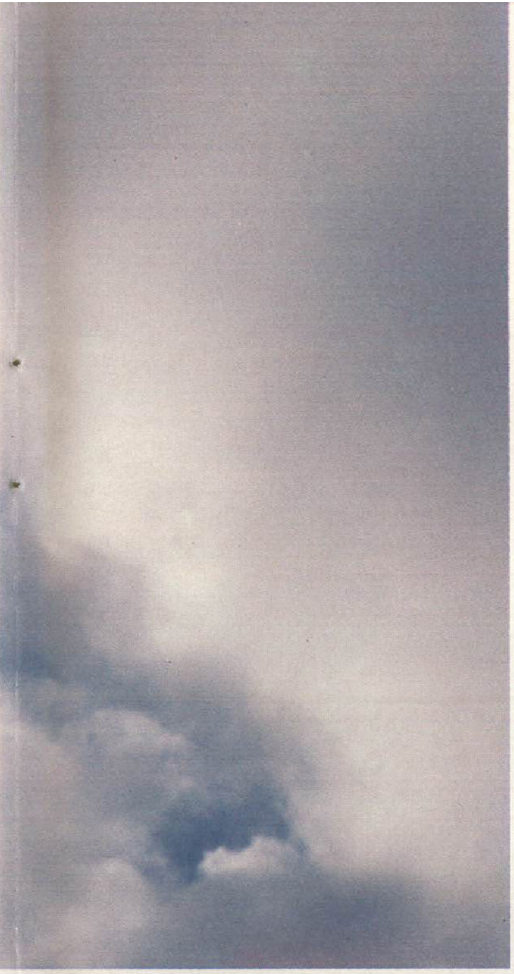
New Jersey Nets' center Darryl Dawkins, enraged at an official's call during an exhibition game in Milan, Italy, picked up the official and carried him the length of the floor, depositing him at the other end. The crowd gave him a standing ovation.

Cleveland Indians' relief pitcher Ernie Camacho, asked about the headaches he occasionally suffers while on the mound, explained: "I never blink when I'm on the mound, and that creates pressure on my temples."

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

"At 20, it's hard to declare myself to be a one-man woman. But I know for a fact I'll be a "few-man woman" at most!"

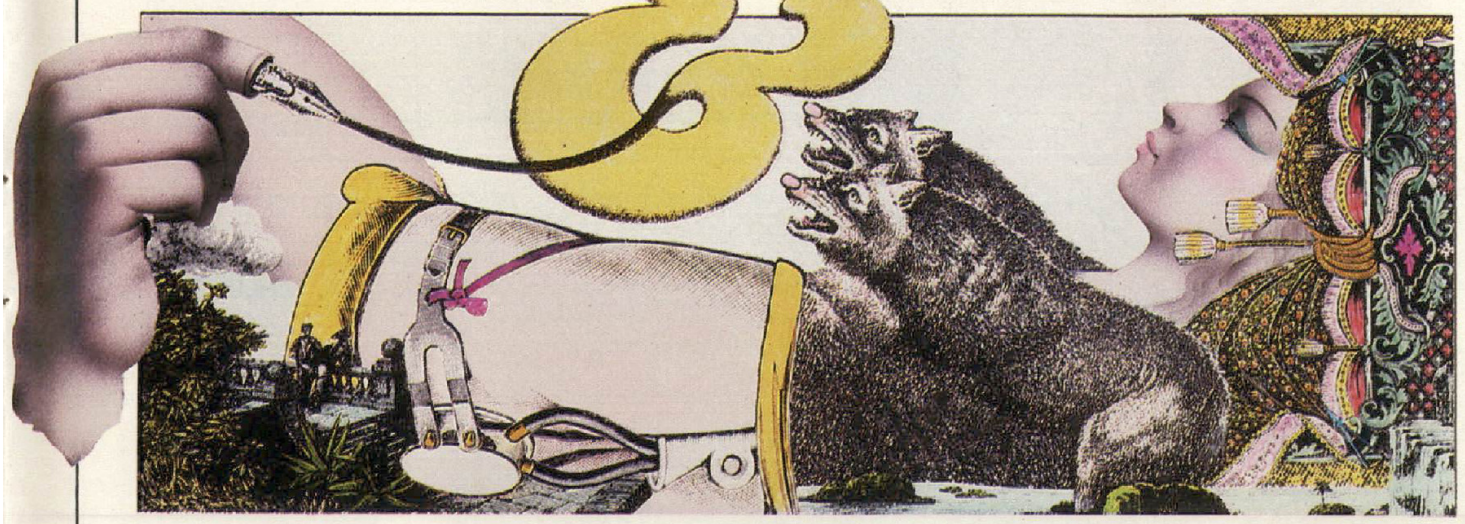


BORN TO SOAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
J. STEPHEN HICKS

Elegant, fine-boned Anna Marie was born with the glossy raven hair and flawless porcelain complexion of a delicate china figurine. But our petite, young native Australian is hardly a fragile female. Coming from the family of a hardworking Melbourne couple, this second-eldest child of six broke away from the small-town inhibitions of her local neighborhood to relocate in a more cosmopolitan area of Sydney.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



WRETCHED EXCESSES

The Internal Revenue Service claimed that the family of financier Nelson Bunker Hunt of Dallas owes $255 million in unpaid taxes, penalties, and interest. (right)

PLACE IN THE SUN

Markita Andrews, 13, sold a record 25,500 boxes of Girl Scout Cookies.

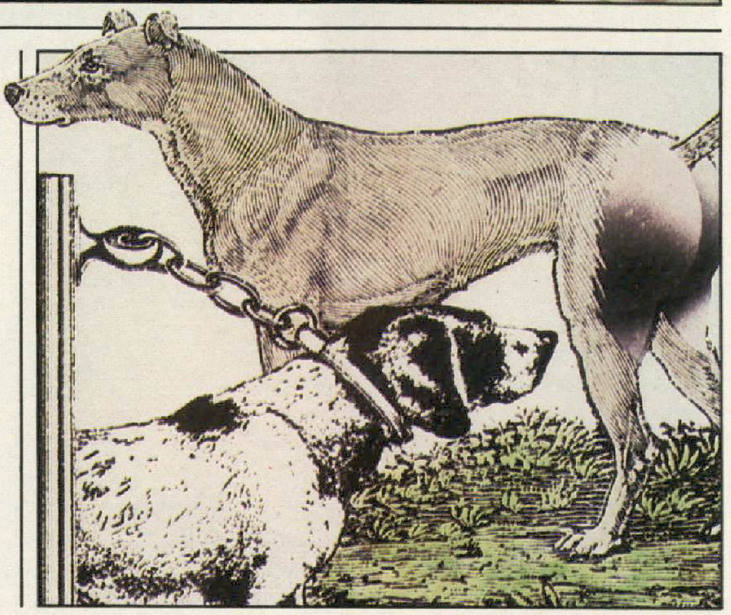
GOOD OL' BOYS

Navy Admiral Joseph Metcalf, who barred reporters from Grenada during the American invasion, was reprimanded after attempting to import 24 captured Soviet rifles from the island in his plane.

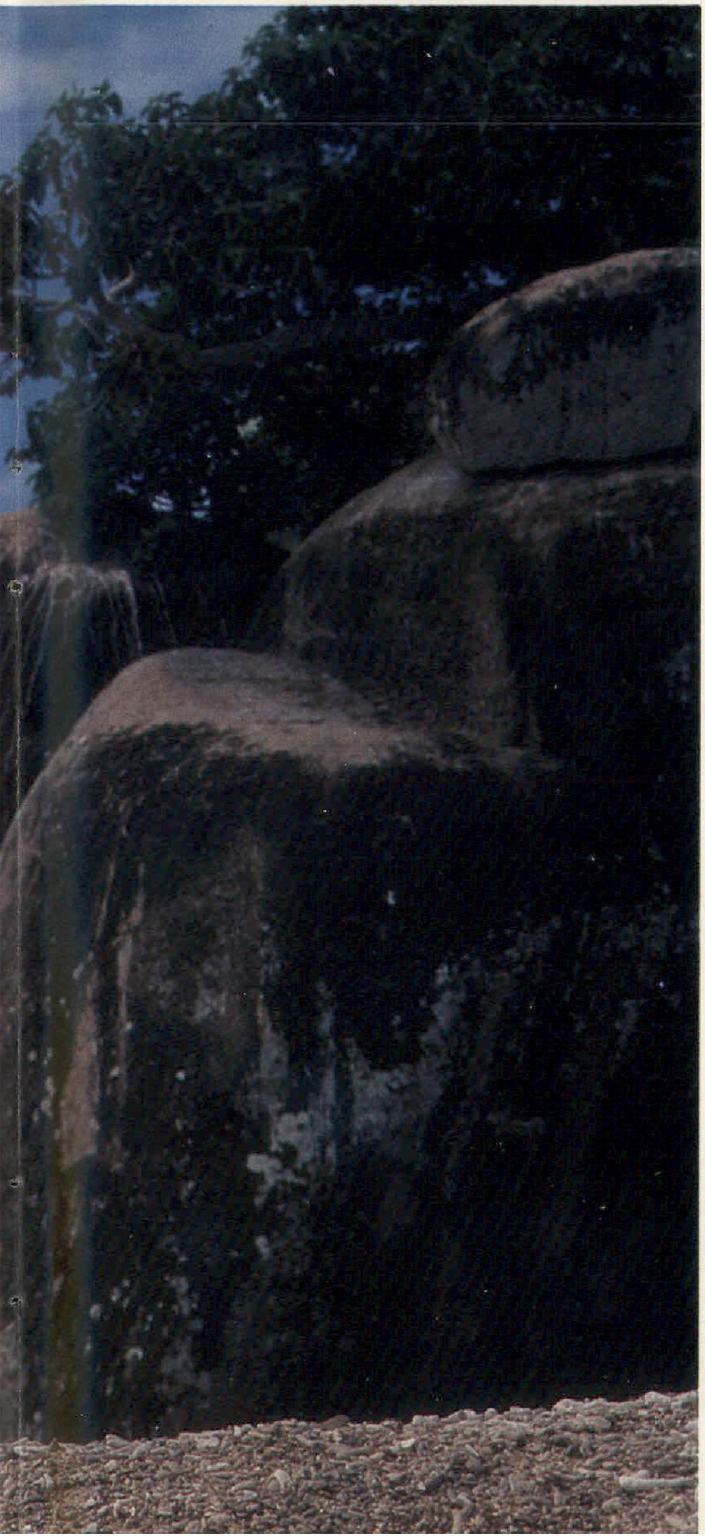
DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A 13-year-old Buffalo boy's attempt to rob a bank failed when a teller could not read his unintelligible holdup note.

A Maryland dentist, described by his own lawyer as "a wild-running, sex-crazed lunatic," was sentenced to three years on narcotics-sales charges. The sentence is to be served in a work-release program, under which the dentist will fix the teeth of the poor.



Currently, she's working as a cocktail waitress by night, while awaiting her break as a model by day. At all times, however, her many friends find her to be sweet, talented and full of common sense.



Sometimes, for example, she finds herself missing her family madly. But don't think for a moment that Anna Marie is any wild-eyed Pollyanna.

"It's nice having five true-blue friends for life," she says about her siblings. "But it's nicer to be able to do what I want to do."

"Getting away from home was a truly liberating experience," she confides. But don't get the wrong idea.

Anna Marie is no sixties flower lady. In fact, she's been with her first love for nearly two years.

be loyal and easy to get along with. In fact, my boyfriend always tells me I'm much harder to get along *without*!"

For a producer not to take credit for an erotic masterpiece is a travesty of misplaced paranoia and defeatist self-delusion.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

RETREAT WEST
Sex Fifth Avenue (Western Visuals)
Sex Fifth Avenue is typical of the shot-on-video shitbombs exploding out of the Hollywood porn factories these days, aimed at all those sucker VCR owners who are being born every minute. The thoroughfare of the title is not the golden mile of Manhattan but a cheesy boulevard in L.A., on which the sex club Sex Fifth Avenue is located. This is a kind of Plato's Retreat West, with a lot of nonstop orgy action that actually manages to be boring.

At any rate, it's election time at the club, with next year's chairperson elected by "fuckathon." The club wants sex superstarlet , playing herself and with herself, to judge the election action. When she won't volunteer, they send a couple of henchmen to kidnap her.

remains one of the hottest bodies in porn, but it's a measure of how fast the business burns out females that she seems a chronic case of overexposure by now. The women in this tape are, for the most part, either beautiful or big-boobed, and sometimes both; the men are well-hung, but shot-on-video mediocrity pervades all.
Sex Fifth Avenue ⊥

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Babylon Pink (Quality)
This tape shouldn't be as good as it is: The plot is a typical fantasy-vignette formulation, a tired porn staple that has been pretty much exhausted. What saves *Babylon Pink* is the simply excellent acting coaxed from a stellar porn cast by director Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard), plus fast-paced action and slick technical values. The porn makers of today could learn from this 1979 release, which wears its age well. The premise is deceptively simple: The fantasies of eight interconnected characters are explored as each of them works through a typical day. This is the stuff that countless lousy porn films have been made of, but *Babylon Pink* has enough erotic electricity to pull it off.

Here's Bobby Astyr, smut's great comic genius and a man funny enough to play straight comedy, first boffing Vanessa del Rio and then going to work to fantasize about gaining sexual supremacy over his bitch of a boss. Samantha Fox, as the boss, grovels effectively in Bobby's fantasy and, as he leaves the room after fucking her into submission, yields up her panties to him. Later, in "reality," Bobby still has the panties, blurring the line between dream and experience. Small touches like these lift *Babylon Pink* above the run-of-the-swill porn film to the status of classic.

It's too bad that both the producer, Howard Winters, and the director felt they had to use pseudonyms back then. Not to take credit for such an erotic masterpiece as *Babylon Pink* is a travesty of misplaced paranoia and defeatist self-delusion.
Babylon Pink ⊥⊥⊥⊥

ADAM'S BAD SLEAZE
Firefoxes (Target)
Someone once said that 90 percent of everything is shit, and this is certainly true of porn—only porn ups the ante to 99 percent. *Firefoxes* is a misnamed adult tape that has no fire and not a single fox among its female leads. Or rather, the women here don't appear as "foxes," because crude technical incompetence robs them of their beauty. I *know* that both Kristina Barrington and Gina Gianelli are hot, sexy females, because I have seen them on other adult tapes. Here, however, they are not allowed to shine. The plot—three women hold their own private college reunion and recall fantasies and exploits of days past—sounds like it was dreamed up at dinner the night before shooting began, after the last course but before dessert. Director Adam Tarascius goes by his first name in the credits, and if I made simply awful, bile-churning stuff like this, I wouldn't sign my name either.

Gina Gianelli is the best thing about this tape; she has a sophisticated look that complements her trampy body, but she's barely allowed to show what she can do. The camera work is as confused as the flashback-within-flashback meanderings of the plot, and the sex is tedious and overlong. About one-third of the tape is shot in a dimly lit, smoke-filled disco, wherein the sex looks like random blobs colliding. We've given "Adam" every chance to make a good, even decent, porn tape, and now it's time to say enough is enough. If you see his name on an adult-videotape box, run the other way.
Firefoxes ⊥

Babylon Pink: *exhausted plot, stellar porn cast.*

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Black Bun Busters (VCA)
With a title like *Black Bun Busters,* you at least know what you're getting into, since it's all right up front—or down back, depending on your perspective. Interracial sex began to boom in Times Square specialty stores about two years ago, and now it seems like the rest of the country is catching up. Every

tape reviewed here this month has at least one scene with the black and white gene pools intermingling. (Even *Babylon Pink* features a coupling of the Hispanic Vanessa del Rio with Bobby Astyr.) Interracial sex may be a cliché of adult entertainment today, but it's a benign cliché. Smut should be honored by the NAACP as an equal-opportunity employer.

Black man, white woman; black woman, white man; white woman and black woman—all permutations, even bisexual black man/white man, can be found in this month's collection of videotapes. *Black Bun Busters* looks as if it were tailor-made for the black audience. It concerns the exploits of a sex-therapy group under the sleazy guidance of I. B. Brown. The technical quality is low, and the sex is awkward and mostly uninteresting, with only the much-welcome lack of come shots to recommend it. The tape as a whole, however, is breezy and offhand, so if this is your specific cup of tea, go for it.

Black Bun Busters ⊥⊥

Bun Busters: *offhand.*

Firefoxes *has no fire and not a single fox in its cast.*

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Bedtime Tales (Essex)

This elegant little tape is perfect for couples, because it doesn't contain any technical glitches or embarrassingly stupid situations—things which a horny male might tend to overlook, but which send the ladies into paroxysms of laughter or, worse, squealing into a locked bedroom. Director Daniel Morgan has his camera firmly in control, and it is a relief to watch an adult tape without the constant annoyance of some sort of technical idiocy. The acting is capable and even peaks into the superb with Colleen Brennan's work in the first scene.

Bedtime Tales masquerades as a sociological study of changing sexual mores in America: The tape is divided into segments dealing with individual years. "1915," for example, has Tom Byron losing his cherry to Brennan and a sweet blonde named Cher de Light, and it's nice to know that sex was hot even way back then. The rest of the segments are a bit uneven, but the tape as a whole exhibits a feel of erotic expertise. If only the women were a bit prettier, this tape would earn the coveted title of a Penthouse Pick.

Bedtime Tales ⊥⊥⊥

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The "Charming Cheapies" Collection, vols. 1–6
(4-Play Video)

"Suck my handcuffs!"—a dominatrice in *"Charming Cheapies," vol. 2*

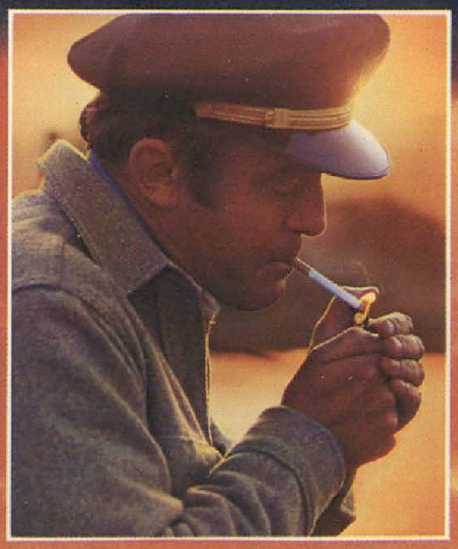
Adult entertainment has always dished up dreck, charged outrageous prices for it, and gotten away with the scam, because the public's sexual guilt has been almost as inflated as the price tags. *The "Charming Cheapies" Collection* isn't charming by any stretch mark of the imagination, but it is cheap—designed to be sold for $20 per tape. For your double sawbuck you get a 20-minute vignette plus a preview of an upcoming number in the collection. The technical level isn't exactly up to mainstream standards, but it is better than many full-priced, over-promoted adult tapes.

At this low end of the spectrum, you can expect a certain falling off of quality: One package blurb offers "intergraded" sex, for example, evidently referring to the low grade available here. The women may not be able to stop clocks, but most of them could slow 'em down an hour or so—though many of them look as if they might have to visit a good orthodontist before they could manage to give head. Even with all this, however, the female bodies are big-titted and slutty, the men are huge and hard, and the sex has the type of steaminess that comes with quality slumming. For low-budget adult entertainment, this stuff isn't bad.

"Charming Cheapies" ⊥⊥O+

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



MERIT

A world of flavor in a low tar.

Soft Pack or
Crush-Proof Box.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

Kings Soft: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85—
Kings Box: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Some people who hate their jobs never realize there may be an alternative."

PSYCHOGRAPH

(c) sometimes
(d) no

12. Do you feel lonely at work?
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Have you ever deliberately sabotaged your work because of dissatisfaction?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. Are you often late for work?
(a) yes
(b) no

15. Would you work overtime on your job even if you weren't paid for it?
(a) yes
(b) no

16. Do you take sick days off even when you're not sick?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) no

17. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
(a) I feel like a robot at work. It's as if I have no control over anything. Everything is preplanned and I have no say in the matter.
(b) I feel like I have at least some control over my work. Even though I may have boring, repetitive tasks to do, I feel I have some leeway in how I schedule and accomplish them.

18. Do you hate returning to work after your days off?
(a) yes, almost always
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

19. Do you have more colds and minor health ailments now than you did before you started working at your current job?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Would you remain at your current job even if you had to take a 20 percent cut in pay?
(a) yes
(b) probably
(c) probably not
(d) definitely not

21. Would you remain at your job if you had to take a slight pay cut of, say, no more than five percent?
(a) yes
(b) probably
(c) probably not
(d) definitely not

22. How do you feel about this statement: "I become a different person when I go to work. The person my boss and coworkers see isn't the real me."
(a) That's very much like me.
(b) That's somewhat like me.
(c) That's not like me at all.

23. If you had a useful suggestion to make at work that might increase quality or efficiency, would anybody in authority listen to you?
(a) yes
(b) maybe
(c) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 112 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-2, b-1, c-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-1, b-3, c-5
5. a-5, b-2, c-1
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-5, b-3, c-1
10. a-1, b-5, c-4
11. a-0, b-4, c-3, d-5
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-0, b-3
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-3, c-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-0, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-5
20. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
21. a-4, b-3, c-2, d-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-5, b-2, c-1

If you scored 95 to 112 points:
You appear to have the ideal job. Your answers indicate that there is virtually nothing about your job that causes you dissatisfaction. That's extremely rare. Even if your job doesn't seem to other people to be the perfect job, it obviously is for you. It's giving you just about everything you could ask of it. If you are ever offered another job, think long and hard before you accept it, because it's unlikely that many other positions would match your particular needs as well as your current one does.

76 to 94 points:
You seem to have extremely good feelings about your job. Certainly it has its bad points, but they appear to be far outweighed by the good points. From an employer's point of view, you may have the ideal attitude toward your job. You are obviously happy at your job without being complacent. That makes for a productive worker. If you plan to change jobs, make sure you aren't losing more than you gain. To be worth the move, a new job should be a decided improvement over the one you have. Your present job seems too good to risk for anything minor.

57 to 75 points:
Your feelings about your job probably match those of the average working guy. The job is all right, but it's not great. It's paying the bills, but it's not the most fulfilling work in the world. You probably do a competent job, but you're happy to leave it when the workday ends. You may want to keep an eye out for a better job. Make sure you evaluate any new position carefully, however. There are a lot of jobs out there that won't be any more satisfying than what you've already got.

38 to 56 points:
You might want to start looking for another job. The one you're in now really doesn't seem to be satisfying you. Lots of people have the same feelings about their jobs that you do, but that's no reason to keep toiling away at a job you don't like. You don't necessarily have to grab the first job offer that comes your way, but you may be letting yourself in for a life of drudgery if you continue to drift along in your current job.

20 to 37 points:
You must have a terrible time getting up to go to work each day. You seem to hate your job—probably with good reason. It obviously isn't satisfying you at all. You should probably think about getting out of there as fast as you can. You're likely to become ever more miserable if you don't make a change soon.

MAFIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

out of the junk business because of questions about morality. Rather, the Americans are out of the importing end because the sons and grandsons of the aging American Mafia grandees are simply not interested or are not fit for the vocation. Big-time dope dealing is a young man's gig, filled with violence and travel, and the risk of a double-decade fall in prison, or of death.

"Second- and third-generation Italian-American or Jewish-American hoodlums, no matter who their grandfather was, are not interested in importing dope or they don't have the right stuff for it," says a New York prosecutor.

So a vacuum in the American dope-dealing leadership and labor pool was created. For Sicilian hoods like those working for Badalamenti and Bontade in Palermo, it was the perfect opportunity. In the impoverished south of Italy, there are no conventional American mob-employment opportunities like shylocking or bookmaking. Few have enough resources to either borrow or bet.

In addition, there have always been good relations between Sicilian and American Mafia families, as well as some blood ties. So the Sicilians, who were willing to process the raw opium into heroin, transport it across the Atlantic, and wholesale it in America, filled that vacuum and took over the dope trade. With the dope came money and power and a New Mafia.

In the last year, major prosecutorial efforts in both Italy and the United States, combined with the opera-length arias sung by Mafia turncoat Tommaso Buscetta, have revealed the infrastructure of this New Mafia. It has a vertical monopoly on the junk trade, complete with raw-material processing and refining divisions, packers, shippers, distributors in the United States, money launderers to get the profits out of North America and back into Italy, and a European investment division for further laundering and diversification of profits.

The names of the men who run the New Mafia did not ring bells—even with many of the investigators in half a dozen nations who were charged with sorting out their financial empire. As they learned more, these investigators were shocked to discover the extent of the New Mafia's financial empire.

A few examples: more than a hundred companies in Venezuela, interests in four major hotels in Milan, real estate on the Costa Brava in Spain, construction and demolition concerns in Brooklyn, tile companies, cheese factories, produce companies, textile firms, farms in Brazil, apartment buildings in Montreal, a powdered-milk concern, a shopping center in Upstate New York, and a hotel in Rome.

So if you hear that your neighbors have lost their $4,000 stereo system and their $1,300 TV monitor to a band of junkies, chances are that a nice chunk of the cash the junkies got from their fence ended up increasing the investments of the Italian Mafia.

Italian investigators like Magistrate Giovanni Falcone of Palermo state flatly that the Italian mafiosi manage the distribution of more than 90 percent of the heroin that comes to the States for sale east of the Rockies. Over the last decade, according to U.S. Customs agents, that business amounts to more than 15 tons of pure, uncut junk, conservatively worth more than $5 billion.

Cognoscenti have no trouble recognizing Mafia dope. Processed from opium cultivated in Southeast and Southwest Asia, it's bright white, as distinct from Mexican heroin, which is dull brown in color and leaves a thick, resinous residue when "cooked" into a solution for shooting up.

> The New Mafia's executions of prosecutors, politicians, and their wives, and the constant betrayal of colleagues, are anathema to the old-time "Men of Honor."

How does Mafia dope get from the source—the Asian poppy fields—down to streets in the United States and into packets stamped Star Wars, Wac Attack, and 007? American and Italian investigators provided this basic outline: Mafia buyers, over the last 15 years, have been traveling to Pakistan and other Asian opium-growing countries, where they deal directly with growers and their brokers. Opium, often partially refined, is transported by freighter to Sicily, where it is refined into heroin in numerous laboratories generally hidden away in the hills outside of major villages. From there, it is flown into U.S. airports in the guise of "tile" or "furniture" shipments, for example.

Those shipments go to a Sicilian mobster operating a front business, such as a tile company, a pizza parlor, or a bakery in a U.S. city. There the load is broken up and distributed to lieutenants, who drive their consignments to other cities or sell it in amounts from several pounds on up to local dealers. They, in turn, "cut" or dilute the heroin with milk sugar or laxatives, package it, and stamp the packets so the buyer knows what "brand" he or she is getting. Finally, those packets are sold to the street dealer, who generally resells it to retail outlets like Twenny's Corporation.

Each link in the long chain is insulated from the next. Only one or two people deal with those at the level above, which is why law enforcement, even with the most sophisticated undercover operations, has so much difficulty breaking an entire chain.

But it is always a certainty that the money flows up the chain, back to the drug lords in Sicily. And that is what the fighting in and around Bagheria and Palermo is all about: control of that money and the power that goes with it.

Because the stakes are so high, the "friends"—or *amici*, as the mafiosi are known in Sicily—don't draw any fine lines when they start blowing people away. The old dictum, the honored Sicilian-American rule that one does not whack out children, or women, or uninvolved relatives, or politicians and agents of the law—unless they have betrayed you—has been discarded. The Mafia of American romance, Marlon Brando's caring, careful, and just don, who eschewed the drug trade and only ordered violence when détente was impossible, is long gone.

People in Sicily say the last capo, or chief, to resemble Brando's Godfather was Don Calogero Vizzini. He ruled a drug-free operation with harmony for three decades, until he died in 1954. Two years later, his legacy was forgotten. At a Mafia summit held at Palermo's gracious Hotel de la Palme, Vizzini's successors decided to take their first tentative steps into the narcotics marketplace. Among those present and acting as advisers were Joe Bonnano, the late Charles "Lucky" Luciano, and Carmine Galante, later to become drug boss of North America. All three were natives of Italy who had emigrated to the United States, where they manipulated and slaughtered their way to the top of the American Mafia hierarchy.

That meeting at the Hotel de la Palme marked the end of the *Godfather* era. Neither Calogero Vizzini nor Vito Corleone engaged in the wholesale slaughter and brutality that have become the trademark of the New Mafia. In fact, even Brando's cinema son, Al Pacino's Michael Corleone, the prototype of the modern don, did not order the slaughter of the congressional committee leaders investigating his activities, while the real-life mafiosi of Sicily have no such qualms.

Beginning in 1979, the Sicilian mafiosi began a campaign of terror against Italian public officials to a degree unheard of in the United States. Those in power who opposed Mafia rule, who wanted to close down the heroin processing labs, or pass anti–money-laundering laws, or break up the Mafia's hold on the real estate and construction business, were executed. Usually the bodies were torn and riddled with so many bullets that relatives

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

"At 20," she says, "it's hard to declare myself a one-man woman. But I know I'll be a 'few-man woman' at most. . . ." "I tend to

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU IN THE RIGHT JOB?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

The right job, like the right woman, is not always easy to find. One man won't be happy until he's got a six-figure salary and a chauffeured limo; another may be perfectly content to spend his life hustling hamburgers for minimum wage. But the point is that nobody can ever be truly happy with a job—no matter how high-paying and glamorous it may seem—unless it satisfies his particular psychological and social needs.

This psychograph is designed to see if your current job is meeting your distinct needs and drives. It can give you an idea of whether you're on the right job track, or whether you should be out looking for other employment.

Being stuck in the wrong job not only makes you miserable at the time but can also have a devastating effect on your future career. When someone doesn't like his job, he tends to produce lousy work. That, in turn, cuts down his chances for raises and promotions, which, of course, makes him even more dissatisfied with the job. The result is a vicious cycle of increasing frustration and ever poorer work performance, which can lead to lifelong employment problems. When you find yourself in the wrong job, it's usually smart to get out as fast as you can—even if you have to take a pay cut.

Yet it's not always so easy to recognize when a job is wrong for you. That's where this psychograph can help. Many of us are so busy with the day-to-day struggle of earning a living that we never step back and evaluate whether our job is right for us or not. And some men, having grown up with parents who hated their jobs, simply assume that work is supposed to make you miserable; they never realize that there may be an alternative.

Industrial psychologists and sociologists have produced an enormous body of research on work alienation and job satisfaction, a large amount of it bankrolled by corporations seeking to find out just what will make the average working stiff happy—and productive—on the job. The results of all these studies have not always been clear and sometimes have been contradictory. In his fine, recent book, *Work Alienation: An Integrative Approach*, Dr. Rabindra N. Kanungo of McGill University in Montreal notes that "increasing numbers of studies on work alienation in recent years have introduced increasing amounts of confusion and vagueness, rather than clarity, to our understanding."

Nevertheless, there are certain basic measures of job satisfaction (and the lack of it) that seem common to most work settings. After reviewing current research in this field, we've used them in constructing this questionnaire.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree:
   (a) The work I do is more complex than I'd like. It's really too difficult for me, so I feel a lot of tension and worry about screwing up.
   (b) My work is too simple. Any airhead could do it.
   (c) My work has just about the right amount of difficulty and complexity. It keeps my skills sharp, but it doesn't overwhelm me.

2. How do you feel about your coworkers?
   (a) I like them.
   (b) Some are okay, some aren't.
   (c) I don't get along with most of them.

3. Does your job provide enough security?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. Does time seem to drag when you're working?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

5. Does the organization you work for recognize and reward work that's well-done?
   (a) yes
   (b) They're erratic. Sometimes they do; sometimes they don't.
   (c) no

6. Does your mind wander a lot while you're working?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

7. Is the pay fair for the type of work you perform?
   (a) yes
   (b) To be honest, I'm overpaid for what I do.
   (c) No, I'm underpaid.

8. Are you proud of the work you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

9. Do you feel that your work makes an important contribution to the organization you work for?
   (a) Yes. It may be a small contribution, but I think it's a necessary one.
   (b) sometimes yes, sometimes no
   (c) not really

10. Would you say your present job is:
    (a) primarily a way of making a living
    (b) primarily a way of achieving a sense of satisfaction about yourself
    (c) a combination of both

11. Does your work leave you so mentally and/or physically exhausted that you can't enjoy anything in your after-work hours?
    (a) yes
    (b) Yes, but that's all right because I like devoting all my energy to my job.

The Girls of PENTHOUSE

NOW ON VIDEO

What would you expect when the world's most provocative magazine comes to life in your home? Beautiful women? Of course. But it's much more than that. It's a tasteful and exquisitely erotic experience—and now you can play a part!

THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE. It's everything you'd expect from the world's most successful magazine for men—an engaging, exciting seduction in which pulsating rhythms, fantasy, and flesh all spring to life.

PENTHOUSE® VIDEO

Penthouse Products Video Dept. 11
P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631

Please rush me The Girls of Penthouse video (58 minutes) for only $59.95 plus $3.50 postage and handling per tape.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate: ☐ VHS (GOP1V) ☐ BETA (GOP1B)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Acct # _____ Exp. date _____

Interbank # for MasterCard _____

Signature _____

Credit card holders call toll-free: 1-800-526-4797

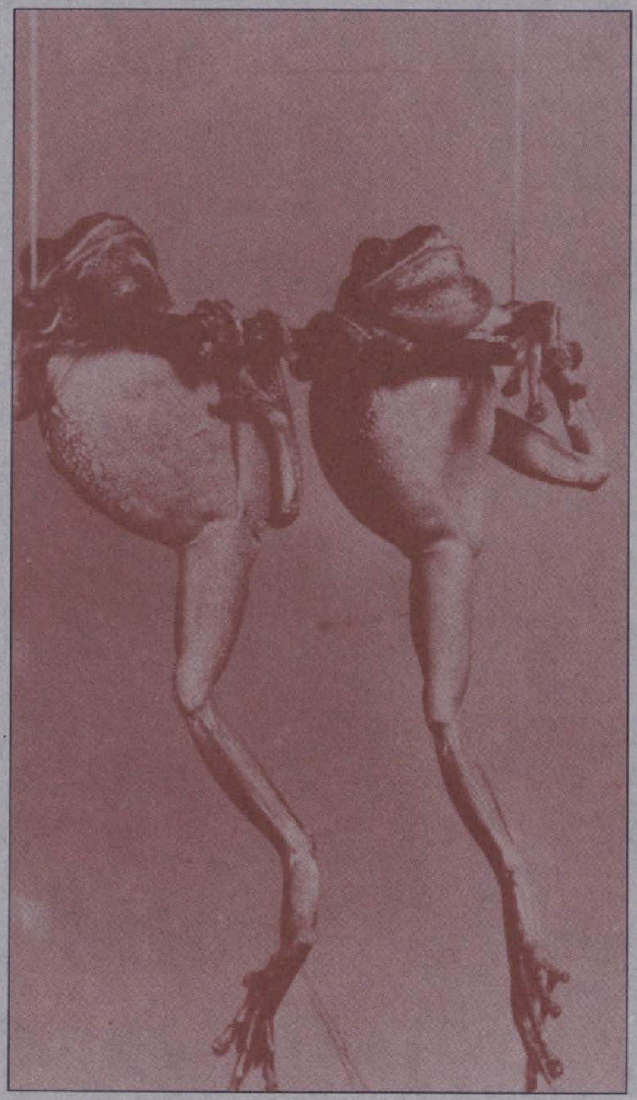
Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. No Canadian or foreign orders.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Princess Diana took a pair of trousers back to a London boutique to exchange, but was refused because she didn't have her receipt. Shoppers stared in amazement as the salesgirl demanded proof of purchase. An employee of the store said that the princess "stood blushing with her head down as her detective tried to sort it out." Another assistant told Diana that she must have her receipt in the future. (*Newsday*)
That's what happens when you shop at those hoity-toity places.—Editor

Let That Cat out of the Bag!

A chimney sweep was trying out his new vacuum cleaner and, in an experimental mood, aimed it at a sleeping cat to see if he could raise its fur. He did, along with the cat itself—as it got sucked into the vacuum. Luckily, the cat came out the exhaust, unhurt but screaming. (*Sunday Oklahoman*—submitted by P. Henry, Lawton, Okla.)
That could be a very impressive stunt for door-to-door vacuum-cleaner salesmen.—Editor



SWINGING IN THE RAIN

Marcel and Pierre are the world's most acrobatic frogs. (*Star*)
They've just been signed as the new opening act for Joan Rivers.—Editor

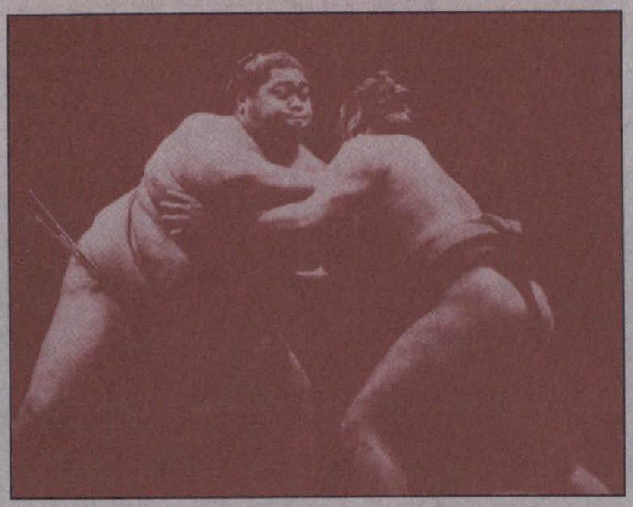
WHY DON'T THEY JUST DELIVER THE MAIL ON TIME?

Every year, Frank DePlanche placed Christmas cards to the people on his route inside their mailboxes. Last Christmas someone complained about his season's greetings, and the Michigan mailman was fired, after 29 years with the U.S. Postal Service, for violating postal regulations that require postage on all items placed in mailboxes. Because Mr. DePlanche had seven years to go before retirement, he also lost his pension benefits. Mrs. DePlanche rallied support for her husband by picketing in front of the Brighton, Michigan, post office dressed as Mrs. Claus and wearing a sandwich board that read: "Merry Christmas. My husband was fired from the Post Office for giving his customers a Christmas card. He's been a mailman for 29 years. Yes, Virginia, there really is a Scrooge. Happy Holidays." After an avalanche of protests, Postmaster General William Bolger reinstated the mailman, but suspended him for five days and made him pay the $70 postage. (*Detroit Free Press*—submitted by Alan C. Feuer, Southfield, Mich.)
Neither rain nor snow nor nit-picking postal authorities shall keep this mailman from his rounds.—Editor

THE "DIVINE" MICHAEL JACKSON

Michael Jackson is worshiped as Jesus Christ by a sect of Jehovah's Witnesses in Alberta, Canada. Their leader is 30-year-old Patricia O'Connor, who has a shrine to Jackson, adorned with a 12-inch statue of him, in her living room. Each week, about 100 Witnesses come together to pray and listen to Jackson's albums. "Michael Jackson is the Second Coming of Christ," says Ms. O'Connor. (*The Calgary Sun*—submitted by Jim Johnson, Calgary, Alberta)
Jesus didn't charge $30 a ticket for the Sermon on the Mount.—Editor

Sumo Sally



Yasokichi Konishiki, also known as Sally and weighing in at 500 pounds, wrestles with his more slender opponent, Mutsuo Wakashimazu, in the Grand Sumo Tournament in New York City. (*Concord Monitor*—submitted by Edward Keef, Tilton, N.H.)

Sally sure could use a crash course in "Thin Thighs in Thirty Days."—Editor

GOD'S STRIPPER NOT ALLOWED TO TITHE

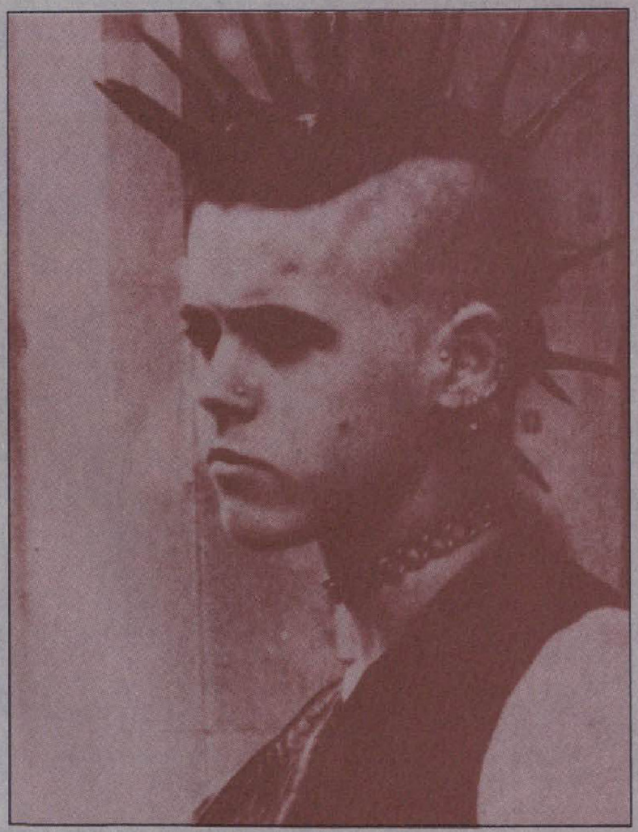
Kellie Everts wanted to donate $500 to the Catholic Church, but a spokesman said the diocese wasn't interested in her money. Kellie made it by stripping at the New Era Theater. "I do it for God," she said. "There's a lot of perverted men out there and I'm saving them." During her show, Kellie sheds her costume and does a suggestive dance. Then she bounces her breasts on the faces of several men seated in the front row; asks, "Who else wants to get hit?"; and watches the men line up "like an assembly line." Kellie claimed that she was converted by a faith healer 12 years ago, and for the past six years has attended mass daily and has abstained from sex. (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*—submitted by Michael Mathes, Cleveland, Ohio)

If you don't count bouncing your breasts on strange men's faces.—Editor

Take the Money, Please!

Most people would be delighted to have the government send them $1,000, but Ralph Shalhoub of Methuen, Massachusetts, is busy trying to give it back. He's been receiving an extra $130 each month in disability payments because one of his dependents moved away from home. Shalhoub complains that the federal government will not respond to his requests to stop the payments and take back the money. "I've tried everything to reach them. But nothing works—nothing. I call up, and I talk to a computer that sings or plays music. They don't answer my correspondence. I just put the money aside. I figure that if I did spend it, one day they would finally want restitution, but they don't seem too concerned." (*Boston Herald*—submitted by Andrew Palmer, Boston, Mass.)

You'd think the feds would need the money to pay for all those singing computers.—Editor



Spiked!

Peter Mortiboy, 18, was fired from Rolls-Royce in England on the grounds that the four-inch spikes of his hairdo endangered the eyes of his coworkers. Mortiboy appealed the decision, and his training manager testified: "His hairstyle represented a safety hazard. The spikes projected from the surface of his head for some distance and an accidental movement could have injured a supervisor leaning over him." Mortiboy lost the appeal, but was perplexed. "I mix with people all the time in crowded nightclubs and I have never injured anyone," he said. (*Miami Herald*—submitted by D. J. Bucher, Washington, D.C.)

If he put rubber tips on the ends of his spikes, Mortiboy could start a new fashion trend.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.

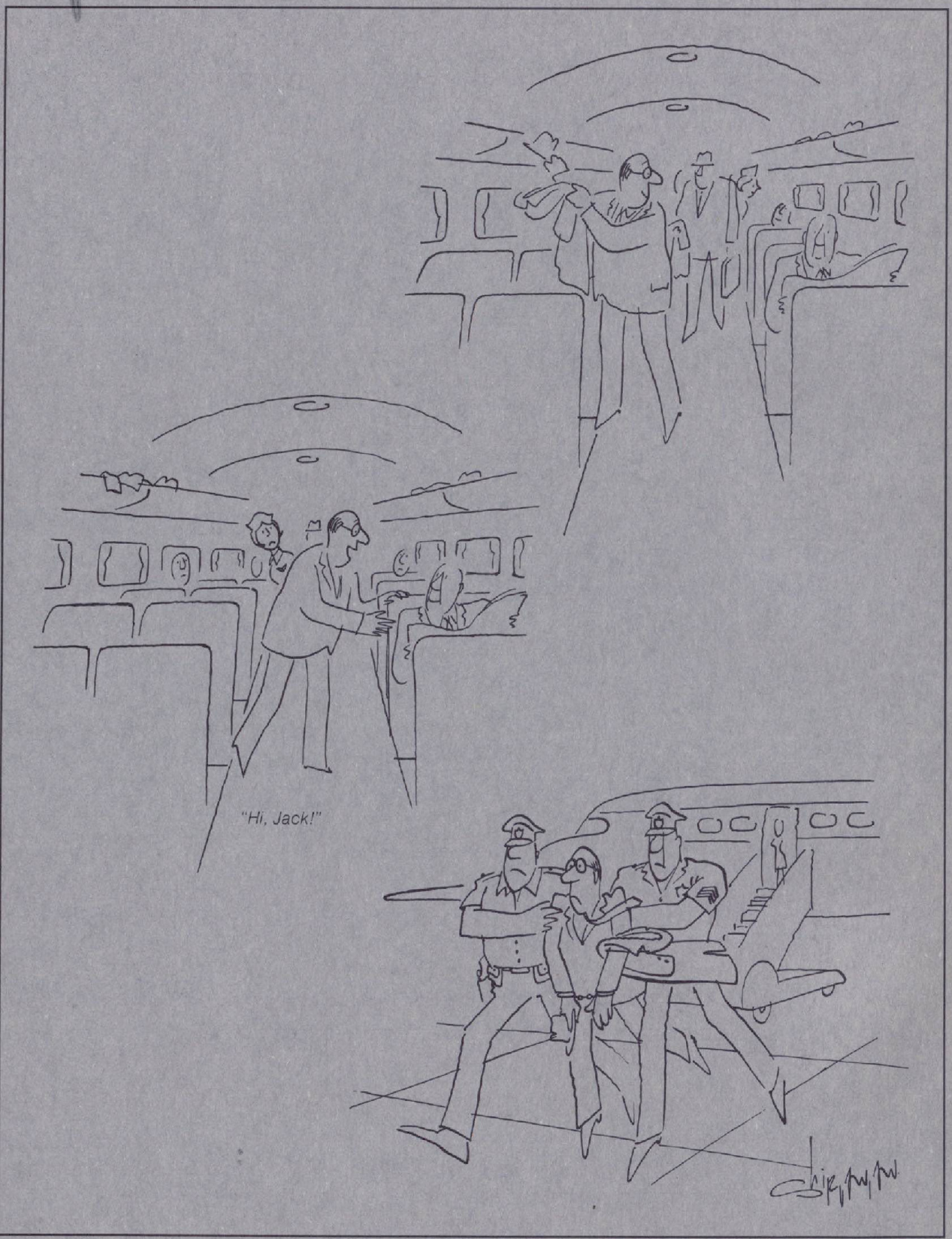
Today's Camel Lights, unexpectedly mild.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PARTING SHOT

VAHAN SHIRVANIAN



REVIVE™ YOURSELF!

Look and feel your mental and physical best with our full line of over 20 products in Reg., Double, or Triple Strength tablets and capsules. All orders shipped within 24 hours. Mastercard, Visa, or C.O.D.

Regular And Double Strength $12 per 100

Triple Strength $15 per 100

Orders only call TOLL FREE
1-800-526-4387

"WE ARE THE SOURCE"

N.V.E. Enterprise
1282-84 St. George Ave.
Avenel, N.J. 07001
For information call (201) 750-1570

we honour master charge · VISA · PH-10

CAUTION: Persons under medical care for high blood pressure, diabetes, or thyroid disease should consult a physician before taking these products. Do not exceed recommended dosage. Keep out of reach of children.

MAFIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

were forbidden a last look by undertakers and priests.

The list of victims so far includes: Boris Giuliano, Palermo police chief; Cesare Terranova, investigating magistrate; Pier Santi Mattarella, president of Sicily and long a power in the Christian Democratic Party; prosecutor Pietro Scaglione; Pio La Torre, a legislator who proposed a law providing for forfeiture of investments made with laundered money; and in 1982, General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa, who directed the successful crackdown against the Red Brigade terrorists and had just been assigned to head a major Mafia probe.

Dalla Chiesa was driving home from dinner in Palermo with his young wife when the attack came. It was no old-fashioned Mafia rubout in which the target was set up and isolated from his family and then got one blast in the head from a *lupara,* or sawed-off shotgun. Rather, Dalla Chiesa's assailants came as a team, apparently in two cars and two motorcycles. The shooters, the men on the back of the cycles and in the passenger seats of the cars, all used Soviet-made Kalashnikov submachine guns. First they took out Dalla Chiesa's bodyguard, who was driving in another car. Then they turned on the general and his wife. Police found that more than 100 rounds had been fired.

"It was meant as a warning to all of us," said Felice Paolo Isnardi, a Milanese prosecutor and investigator who travels in a military armored personnel carrier.

In Palermo, where a team of seven top magistrates is running an ongoing Mafia probe, security is even tighter. Some of the magistrates live in nearby army barracks; all of them come to work at the Tribunale in the center of town with escorts of at least three police cars, each one with windows bristling with weapons as they speed through the streets. Magistrates' wives, children, and relatives also travel with escorts.

"This is because of the new notion of transversal revenge," Magistrate Paolo Borsellino explains. "To stop you, they kill a friend or a relative who has nothing to do with what you are doing. It's a strong hint to get out of the way."

Although no U.S. prosecutors have yet been killed or kidnapped for their investigations into the New Mafia, the word went out last winter that U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, whose jurisdiction includes much of New York City and beyond, was scheduled for execution. Giuliani's office had indicted and is prosecuting 35 members of the Sicilian Mafia, many of whom were arrested in the United States. On the day the FBI got the news from a Sicilian prosecutor who was monitoring certain telephone conversations, security at Giuliani's office in New York City was tripled. Nobody was allowed in without a thorough examination by hand and metal detector, bodyguards appeared, and Giuliani's movements became top secret.

All this—the executions of prosecutors, politicians, and their wives, and the constant betrayal of colleagues—is anathema to the men of the traditional Mafia. Tommaso Buscetta, a Palermo mafioso who turned informer in jail in Italy after two of his sons, a brother-in-law, a cousin, and scores of his soldiers were killed, said he was so disgusted with the new order that he was violating the most sacred of Mafia codes—*omerta,* the code of silence. In his "confession," summarized by the investigating magistrates of Palermo, Buscetta asserts, "The Mafia is dead." He goes on to describe himself and others of "the old type" as "Men of Honor."

"One becomes a Man of Honor only after having taken oath," a translation of the confession continues. "Only then can one begin to know how things go within the organization; one is bound by rigid secrecy and certain facts are known only after having reached a certain rank. Furthermore, a Man of Honor must never ask for explanations but must limit himself to obeying the orders. There also exists a rigid obligation to tell the truth among fellow Men of Honor; if the contrary should occur, death may be the penalty."

According to Buscetta, those rules and countless others were broken by the men now in charge, mostly men from Corleone. He surprised his interrogators by explaining that prior to the heroin wars, the ten men who ruled the Mafia from posts on the *Cupola,* or Commission, were actually elected democratically to office by members of various families.

Over the years, since the end of the last century, the Commission had peacefully divided western Sicily into territories, each run by a particular family or group. The head, or capo, of each family was sovereign ruler over his district. No member could operate a racket or, more importantly, kill someone outside his territory without the appropriate district leader's permission.

With the beginning of the heroin wars—the Corleonesi assault on the Palermo Mafia families—those border laws were violated. Ambitious mobsters killed and intimidated their way to Commission posts. Buscetta's capo, Gaetano Badalamenti, a respected Man of Honor, was forced to flee Palermo for Spain and lost his seat on the Commission. All regard for age-old alliances was forgotten. The struggle for heroin money begat betrayal and paranoia.

In one example, which Buscetta calls "particularly barbarous," a group of Corleonesi grabbed the 16-year-old son of a Palermo enemy. The kidnappers thought that the boy might want to kill one of their

friends. So they "sawed off the boy's arm," held it in front of him, and said, "You will not be able to kill Toto Riina with this arm." Then they killed the boy.

Sicilian prosecutors added to Buscetta's 650-page account, saying that the Corleonesi maintained a full-time torture chamber in a secret compound they owned in Palermo. On a raid last year, local cops discovered the chamber, complete with manacles, electric prods, chains, a sort of makeshift rack, and other devices. The chamber was presided over by a man who masturbated while watching the proceedings, according to the prosecutors.

The mayhem of the New Mafia was not restricted to Sicily. It spread to New York, where the first major casualty was Carmine Galante, one of the early architects of the Sicilian connection. In the 20 years since he had attended that seminal meeting at the Hotel de la Palme in Palermo as a protégé of Joe Bonnano, Galante had risen to the very top of the Bonnano family in America. His principal interest was heroin, and he controlled its flow from Montreal to Florida.

But while he had been a good soldier, he was not a popular leader. While dining on pasta at a Brooklyn restaurant one summer afternoon, Galante was whacked out by a team of Sicilian hit men. The cops said Galante was hogging the heroin profits.

Who planned the murder? According to a recent indictment, the strategist was Salvatore Catalano, Queens boss of the Sicilian connection and a Palermo stalwart. Who pulled the trigger? Among others, Caesare "Tall Guy" Bonventre, a Sicilian mafioso who had emigrated to the United States while in his early twenties. Bonventre, who drove a red Ferrari and frequently voiced total contempt for the old ways of the Mafia, wanted to become the youngest capo in modern times.

He did move up: up and out, shot to death, sawed in half, covered with lime, stuffed in a steel drum, and dumped in a New Jersey marsh. Two years ago, at the age of 30, Bonventre became the youngest dead capo of his era.

By the end of 1982, the Corleonesi had essentially won the war and, together with their allies in Naples, Rome, and Milan, took over a major part of the heroin trade, including the extraordinarily profitable operations in the United States. According to the FBI and Customs, who eventually cracked the U.S. end of the Sicilian pipeline, that scam was set up this way:

Beginning in the mid-sixties, young Sicilians with no criminal records, like Caesare Bonventre, but with blood and family ties to the Palermo mafiosi, emigrated to the United States. Their purpose was to set up heroin-distribution and money-laundering networks. But in addition to settling in traditional mob strongholds like New York, where they opened a variety of "front" businesses, several of them moved out to towns like Paris and Oregon, Illinois, and Temperance, Michigan—far from intense FBI scrutiny. There, they set up pizza parlors and folded neatly and inconspicuously into their new communities.

Once in place, "like secret agents of a foreign government," as U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani describes them, the pizza makers started to move the dope into the United States. But instead of shipping it into New York's Kennedy Airport, where Customs and the FBI keep an eye out for "tile" and "furniture" shipments from Palermo, they sent it through less obvious international airports in the Midwest, such as Detroit and Chicago.

The operational headquarters were allegedly the midwestern pizza parlors like the one run by Pietro Alfano, who moved from Sicily to Oregon, Illinois, in 1966. Alfano, known as a "nice, easygoing guy" by residents of Oregon, population 3,800, allegedly moved several tons of heroin into and around the United States without arousing any suspicions until his arrest last year.

Another alleged heroin conspirator is Giuseppe Vitale, who operated Joe's Pizza on the highway that runs through Paris, Illinois, population 9,835. Vitale was so popular there that even after his heroin indictment, more than 150 football team members, parents, and fans chose his restaurant for their Paris High School Football Awards Banquet last winter.

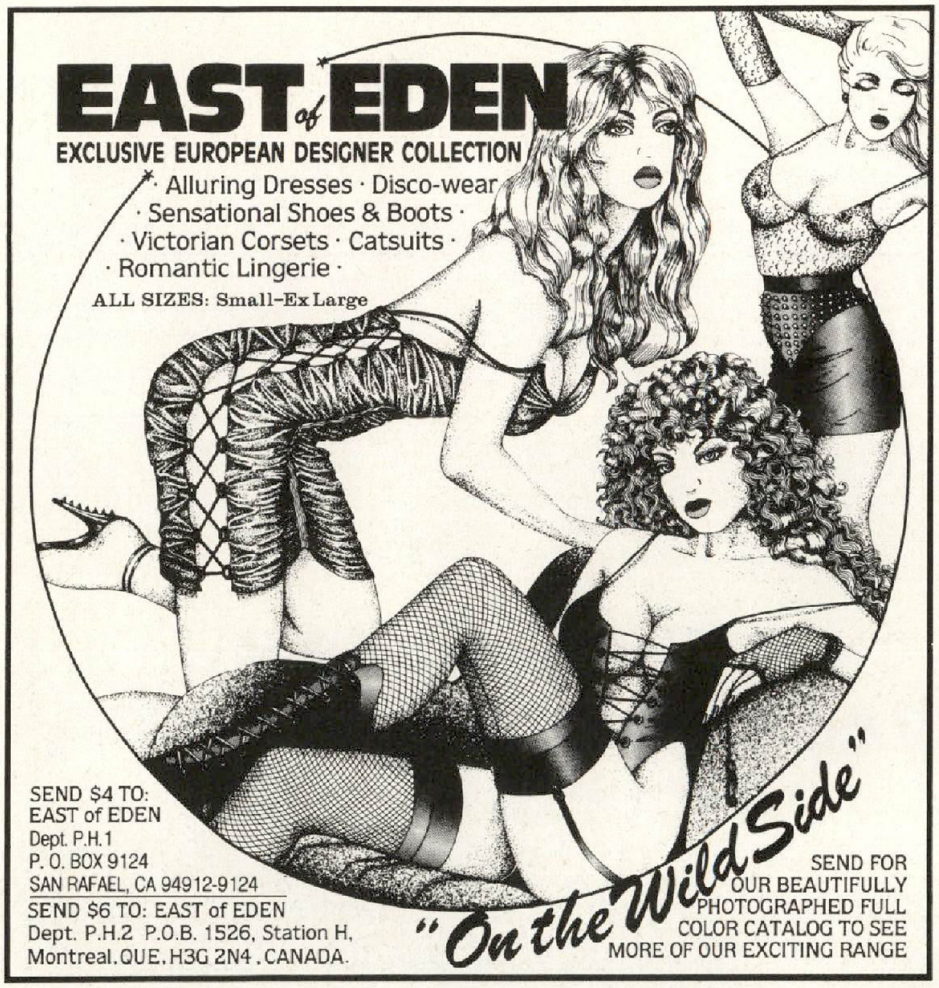
Prosecutors charged that these men and a few other pizza-parlor owners together sold, at the very least, more than $1.5 billion worth of heroin in the United States over a ten-year period. For a while, they used couriers carrying suitcases to move all the cash profits back to Italy. But

7 reasons why 7 condoms are used every second in the U.S.

1. **Condoms** are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.
2. **Condoms**, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases, *including herpes.*
3. **Condoms**, because they are so effective—both as a contraceptive and as protection against disease—actually enhance lovemaking.
4. **Condoms** are easy to buy at pharmacies everywhere.
5. **Condoms** are now ultra-thin and available with a variety of features for comfort, stimulation, safety, sensitivity and satisfaction.
6. **Condoms** are free of side effects.
7. **Condoms** provide pleasure and protection—for both men *and* women.

Trojan.® America's leading brand of condoms. Trojan is the brand trusted by today's sophisticated buyer. More Trojan condoms are used than any other brand. Look for the Trojan brand display wherever condoms are sold.

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.



as business doubled, and doubled again they began using banks and Wall Street brokerage houses.

One alleged launderer, Franco Della Torre, for months lugged gym bags and suitcases filled with cash down to Merrill Lynch and then E. F. Hutton for investment in commodities-trading accounts. The accounts originated in Switzerland, and, acting on instructions, Merrill Lynch and E. F. Hutton dutifully wired the money to Zurich. The total that was moved through the brokerage firms, according to indictments later filed, exceeded $20 million in one five-month period. The Mafia, as it turned out, was gambling on gold and silver futures, and the brokerage houses were earning the commissions.

E. F. Hutton, for example, received about $500,000 in commissions from trading for the mob during that period, although Hutton maintains its officers had no idea the money came from drug transactions. When asked why they would accept accounts where the money—mostly in fives, tens, and twenties—was delivered in gym bags and suitcases, officials from both E. F. Hutton and Merrill Lynch said they had "reason to believe it was legitimate" and that the account actually originated in Switzerland and was "reputable."

Neither Wall Street firm violated any law. Both filed the mandatory currency-transaction reports for deposits over $10,000 with the U.S. Treasury Department. After a while, Merrill Lynch grew suspicious and asked the launderer to take his business somewhere else. He moved the accounts over to Hutton.

The dope operation was a tremendous success. In one burst of goodwill, on November 16, 1980, Palermo mafioso Giuseppe Bono tossed a $50,000-plus reception for his pals at the Hotel Pierre in New York. Everyone flew in—the launderers from Switzerland and Milan, the pizza merchants from the Midwest, Canadian affiliates, investors from South America, and several of the heads of the reigning New York families.

Well, it couldn't continue like that forever. After all, 15 years is a long life for a drug ring. Starting three years ago, Customs and the FBI, working with Italian law enforcement, began to pick up some clues. There had been pizza flour found in some cash seized at the Palermo Airport. That was the first hint. Then there were wiretaps—more than 15,000 intercepted conversations—surveillance, and undercover buys. It was painstaking work to untangle the various connections.

Finally, last year, the indictments came down. In the United States 32 men were arrested, and in Italy, where prosecutors were working on more than a dozen New Mafia cases simultaneously, more than 300 were rounded up. William French Smith, then U.S. attorney general, hailed the multinational probes as a tremendous blow against organized crime. And now Bono and countless others are in jail in Rome and Palermo. Della Torre and many of the other launderers are in prison in Switzerland. Much of the New Mafia's real estate and other investments around the world have been seized by various governments. It seems like the New Mafia has been broken.

Wrong. "They are running it all from prison," says a Palermo prosecutor. "Leggio is in jail. So what? Leggio has been in jail before. He was running things then and he's in command now. Greco? Greco we don't have. He's on the run."

Others echo that prosecutor's opinion. "Until those in the government, those businessmen who are supporting them are put away, you can't say they're finished," says Nando Dalla Chiesa, the assassinated general's son. And Italian and American investigators say that the Mafia is now using Syrian, Lebanese, and Indian couriers to bring junk into the United States. "But you know who is still getting the lion's share of the money," said one State Department official. "And God knows how many they haven't caught, and how many investments nobody knows about."

In Bagheria and in Palermo, the Mafia still rules. Every restaurant, every vegetable stand, every fruit and nut dealer pays them a tithe. Even the public school buildings are owned by the *amici* and leased in turn to the city. All this, despite the arrests and the Pope's anti-Mafia talk and Archbishop Pappilardo's threats to excommunicate mafiosi.

In the United States, despite the arrests and the hoopla, Drug Enforcement Administration statistics show no decrease in either the quantity or the quality of heroin on the streets and no increase in price for that drug.

Detroit, for example, is one city with major heroin and attendant crime problems. Nearly every day, flying squads of cops armed with bulletproof vests, shotguns, and portable battering rams raid at least two of what they call "dope pads." They know that much of what they find there is Mafia junk, but they never see the men on top, the major wholesalers.

When Police Inspector Joel Gilliam was asked whether the wave of Mafia arrests have had any effect on the narcotics flow in his city, he replied: "By locking up some asshole in Sicily, Italy? I don't know if that's going to be our salvation. You've got a distribution network that's in place. If the chairman of Chrysler decided to go on sabbatical for a year, I don't think they're going to stop making Chrysler products because he's not there to do the day-to-day whatever."

And if you can find him and gain his confidence for five minutes or so, stickman Twenny will tell you that his Corporation deals only in "Mafia dope . . . only the best, my man."

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

MILKY WAY

I am a German-born, 51-year-old woman. I am five foot nine and weigh 175 pounds. I am fairly pretty. I have long, muscular legs, but my greatest asset is my exorbitant bust line.

I live alone. Within the small apartment house is another tenant. She is young—23. She is beautiful, with thick blond hair. She, too, lives alone, but spends much of her time with me in my small room.

Because of our loneliness and need to touch, we fondle each other. Her natural mother is deceased and I seem to fill this space for her. She is my entrusted lover in secret. Within my locked room our lips touch, our clothing removed. Our clandestine meetings are heaven. Our bodies moisten as we play and love. Alone in our little quarters, we forget about the world beyond the window and exist in a cocoon of entanglement. She loves me for my maturity; I love her for her youth.

Evenings are lovely times. I rock my fresh love in the big chair. Her pink lips suckle softly at my extended nipple. Her childlike obsession is fulfilled as I look down. She grasps my titties as she alternates from one nipple to the other. The feeling is wonderful.

And then my breast produces milk. As my lover removes her lips from my flesh, large streams of thin white fluid discharge from my bosom. My last child was born years ago—so how can this be?

My sweet, nursing friend brought me your column so I could ask you this question. How can my large breasts produce mother's milk after so long? There seems to be so much of it, too. Why?—N. H.

As you probably remember, it is possible for a woman to become sexually aroused when she is suckling her baby. Your experience shows that the converse is also true. The physical excitement of "nursing" your 23-year-old "child" has reactivated your milk glands. You are obviously the motherly type. Apart from being a very sensual woman, your intense relationship with this beautiful young orphan has emotionally and physically turned you into a functioning mother.

CREDITS

Page 6 left, Michel Henricot; **page 6 top,** Brian R. Wolff; **page 6 middle left,** Focus on Sports; **page 6 bottom,** Steve Attoe; **page 8,** © 1978 by David Thorpe, from *Rude Food,* published by Ballantine Books; **page 22 top,** Suze Randall; **page 22 bottom,** Hank Londoner; **page 22 right,** J. Stephen Hicks; **page 24,** Mark Greenberg/Visions; **page 37,** Aiko; **page 38,** The Granger Collection; **page 39,** Hank Londoner; **page 40,** AP/Wide World; **page 56, left & bottom right,** Focus on Sports; **page 57,** Focus on Sports; **page 123 top,** Mark Perlstein/Black Star; **page 123 bottom,** UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos; **page 124 top,** Verquez/Sygma; **page 124 bottom,** J. P. Laffont/Sygma; **page 125 top,** Jerry Wachter/Focus on Sports; **page 125 bottom,** Pete Turner; **page 145,** AP/Wide World; **page 146 top,** Outline Press; **page 146 left,** AP/Wide World; **page 146 right,** Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve; **page 147 top,** AP/Wide World; **page 147 center,** Arthur Pollack/The Boston Herald; **page 147 bottom,** AP/Wide World; **page 154,** Pablo Rodriguez; **page 156,** Courtesy of George Miner III; **page 166 top to bottom,** AP/Wide World; Shepard Sherbell/Picture Group; G. Rancinan/Sygma; Shepard Sherbell/Picture Group; Hank Londoner.

SEX TOYS
IMPORTED FROM THE ORIENT, EUROPE AND MEDITERRANEAN AREA

Researched by Sex Educators

Discover a new world of adult sex toys, exotic lotions and provocative lingerie that can make your sexual fantasies come true. Order our full color, positive lifestyle magazine/catalog, the only booklet of its kind that offers the *complete* range of products that can increase your sexual pleasure beyond your wildest dreams. Exciting photographs of every product with instructions by sex educators.

All orders are strictly confidential. And, based on our history of satisfied clientele, we *guarantee* satisfaction with any purchase or your money back. Don't wait to create more joy, intimacy and pleasure in your sex life.

Send coupon with $3.50 check or money order for the catalog. Get started on the ultimate mail order adventure. ($3.50 refund coupon included with your catalog.) **Or use Mastercard or Visa. Phone 800-874-7300. In California 800-533-7300.**

JDC CLASSICS, 330 Townsend St., Dept. B, San Francisco, CA 94107
Enclosed is my check (or money order) for $3.50 for the Classic catalog.
I understand that the $3.50 refund coupon will be included with the catalog.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
*I am an adult 21 years of age.*_____
SIGNATURE REQUIRED.
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW.

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, P1085
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip_____
I am an adult over 21 years of age:
_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

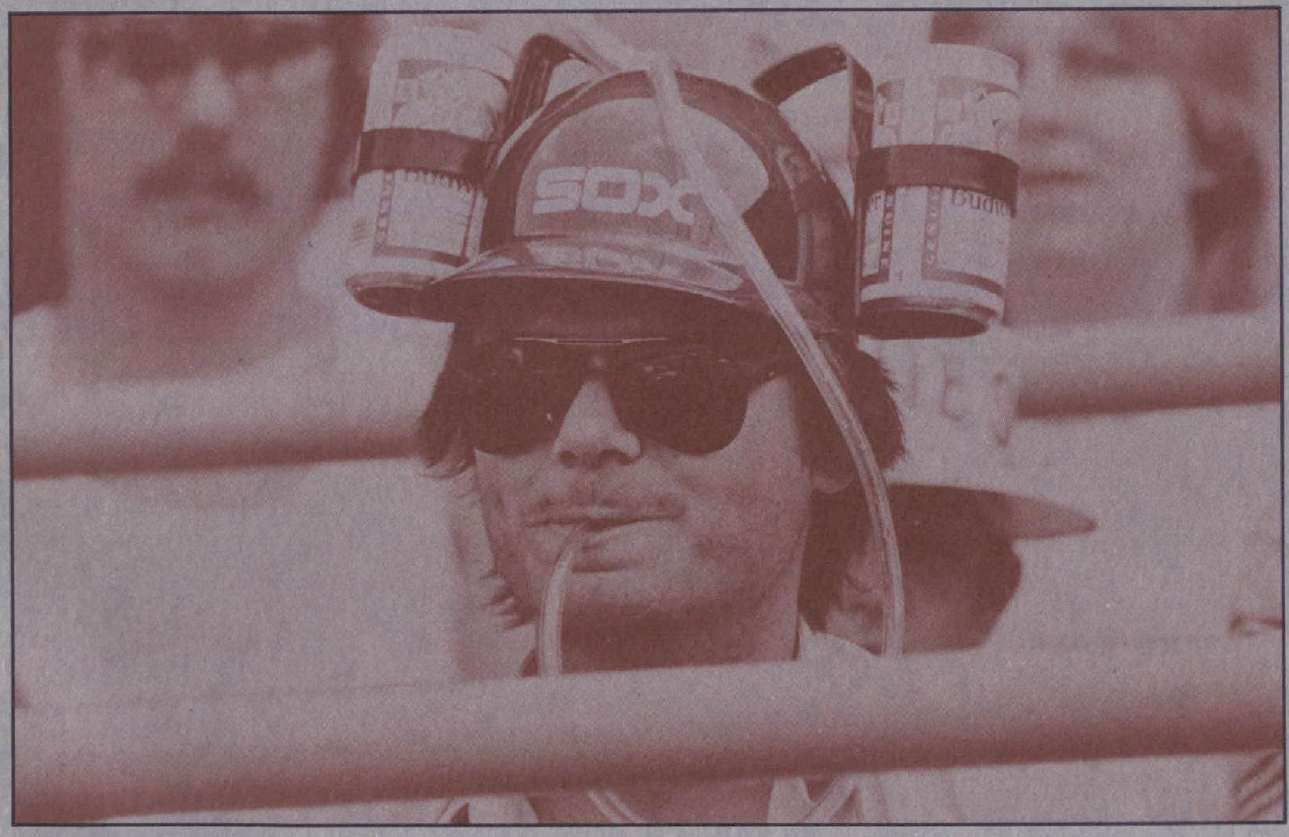
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 4, NO. 9

LOOK, MA, NO HANDS!



A Chicago White Sox fan, obviously dedicated to the pursuit of pleasure, photographed taking a beer break at Comiskey Park. (*The Tacoma News Tribune*—submitted by Steve Thomas, Tacoma, Wash.)
The deluxe model comes with two martini glasses and looks great with a tuxedo.—Editor

Beyond Whoopie Cushions:
Winners of Our Practical Joke Contest

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Last April we devoted our column to practical jokes and announced Penthouse Competition No. 5, a search for readers' original contributions to this great American tradition. We promised that the grand-prize winner would receive a Panasonic PV-1730 video recorder (retail value: $1,400), that five runners-up would each get $100 in cash, and that all six would get free one-year subscriptions to *Penthouse*.

Since then, we have seen prime prankery in *Sports Illustrated*'s story about the 160-mile-per-hour pitcher (in their April 1 issue), and on an episode of the "Donahue" show, shortly after it started broadcasting from New York, when several members of the studio audience fainted during one taping. It was a hoax staged by Alan Abel—one of the Practical Joke Hall of Famers discussed in our April column.

We judged entries on originality, cleverness, and brevity. We edited most entries into briefer form, but still had to omit many good ideas for lack of space. Many tales had to be classified as oldies-but-still-goodies:

•The old bottomless box of popcorn placed strategically on your lap at the movie theater. When your girl reaches in to get that last kernel, she grabs a surprise butter stick.

•The dead fish or ice in the hubcap, or the Ping-Pong ball in the gas tank.

•The public-address announcer who innocently pages such old friends as Connie Lingus, Phil Latio, Mike Hunt, Herbie Hind, or Wilma Fingerdoo.

•The midnight fertilizer raid that leaves a surprise message on a neighbor's lawn three months later.

•The late December want ad, with a friend's address, announcing: "Will pay good price for used Christmas trees."

•The lottery number entered for a friend—which just happens to be last week's winner—followed by a secret substitution of an old page into today's newspaper.

Our favorite also-ran, sent in independently by readers L. D. Rehak and John Klement, goes like this: Take a ketchup pack from McDonald's, fold it

in half and poke a hole in the top seam, then gently place it under the pads on a toilet seat. Whoever sits down next either gets an immediate squirt or a delayed surprise when he or she gets up and looks before flushing—which *everyone* does.

GRAND PRIZE:
VCR AND SUBSCRIPTION

The U.S. Army Golden Knights Parachute Team stood in formation while the director of the Chicago Air Show greeted each man. Following the director were two sexy young girls passing out Air Show T-shirts to the troops and giving each soldier a long, probing kiss.

The director then began a formal welcome speech, and the Knights thought that the long tradition of practical jokes between them and the director had been broken. That is, until he introduced the T-shirt presenters: Mr. Gay Chicago and the first runner-up.

The Knights were had. That couldn't be topped and they knew it. But then, from the back of their now very loose formation, a good-ol'-boy voice cried out, "I don't care if that was a guy, he sure can kiss!"

—Martin Welfeld, Chicago, Ill.

RUNNERS-UP:
$100 AND SUBSCRIPTION

I snuck into my neighbor's house while he was away on vacation. I took his TV set apart and replaced the picture tube upside down. I left the TV cabinet upside down in the center of the living room, unplugged. When the neighbor returned, he assumed that he had surprised a robber in the act of taking the set. After he checked all the doors and windows, he righted the TV and plugged it back in. Now the picture was upside down, so he assumed that he had jiggled something inside when he turned the TV over. Great fun. The TV repairman was equally baffled.

—Crash McQueen, Cahone, Colo.

A friend told me in a bar that he once lay in the center of the busiest intersection in town during rush hour for 15 minutes, without being run over or arrested. By the time we left the bar I had bet $50 that he couldn't do it again and agreed to meet him in the center of town at 5 P.M. the next day. When I got to the busy intersection, anxious to collect my winnings, I saw my friend sitting in his car, stopped at the light. As the light turned green he drove to the center of the intersection, stopped his car, turned on his emergency flashers, got out,

raised the hood, and slid under the car, where he stayed for 15 minutes as the rush hour traffic maneuvered around him.

—Chris Bengivengo, Crown Point, Ind.

For 35 minutes on November 11, 1969, the Washington Monument turned purple and white—the colors of Gonzaga High School. With our game against ancient rival St. John's only days away, Gonzaga needed a highly visible totem to rally around. As Washington, D.C., park police stood by, the students held an evening pep rally in front of the purple monument. To obtain a permit I had convinced the Department of the Interior that we wanted to conduct a "scientific experiment," covering the floodlights with special "ultraviolet" screens, which would do no damage but would

SUN

THIS IS ROCK 'N' ROLL.

Sweet chastity
AS THE TRANSYLVANIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, SWEET CHASTITY HAS AN ENDLESS ROUND OF ENGAGEMENTS – POLITICAL, BUSINESS, CULTURAL AND SOCIAL.
♫ HONOUR YOUR PARTNERS SWING 'EM ROUND ♫
I AIN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE I MADE SANTA FE TRAIL WITH ERROL FLYNN!
SHE'S A LOT MORE FUN AT A PARTY THAN MARGARET THATCHER!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
THERE ARE TENNIS PARTIES, RIDING, SWIMMING, GOLF, SQUARE DANCES, DISCOS, BALLS – YES, BALLS, CROQUET, BARBECUES, CARD PARTIES, MOTOR RACING – NOT TO MENTION THE GALLERIES, CONCERTS, THE OPERA, THE BALLET AND THE THEATRE.
NO THANKS – I'LL DRIVE!
BUSINESS BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS AND SUPPERS. T.V. TALK SHOWS, SHOW BIZ BANQUETS, BEACH PARTIES, POOL PARTIES AND FUND RAISING PARTIES FOR A HUNDRED WORTHY CHARITIES

GAMES

reveal "important scientific data" to be used at the school science fair. As students with light meters took "readings" and kept the police busy on one side, signs with GO GONZAGA BEAT ST. JOHN'S and GEORGE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY were displayed and photographed on the opposite wall. A week later, our principal received a nasty note from the Department of the Interior, which concluded with the chastisement: "Pranks of this type do not become the dignity and the impressiveness which the American people associate with their National Memorials."

—Mark Smith, Washington, D.C.

To carry out this joke all you need is a small pocket tape recorder. You step onto a crowded elevator and speak into the recorder, as if it were a walkie-talkie: "Bob, just checking in. I'm on elevator three and taking it up." Actually, your recorder is on "play" and it interrupts with your prerecorded message in a frantic voice: "John, not elevator three! We're repairing the cables on three. Get out as soon as you can!" I calmly step off on the next floor, and everyone on the elevator rushes off with me.

—John G. Becker, Wheaton, Ill.

Write this message above the toilet-paper holder in a public rest room:

U.S. CONSTITUTION
REVISED REAGAN EDITION
TAKE ONE

—Bill Miller, Owensboro, Ky.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

At my wedding, when my bride and I knelt down before the altar, the congregation behind me started laughing. After the ceremony my father explained: The night before, he had shined my shoes, but in so doing he also taped the words *help me* to the bottoms of the soles.

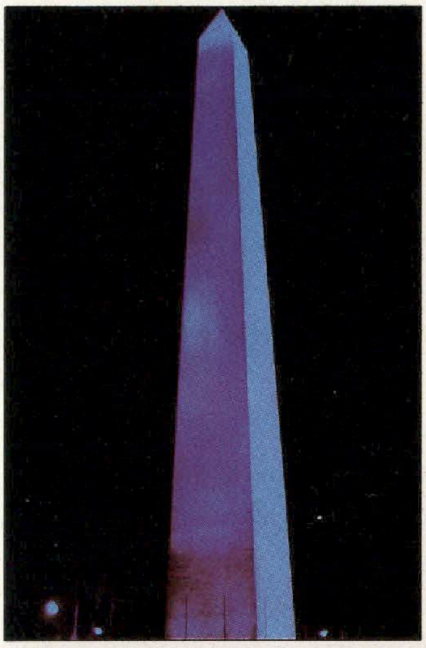
—R. Kevin Blair, Seiad Valley, Calif.

When cruising late at night, with a friend in another car, we would each pull up on either side of a car waiting at a stoplight on a wide boulevard. On an eye-contact signal, we each would start backing up very slowly. The victim in the middle would go crazy hitting his brakes to stop his car from rolling "forward" into the intersection.

—R. L. Sims, Powder Springs, Ga.

Put a note on someone's desk saying, "While you were out, a Mr. C. Lyon [sea lion] called. He wants you to return his call." You leave the phone number of the local zoo.

—Dale Noelker, Washington, Mo.



A sign at a local restaurant says PLEASE ALLOW HOSTESS TO SEAT YOU. It has white letters on a black background. One day I put a piece of black tape over the *s* in "seat." The hostess didn't realize until the end of the evening why so many customers hit on her that night!

—Frank M., San Antonio, Tex.

Walk through a crowd wearing dark glasses and carrying a white cane. Feel your way "blindly" to your car, get in, and drive off, waving your hands in front of you as if feeling for obstructions.

—Jerry Short, Gillette, Wyo.

As bell captain of a Nevada hotel/casino, I hire and train new bellmen. There are no "13" rooms in Nevada hotels (the number being considered unlucky), and I indoctrinate a new employee by sending him to room "713" to help the guests check out and assist them with their luggage. I even have had a room key made with the number 713 on it. It is hilarious to have a new man come back to the bell desk with an empty hand truck and a story to tell about how he cannot find the room. One ingenious fellow even told me that he spoke to the room guests and they decided they did not need a bellman after all.

—Ralph Marrone, Carson City, Nev.

One night my roommate and I placed pairs of shoes in every toilet stall on every floor of our dorm. You should have seen our victims sweat it out, waiting.

—Carl Lindemann III,
South Freeport, Maine

Every time my friend Danny ordered a beer at our favorite Miami bar, I slipped a red food-coloring tablet in his can. When he returned from the men's room a few hours later, he was white as a sheet. He saw his doctor the next day, who unfortunately had no explanation for why Danny's urine had so mysteriously turned bright red.

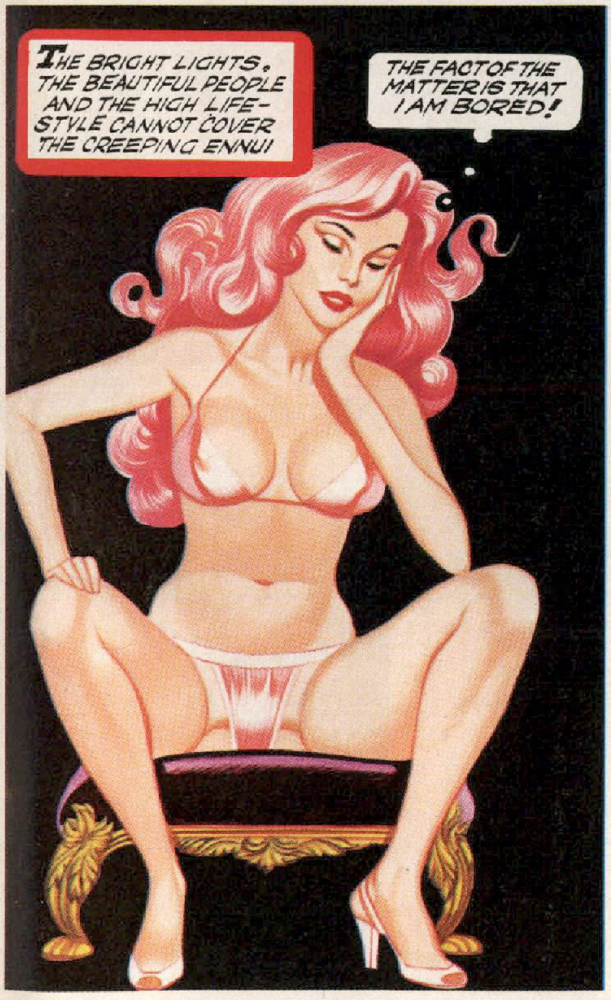
—Robert J. Hammond, Weirsdale, Fla.

This occurred during my freshman year at college. A classmate was smoking a joint quietly in his room when the fire alarm went off. He ran out, leaving his door open, and I had an idea for the spontaneous joke of the decade. I wrote a note—"Please come to my office right away"—signed it with the headmaster's name, and put it on his desk. I took the rest of the bag of grass, of course, and hid it in a safe place. After the drill, the guy was ashen-faced and went to the headmaster's office. Evidently he figured out during the course of the conversation that the headmaster had no idea why he was there, and eventually excused himself gracefully. He never mentioned the incident to anyone.

—Kenneth Peen, Granite Springs, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

AND ALTHOUGH IT'S QUITE LIKELY THAT SOME OF YOU MIGHT THINK SHE'S GOT IT MADE — SURROUNDED BY EXCITING PERSONALITIES AND STIMULATING CONVERSATION — LIFE AIN'T SO SIMPLE!
WHAT DID IT GROSS?
SHE'S DRYING OUT — OR TRYING TO!
HE'S PAST IT!
YEAH - BUT IS SHE BANKABLE?
SHE'S PAST IT!
WHO DOES YOUR TEETH?
ARE YOU ON A PERCENTAGE?


THE BRIGHT LIGHTS. THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND THE HIGH LIFE-STYLE CANNOT COVER THE CREEPING ENNUI
THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT I AM BORED!

OH, I KNOW EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY, PATRIOTISM, DUTY!
WHAT I REALLY WANT IS ACTION — EXCITEMENT!
IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON — I THINK I'LL GO NUTS!

Alive with pleasure!

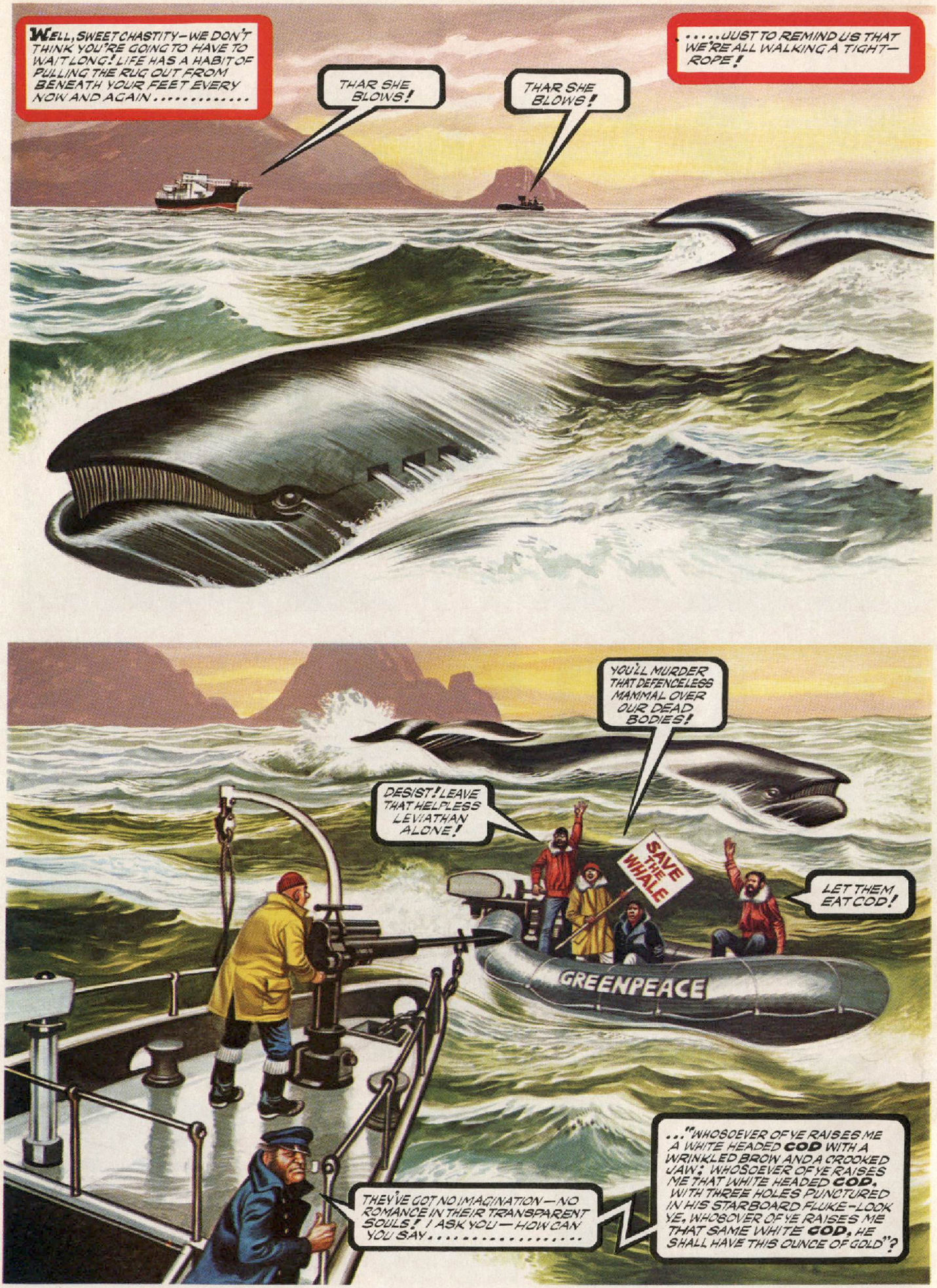
Newport Lights

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1985

Newport pleasure comes to low-tar menthols

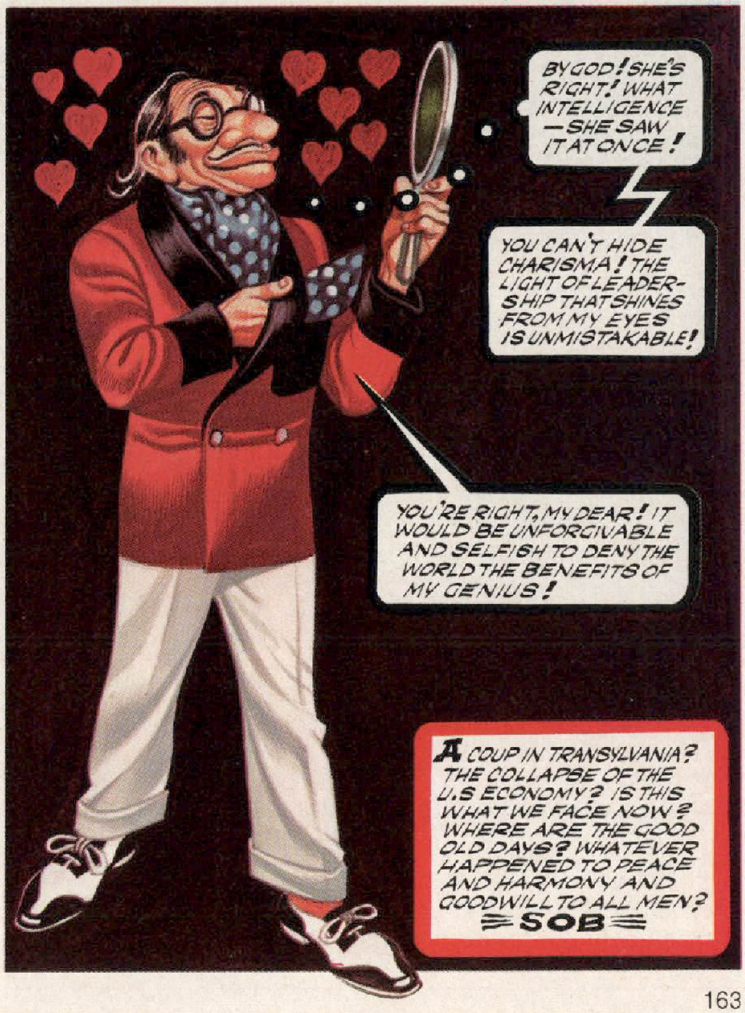
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine;
Box: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's: 10 mg. "tar",
0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.


WELL, SWEET CHASTITY—WE DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT LONG! LIFE HAS A HABIT OF PULLING THE RUG OUT FROM BENEATH YOUR FEET EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.....
THAR SHE BLOWS!
THAR SHE BLOWS!
.....JUST TO REMIND US THAT WE'RE ALL WALKING A TIGHT—ROPE!
YOU'LL MURDER THAT DEFENCELESS MAMMAL OVER OUR DEAD BODIES!
DESIST! LEAVE THAT HELPLESS LEVIATHAN ALONE!
SAVE THE WHALE
LET THEM EAT COD!
GREENPEACE
THEY'VE GOT NO IMAGINATION—NO ROMANCE IN THEIR TRANSPARENT SOULS! I ASK YOU—HOW CAN YOU SAY.....
..."WHOSOEVER OF YE RAISES ME A WHITE HEADED COD WITH A WRINKLED BROW AND A CROOKED JAW: WHOSOEVER OF YE RAISES ME THAT WHITE HEADED COD, WITH THREE HOLES PUNCTURED IN HIS STARBOARD FLUKE—LOOK YE, WHOSOEVER OF YE RAISES ME THAT SAME WHITE COD, HE SHALL HAVE THIS OUNCE OF GOLD"?

OH, DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME—I ADMIRE YOUR LOYALTY—BUT WITHOUT YOUR STATESMANSHIP THIS COUNTRY WOULD COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS!
WELL THAT'S TRUE, OF COURSE!
I MEAN—FRANKENSTEIN IS NOTHING BUT A FIGURE HEAD. WITHOUT YOU WHAT IS HE? LESS THAN NOTHING! AN ANACHRONISM —A 19TH CENTURY IMPERIALIST! A COMPLETE DEGENERATE!
I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF!

THINK WHAT THIS COUNTRY COULD BECOME UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF A REALLY GREAT MAN! HAVE YOU NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED THAT IT MIGHT BE YOUR DUTY TO PUT ASIDE YOUR NATURAL MODESTY AND ASSUME YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AMONG THE WORLD'S LEADERS?
YOU MEAN...?
YES—THAT YOU SHOULD BE THE PRESIDENT OF TRANSYLVANIA!


BY GOD! SHE'S RIGHT! WHAT INTELLIGENCE —SHE SAW IT AT ONCE!
YOU CAN'T HIDE CHARISMA! THE LIGHT OF LEADERSHIP THAT SHINES FROM MY EYES IS UNMISTAKABLE!
YOU'RE RIGHT, MY DEAR! IT WOULD BE UNFORGIVABLE AND SELFISH TO DENY THE WORLD THE BENEFITS OF MY GENIUS!
A COUP IN TRANSYLVANIA? THE COLLAPSE OF THE U.S ECONOMY? IS THIS WHAT WE FACE NOW? WHERE ARE THE GOOD OLD DAYS? WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PEACE AND HARMONY AND GOODWILL TO ALL MEN?
SOB

BUT LET US LEAVE PENISOVITCH FOR THE MOMENT AND RETURN TO TRANSYLVANIA. THE WEB OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE SPUN SO DIABOLICALLY BY THE K.G.B. INCLUDES OUR OLD FRIEND(?) VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN.
WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, JOHNSY WONSY?
NGEAGH!
PARADE, SHUN!
OOH! HE WON'T BE GETTING ANY MORE MEDALS!
ARE WE WITNESSING FEUGELHALTER'S LAST STAND!

THAT'S THE PRESIDENTS WIFE PRESENTING COLOURS TO HER OWN PERSONAL REGIMENT OF GRENADIERS -AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS THE "EVER READY RAMRODS"!
FRANKENSTEIN ENCOURAGES HER LEWD CAPRICES— JUST TO KEEP HER OUT OF HIS HAIR!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAN STAND IT, JOHNSY— WONSY!
THIS COUNTRY— IT'S POSITIVELY PURITANIAN! A FARCE! THIS IS THE 20TH CENTURY!! DON'T KNOW HOW A MAN OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE AND BRILLIANCE CAN SIT BACK AND WATCH SUCH SELF INDULGENCE AND CORRUPTION!
WELL... ER IT ISN'T EASY!

ALL CLEAR, COMRADE CAPTAIN!
UP CONNING TOWER!
AND WAKE OUR SLEEPING PASSENGER
THERE YOU ARE, PENISOVITCH — CALIFORNIA! THE MOST DECADENT AND SELF INDULGENT SOCIETY IN THE WORLD!
IT'S ALSO A PENAL COLONY FOR ACTORS WHO ARE FORCED TO MAKE SOAP OPERAS TO SELL CONSUMER GOODS TO THE WORKERS!
GOOD LUCK!
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT!
HI, BUDDY! CATCH ANYTHING?
ER..HI BUDDY! NO-NOTHING!
NO TANKS? NO GUNS? NO COASTAL DEFENCES?
ME NEITHER—NOT MUCH DOIN' THIS EVENING! WELL, AT LEAST WE KIN LOOK FORWARD TO THE RUNNIN' OF THE GRUNNION!
..ER YES?
WELL THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH!
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND SOMEONE TO ASK WHERE I CAN FIND A BUS!
IVAN PENISOVITCH, AGENT EXTRAORDINARY OF THE K.G.B. SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU, HAS ARRIVED IN THE U.S.A. MISSION — THE DOWNFALL OF SWEET CHASTITY AND THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION. AND IF THAT'S A SMILE OF DISBELIEF HOVERING ON YOUR LIPS — YOU AIN'T SEEN THIS GUY IN ACTION!

CALIGULA
NOW ON VIDEO

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN HISTORY
THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT, X-RATED VERSION FOR ONLY $89.95

PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 6500, ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

Please rush me the original X version of Caligula (156 minutes) for only $89.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling per tape.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please indicate: ☐ VHS (CFV) ☐ BETA (CFB)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Acct. #:_____ Exp. date:_____

Interbank # for MasterCard:_____

CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-526-4797 157

Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Canada add $5.00 for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. No foreign orders.

Term Paper Blues?

Term Paper Assistance

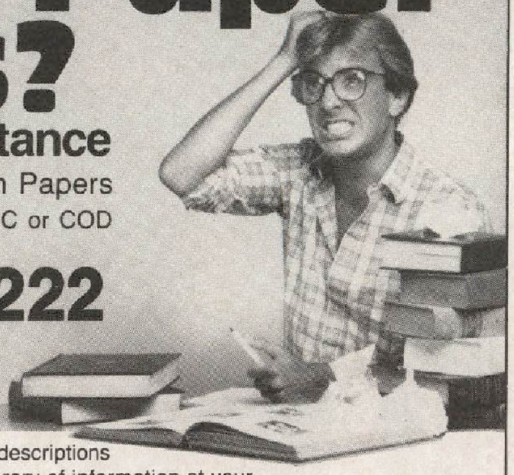
Catalog of 14,278 Research Papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

Toll Free–Hot Line

1-800-351-0222

in Calif. (213) 477-8226
Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)
Or send $2.00 with coupon below



Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are included at no extra cost. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Save Time and Improve Your Grades!

- Easy ordering
- Speedy Delivery
- Quality Guaranteed

RA since 1970 **RESEARCH ASSISTANCE • Dept.CH**
11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip_____

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

I took a coffee thermos from a particularly stuffy and annoying coworker, unscrewed the cup, filled it with coffee, then carefully screwed it back on by holding the thermos upside down. Later, when he returned to his desk, he opened the cup, and coffee spilled out all over him. I repeated this the next day, and he got soaked again.

On the third day he was wary, and turned the thermos over before opening it. This time, of course, I had removed the plug, so he got doused again.

—Kevin Larocco, Reading, Mass.

I was alone on the elevator with a really beautiful but shy coworker, on our way down to the company cafeteria. Just before the doors opened, I unzipped my pants. At the moment of opening, with a crowd waiting to get on, I zipped back up, said, "Thanks, honey," smiled, and walked off.

—Ray Flitchner, Lakeland, Fla.

While I was working at a forestry camp in northern Ontario, four of us positioned ourselves around a sleeping victim's bed. We then began to shake the bed softly, making train noises, quietly saying, "Get off the track, the train's coming . . . wooo . . . wooo."

Just as the victim began to wake up, a bright flashlight was pointed at his eyes, and we all shouted in unison, *"Get off the track, the train's coming . . . wooo . . . wooo!"* The guy was awake and bolting out the door and naked under the cold night sky before he realized he'd been had. To pay for our prank the four of us were on garbage detail for weeks, but it was still funny.

—Neil A. Phillips, Dublin, Ontario

In basic training for the Air Force, one guy was so proud of his Mr. Macho image that we had to put him to a test. To see how many sit-ups he could do in one minute, we had him lie on his back and placed a towel over his head—he was to start once the towel was lifted.

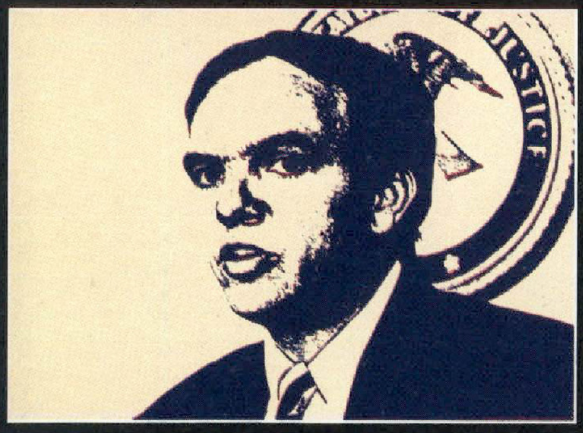
Before that happened, another guy stripped below the waist and straddled Mr. Macho. When the towel was snapped away, to shouts of *"Go!"* our boy sprang up and planted his nose right in the ass of the guy standing over him. We never had to listen to Mr. Macho bragging again.

—Joseph Curcio, Pacifica, Calif.

From Guy D. Nohrenberg, of Long Beach, Calif.: When you see a beautiful young woman walking down the street that you'd like to meet, walk up to her and say, "Stop! Until I think of something to say!" This line is guaranteed to get her to pay attention to what you say next, which is probably one of the best lines you'll ever

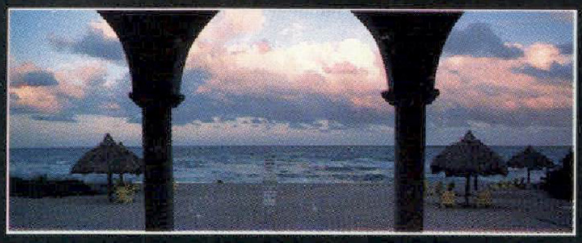
CONTINUED ON PAGE 306

COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE



WOULD YOU TRUST THIS GUY WITH YOUR KIDS?

Alfred Regnery caused a storm of controversy when Ronald Reagan appointed him as administrator of the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. His lack of experience was the subject of an intense debate in the Senate, and an FBI investigation was initiated when a pediatrician from Regnery's hometown of Madison, Wisconsin, said that Reagan's appointee posed "a danger to the health needs of our children." The FBI's findings were never made public and the appointment was approved. Regnery went on to confirm everyone's worst fears by spending $734,371 of taxpayers' money on a looney-tunes "investigation" of men's magazines spearheaded by a former songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo." Next month, an investigative report looks into some intriguing Regnery personal history, including accusations of political conniving involving a mysterious sexual assault on his wife. It turns out that his story would probably be more suited to "Dynasty" than "Captain Kangaroo."



THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY

Miami—a city of extreme contrasts, where the ultrarich live a block away from some of the poorest people in the nation; where men stroll beaches on the arms of nubile nymphets; where big business shares its territory with a multibillion-dollar drug trade. Photographer Shepard Sherbell and writer T. D. Allman capture this most violent of cities in a dramatic photo essay in next month's *Penthouse*. Don't miss this kaleidoscopic view of the place that, for better or worse, is called the "City of Tomorrow."

ICE CYCLES

It's not your typical "boys on bikes out for a ride" scene, nor is it the big bucks and sophistication of motor-cross racing. Rather, ice biking is a crude, rugged form of biking competition—popular in northern Europe and Russia—which sports single-cylinder bikes with menacing, steel-studded spiked tires. These bikers compete aggressively on a quarter-mile track of ice, often pulverizing the ice to slush and ripping the flesh of their competitors as they go. You won't want to miss this exclusive *Penthouse* pictorial.

REAGAN'S BIG CHILL

Richard Nixon once told an aide: "Well, one hell of a lot of people don't give one damn about this issue of the suppression of the press." And he constantly reminded his staff: "Remember, the press is the enemy." Under President Reagan, writes Daniel Schorr, "it's the same, only more so. Antimedia sentiment is cleverly stimulated and exploited in the name of national security." Schorr, one of America's most prestigious broadcast and print journalists, shows how the right-wing crusade against free expression threatens not just those who work in the media, but all of us: We need uncensored information in order to make democracy work.

NO SWEAT

Millions of Americans are swarming to local health clubs and gyms, working furiously and often futilely to achieve perfect bodies. A whole industry, in fact, has sprung up—hawking books, gadgets, and pills that supposedly assist these fledgling bodybuilders in their quest. Next month, *Penthouse* "Fitness" columnist Dr. Michael Colgan debunks one profitable athletic myth: the risks of heavy sweating. Despite the claims of all those who would make a buck by exploiting one of nature's most basic functions, Colgan shows how we can deal with it without any help at all.

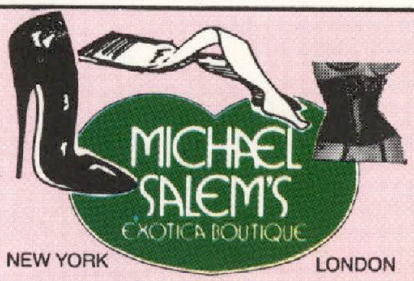
SUEBILLANNJOE
Friends are worth Smirnoff
Sharing the work, sharing the fun. That's what friendship is all about. And, naturally, you had Smirnoff® Vodka on board for a time like this. Because nothing makes your favorite drinks like Smirnoff. Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff. Friends are worth it.
Smirnoff 80 PROOF
1818
SMIRNOFF®
Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-367-5683.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fils (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT — "Made in U.S.A."

CATALOGS U.S.A.®

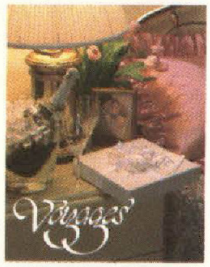
Here's our selection from some of America's most notable catalogs. Choose from a spectacular variety of items. Order now from the coupon at the bottom of the page, and the catalogs will be sent to you directly by the companies offering them.

1. FOR THOSE MORE INTIMATE MOMENTS take a close look at a tantalising new glamor catalog from Europe, color-packed with intimate lingerie, exotic underthings, stunning partywear, naughty nightwear, panties, g-strings, stockings and many, many more delicious surprises from Paris and London, designed for couples who care. One year's subscription $1.

2. CORVETTE CATALOG of apparel, parts and accessories for the serious enthusiast and those who own a Corvette just for fun. Send for the most complete grouping of jackets, sweaters, shirts and sportswear in the world. Dress up your car with exciting interior and exterior accessories. Add to your collection with books, decorator products and artwork. Many of MID-AMERICA CORVETTE's 2000 selections are exclusive or hard to find. $2.



3. Your Fantasy is Reality at Michael Salem's Exotic Boutique, a division of Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc. Our catalogue features Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Garter Belts in Satin, Laces, Leather and Rubber, plus Wigs, Stiletto Heeled Shoes, Stockings, Breast Prostheses and numerous unusual related items for women and cross-dressers in Regular to Super Large Sizes and Tall Sizes. Exciting Catalogues mailed discreetly in plain wrapper first class. (Our name does not appear on return address.) Send $5.00 deductible from first order.



4. WELCOME TO VOYAGES—the ultimate mail order adventure! Presenting lingerie, soothing lotions, stimulating potions and pleasure giving toys. Written by sex educator and popular T.V. talk show guest, Kate Harling, the Voyages Positive Life Style Magazine/Catalogue provides information on how to create more joy, intimacy and pleasure in your relationship. A must for every couple's bedside reading! ($3.50 refund coupon included with catalogue) Send today! $3.50.

Mellow Mail

5. Join over 250,000 very satisfied customers who love shopping (& laughing) with the upbeat, colorful *Mellow Mail Catalogs*—aimed at the adventurous & young of spirit. Hundreds of funny T-shirts, sexy lingerie, men's underwear, smoking accessories, gifts & much more! $1.00.

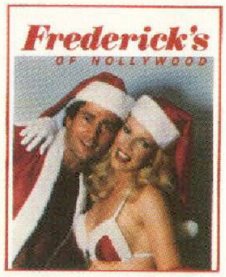
Sylvie® Lingerie fine

Sylvie® Lingerie fine non-pareille.

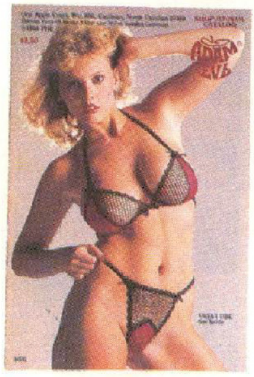
6. The best in style quality & taste of Ricci, Perla, Rosy, Aubade & Dior. From $32 to $1950. Overnight gift certificates. "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it." Oscar Wilde. ($4.00, refunded)

NINA RICCI LINGERIE

Frederick's OF HOLLYWOOD



7. Share a Gift of Love with Her and Celebrate the Romance together. Get the Frederick's of Hollywood fashion catalog. It's filled with loads of holiday magic designed to put a twinkle in her eye and a smile on your face. It's full of sexy dresses & sportswear, exotic lingerie & foundations, sensational shoes & accessories as well as some fun fashions for you men. Great gift ideas too. Start Celebrating Now! Send **$3** for **6** Issues. Receive a **Free $5**-Discount Certificate with your subscription . . . our Holiday Gift to you.



8. Enhance your sex life with exciting products from the Adam & Eve mail order catalog—the ultimate sexual adventure. Each colorful page is packed with adult books, videos and games, exciting marital aids, luscious lingerie and more—everything you'll ever need to add more intimate zest and pleasure to your relationship. $1.00

SILVER ROSE
UNDRESSES THE WORLD

9. Dress up your nights with this sexy all-new line of European lingerie, playwear and dresses. Very soft. Very sexy. Very you. Try one on for size and see what a difference Silver Rose lingerie makes! Send $2 for full color catalog.

Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A.
Box 23039, Rochester, New York 14692

CATALOGS U.S.A.®
Your Shopping Guide

Offer expires October 31, 1985

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose check or M.O. for the total, including a $1.00 mailing charge. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

___1. Europe Exclusively ($1)	___6. Sylvie ($4)
___2. Corvette ($2)	___7. Frederick's ($3)
___3. Michael Salem ($5)	___8. Adam & Eve ($1)
___4. Voyages ($3.50)	___9. Silver Rose ($2)
___5. Mellow Mail ($1)	

total cost of catalogs ordered $_____
ADD $1.00 MAILING CHARGE $ $1.00
Total Enclosed $_____

Name_____

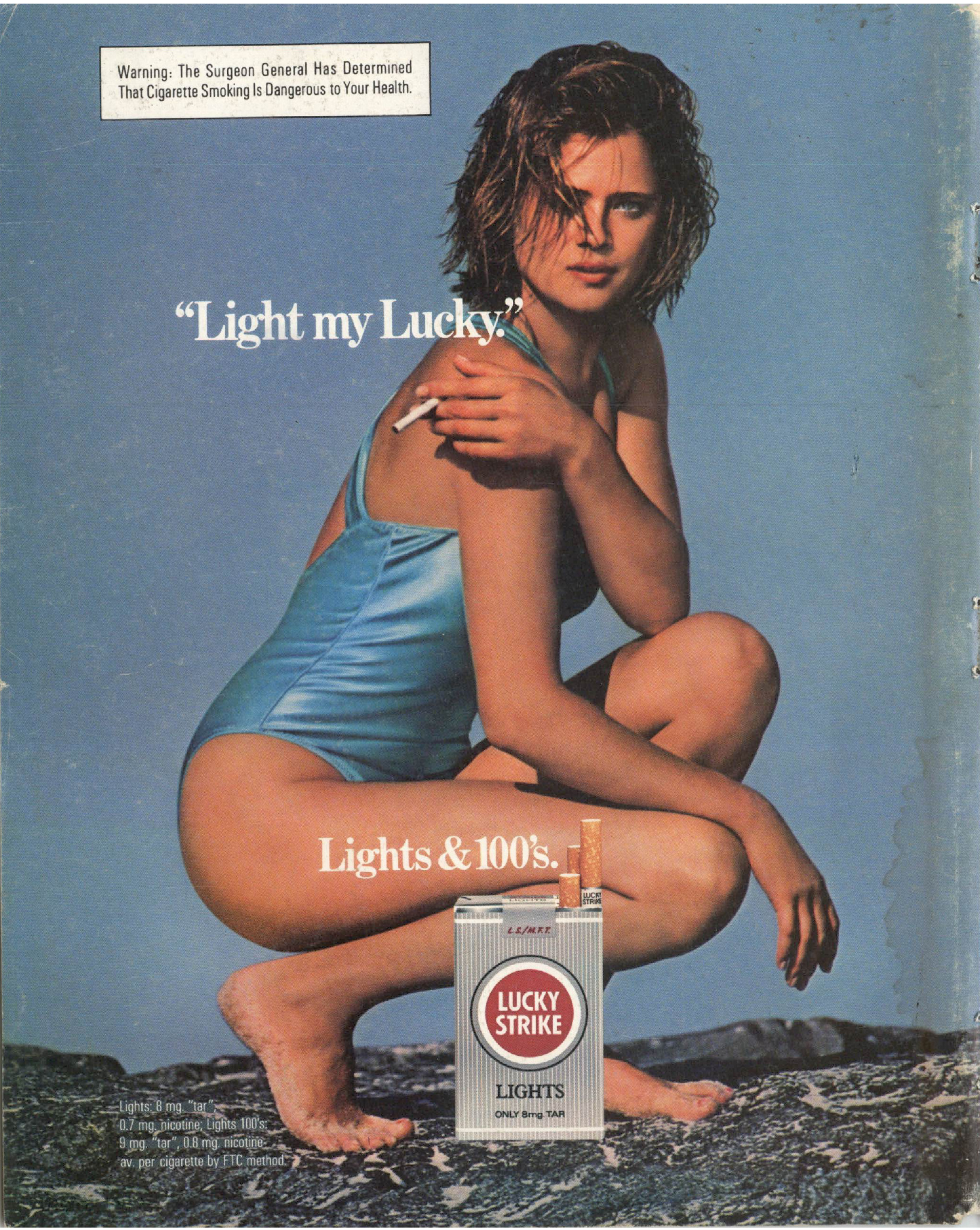
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Make check or money order payable to: CATALOGS U.S.A.
No cash or stamps please.

PH 10/01/85

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Catalogs U.S.A. pages, contact Stanley I. Fishel, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 350-1800.


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
"Light my Lucky."
Lights & 100's.
LUCKY STRIKE
LIGHTS
ONLY 8mg. TAR
Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.